

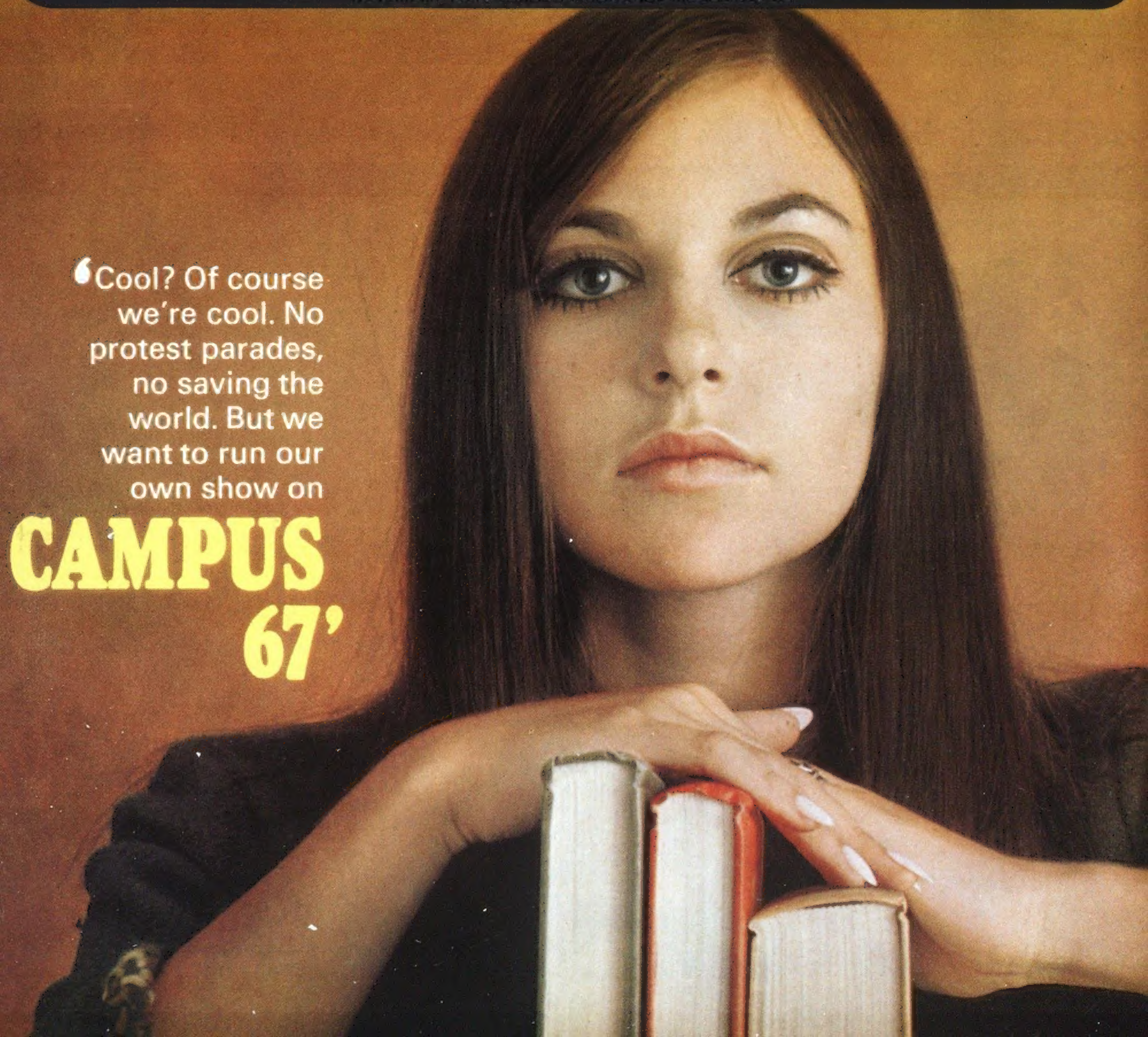
OUR TOP 20 COLLEGES: AN EXPERT'S RANKING
FLYING SAUCERS / BIG STUKE / NERVOUS BREAKDOWNS / THE TORIES

MACLEAN'S

NOVEMBER 1967 / CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE / 25¢

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KING SIZE OR REGULAR

MACLEAN'S

MACLEAN'S REPORTS

NOVEMBER, 1967

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For Negroes in Halifax, Black Power v. ping pong

IN THE 40 BLOCKS of Halifax just north of Citadel Hill, dingy clapboard tenements house most of the city's 10,000 Negroes. Here, racial tension and poverty are the way of life. Large families of Negroes are commonly jammed into two or three rooms. Negro teenagers and young adults, whose main meeting place is the dimly lit streets of the neighborhood, are regularly harassed by white police officers dutifully enforcing laws against rowdiness and loitering.

Though the gradual closing of Africville ended one notorious ghetto, the only effect of that seemingly progressive move, has, in reality, been to shift the Negro problem in Halifax from the edge of the city to midtown, where it is now growing bigger and more dangerous.

As in the U.S., Negro leaders in Halifax differ in their militancy toward the white community. But they agree that Halifax could easily get what it fears most from its Negro quarters: a race riot.

"Negro riots could break out in Halifax any time now," says Buddy Daye, 37, a former boxer who is Human Rights chairman of the influential, moderate Nova Scotia Association for the Advancement of Colored Peoples.

An even more pointed warning comes from Rocky Jones, a bearded, 26-year-old youth leader, whose advocacy of Black Power puts him at odds with the NSAACP. "The Negro people are going to rebel," he says, "and it's up to the white powers to do something about the Negro condition."

The two leaders' differing approaches to their race problems were never more pointedly illustrated than during an incident that occurred last August 31. After a rock 'n' roll session that night, three Negro youths got into a scuffle and were arrested. Angered, 40 other young Negroes stormed into Gerrish and Gottingen streets, hurling bricks and bottles. They defied the first dozen police sent to bring them under control, injuring one policeman and damaging a patrol car.

At one point with the march temporarily stalled, Buddy Daye, who lives near by, managed to draw off eight of the most belligerent members of the mob (he says he took guns from two

of them), took them over to his place and kept them talking out their hatred until 4 a.m.

Meanwhile, Rocky Jones persuaded the others to keep marching another eight blocks — to the police station. On the station steps, the marchers encountered Chief Verdun Mitchell and demanded that he release his three prisoners immediately or place the entire crowd under mass arrest. The two sides argued for two hours. At 3:30 a.m. the chief compromised and let the crowd into the station to visit the prisoners. By dawn, the visitors had left peacefully.

For his part in the protest, the NSAACP publicly denounced Rocky Jones. Soon after, Buddy Daye was appointed by city council to serve as a youth organizer in the district.

Later, Mayor Allan O'Brien began setting up a committee to expedite Daye's program of recreational activities, with NSAACP approval. This is hardly what the NSAACP's president, Gus Wedderburn, had in mind, however, when he recently urged the mayor undertake a serious study of the Negroes' problems in Halifax.

Rocky Jones, on the other hand, doesn't want a study — he wants immediate reforms in such basic areas as housing and employment. Because they cover only buildings of five or more dwelling units, Nova Scotia's open-housing laws prohibit racial segregation only in overcrowded tenements and in apartments too expensive for Negroes. And while Halifax employers will accept applications from Negroes, they seldom hire them for any but the most menial jobs. (There are no Negroes on the police force, for instance.)

Rocky Jones doesn't believe his people will get such situations reformed merely by appealing to the moral principles of the white community. He says they must be able to bargain with the white establishment from a position of political and economic power. Jones has been teaching as much to members of his Kwacha ("Freedom") Club, a fluctuating group of 50 to 100 Negroes, age 15 to 25. The club's sessions aren't always orderly, and its dances run loud and late. As a result, the club has just been kicked out of its third premises in three years.

Now, with Buddy Daye moving into the youth field with city council's blessing and several other advantages (he commands the full resources of the Neighborhood Centre, which co-ordinates welfare in the district), Rocky Jones' influence could suffer. In any case, the new competition brings up a vital question: Who's likely to do more to avert the danger of race riots in Halifax — Rocky Jones, a Black Power advocate urging young Negroes to examine their relationship to white society, or Buddy Daye, a congenial moderate trying to distract them with volleyball and ping pong and a lot of dandy games?

MURRAY BARNARD

How NOT to inherit from a long-lost uncle

*Here's a perfectly legal
come-on that seems to
leave everybody a loser*

HOW WOULD YOU feel if your name was Ralph Hanna Young and you got an important-looking document in the mail one day announcing that a Frank Young had died in California, leaving an estate of \$17,556.88?

"I felt like a millionaire," says the real Ralph Hanna Young, an unemployed railway engineer in Toronto. Then he grew suspicious. After all, the notice didn't say he was an heir to Frank Young's estate: it merely offered to send along "documents containing information about the administration of the estate and personal history of the deceased" — if the recipient would sign a request form and

send \$4. Aware that his only relative in the U.S. is (a) not named Young, and (b) alive in Seattle, Ralph Young suspected a swindle. He phoned the police.

Actually, the document the postman dropped into Ralph Young's letter slot that day was neither windfall nor swindle. It was just one of 10,000 notifications that have gone out since last February to Canadians in Vancouver, Winnipeg, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax, from an enterprising California firm called Legal Research and Index.

LRI's routine is simple: It explores public records in Los Angeles County Court to discover what people with fairly common surnames have recently died and left estates unclaimed. Then the company goes through telephone directories from all over the United States and Canada, selects several thousand people with the same surname and mails them the legal-looking notification of the death.

The chances of any one of those people being related to the deceased are, of course, extremely remote. But one person in 40, on the average, can't resist spending \$4 to find out.

"It's not illegal," concedes Tom Rimmer of the Metropolitan Toronto Better Business Bureau, "it's just a nice way of making a bundle."

Actually, it's not even that — so far, according to Dennis Von Aldenbruck, who runs LRI. Each mass mailing, he says, averages only 200 returns worth \$800 — only half the cost of getting 8,000 letters out.

"Things are a little rough now," he says, "but we hope eventually to break into the black."

One break that would help: a higher yield of bona fide, publicizable heirs. So far, out of some 100,000 letters LRI has sent out to people

PETERSON ON THE PROWL



"Any other suggestions — besides Mr. Trudeau's that we get the Company of Young Canadians to arrange a last-ditch love-in between the RIN and the IODE?"



with nine different surnames, Von Aldenbruck has found just one genuine heir — Frederick Spencer Powell of Philadelphia.

Powell and his lawyer both decline to discuss many of the details of his progress in claiming an estate of \$178,000 left by his long-lost brother, who died in California last December.

"I understand," says Powell, "that there are some mortgages against the estate and I might wind up with nothing."

EARL MCRAE

Backstage in Ottawa Should some "news" be kept secret?

Don't ask the newsmen
on Parliament Hill —
they can't agree either

BY THE TIME these words appear, two colleagues — Charles Lynch of Southam News Services and Don Atfield of the CBC — will have served their three-week sentence of exile and returned to the parliamentary press gallery. But their restoration will not mark the end of a perennial dispute in the newspaper trade, any more than their offense (reporting an off-the-record speech by John Diefenbaker to a dinner at which the gallery was his host) marked the beginning of it.

The last member arraigned on a comparable charge before the gallery executive happened to be me. Of another off-the-record Diefenbaker speech, the one delivered to the annual press gallery dinner in 1964, I remarked in this space that it was "the best he had ever produced for such an occasion." Some people took the view that any reference whatever to the gallery dinner was a violation of secrecy. I was asked to "explain" but no censure was voted; the executive accepted the assurance that no breach of confidence was intended and seemed to agree that none had actually taken place.

On some previous occasions the re-

action was more severe. On one of Prince Philip's brief visits to Ottawa, no press conference was scheduled but the gallery asked if he would at least come over for a drink. Government House agreed to recommend this if assured that it would be a purely social affair, about which nothing would be written. The gallery gave the assurance, and Prince Philip came. One member (now dead) defied the ban and wrote the story anyway, to the annoyance of His Royal Highness, the embarrassment of Government House, and the fury of fellow members who had been not only shamed and betrayed, but also scooped. The culprit was haled before the executive and suspended for two weeks. (Whether the sentence was carried out is debatable; he left next day on vacation, and resumed normal duty when he got back.)

Another incident was Mackenzie King's speech to the 1948 gallery dinner, reaffirming his intention to retire (which he'd already announced in a public address months before). Old as the news was, the Canadian Press thought it too important to ignore. The CP bureau chief telephoned the prime minister next morning (Sunday) and got his permission to print it. Naturally, the prime minister didn't mind, but the rival British United Press was furious—all the more so because the PM's speech, or a rehearsal of it, was first delivered to a luncheon given by the BUP bureau chief, Norman MacLeod. However, the gallery took no action. This incident may have been the origin of the view that secrecy at gallery dinners is intended to conceal not important news, but only indiscreet behavior.

Even the latter convention has not always been respected. Recently in a magazine article, extracted from his new book, Max Ferguson described (quite inaccurately, according to my own recollection) a *contretemps* involving George Drew, the Conservative leader. Ferguson was present at that gallery dinner only as a guest and was perhaps never cautioned about the taboo on reporting; but the magazine is edited and published by ex-members of the gallery and is responsible for what it prints.

Admittedly, some journalists carry the off-the-record commitment to an extreme. Probably the ultimate was achieved when the gallery decided, by majority vote, that its own proceedings should be secret. But the dissenting minority proclaimed at the time that it had no intention of obeying this rule, and there has never been any serious attempt to enforce it.

At the opposite extreme, some maintain that "nothing is ever off the record," and that no reporter should ever go to any gathering where an off-the-record commitment is accepted. Carried to its logical conclusion, this would mean no honest reporter could ever accept an invitation to dinner. Some other guest might innocently mistake him for a gentleman, and let fall a remark not intended for publication.

BLAIR FRASER

Did this man happen

Here's what a Winnipeg salesman can
add to James Garrison's "conspiracy" case

THE WINNIPEG International Airport terminal, with its 42,546 square feet of Solex glass curtain walls, looks almost light enough to take off. Inside this \$18,000,000 monument to the Department of Transport the decor is determinedly modern, with \$35,000 worth of art objects including enormous geometric murals by prairie professors and metal sculptures imported from Toronto. There are fountains, birch trees, chairs that seem to have been made of chicken wire, a split-level black-carpeted lounge called the Horizon Room, and, under a milk-white ceiling illuminated by 8,000 fluorescent tubes, a marble-tiled mezzanine the size of a football field.

On February 13, 1964, in this improbably exotic setting, where James Bond might have struggled with SMERSH, an overweight Winnipeg salesman named Richard Giesbrecht was caught up in the maelstrom that had begun in Dallas three months before and continues to this day. Giesbrecht believes he was a witness to nothing less than a meeting of two men who had conspired to kill President John F. Kennedy, and swears that a third man, a burly, suitably ominous figure with a smashed nose and flushed cheeks, played a bizarre cat-and-mouse game with him all over the mezzanine to frighten him into silence.

"Too big" for FBI

Ever since, Giesbrecht, a palpably sincere and rational 35-year-old Menonite with four children, has swung between fear and frustration. Fear that the disclosure of his identity — his name is revealed here publicly for the first time — would lead to harassment by cranks, or worse. (He is aware that 20 or so people tenuously linked to investigations of an alleged conspiracy have died since November, 1963.) Frustration because he believes that the FBI deliberately squelched his story. Giesbrecht talked to an agent named Merryl Nelson whom he contacted through the U.S. consulate in Winnipeg. He says that Nelson remarked, "This looks like the break we've been waiting for" — only to tell him a few months later to forget the whole thing. "It's too big," Nelson is supposed to have said. "We can't protect you in Canada."

Then, last February 23, visiting a hospitalized friend, Giesbrecht saw a newspaper photograph of David W. Ferrie, a New Orleans pilot who had been found dead, ostensibly of a hemorrhage caused by a ruptured blood vessel — although he had left behind two suicide notes. There was

something about the photograph that struck Giesbrecht. There was something familiar about the man's inordinately bushy eyebrows. Then it came to him that this was one of the men he had encountered at the airport three years before.

The picture's caption revealed that, before he died, Ferrie had told reporters that he'd been pegged as a "getaway pilot" by Jim Garrison, the New Orleans district attorney, who was conducting an independent investigation of Kennedy's death. Garrison concurred. "We had reached a decision to arrest him," he said. "Apparently we waited too long." Then the flamboyant D.A. added three lines that reverberated around the world: "My staff and I solved the assassination weeks ago. I wouldn't say this if we didn't have the evidence beyond the shadow of a doubt. We know the key individuals, the cities involved and how it was done."

The DA calls

All that was last February. Throughout the spring and summer, Garrison had neither put up nor shut up, although he professed himself ready to reveal his findings at the trial this fall of Clay Shaw, a prominent New Orleans businessman arrested on March 1 on charges of conspiring to assassinate John F. Kennedy. (Most of the U.S. press attempted to discredit Garrison's case against Shaw, but a panel of three judges and a grand jury ruled that there was sufficient evidence to hold him for trial.) Garrison believes that Shaw, Ferrie, Lee Harvey Oswald, Jack Ruby and others — most of them hair-trigger anti-Castroites — conspired to kill Kennedy because of his plan for a *détente* with Cuba, and because Kennedy was cracking down on CIA-supported anti-Castro activity in Dallas, Miami and New Orleans. There is the chilling suggestion that, some time in the early fall of 1963, in New Orleans, a sizeable group of Right-wing extremists, deranged adventurers and Cuban exiles abruptly switched targets — from Castro to Kennedy.

With the help of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, which had printed an account of his story without using his name, Giesbrecht finally got in touch with an authority who wanted to use his testimony, and who did not, as he puts it, "just tell me to shut up about it": Jim Garrison. One of Garrison's assistants called Giesbrecht in March and expressed extreme interest in what he had overheard. There were more calls from the D.A.'s office to check details. In late September Giesbrecht

upon John Kennedy's assassins?

agreed tentatively to testify at Clay Shaw's trial, although Mrs. Giesbrecht was afraid to see her husband get mixed up in the case.

What spurred Giesbrecht to agree to testify was a call he had got in early summer from Garrison himself. "He told me that my evidence would be a great help to him, and that the pieces locked perfectly into place, although he didn't explain how. He confirmed that Ferrie had been in Winnipeg at the time and he said that no people from Winnipeg were involved. Maybe these men were making connections to Minneapolis or Chicago. They just happened to be here when I ran into them."

On that day, February 13, 1964, Giesbrecht had set up an appointment with a client who worked at nearby Bristol Aircraft. He arrived at the airport early, shortly after 2 p.m., to have his first look inside the new terminal. He sauntered around, went into the Horizon Room, had one drink, a Moscow Mule, walked out to have a look at Gerald Gladstone's sculpture, *Solar Cone*, in a fountain courtyard near the lounge, called his client, found he had more time to kill, returned to the lounge, sat at the same table half-way along a wall of windows and ordered a Seven-Up. Two men had taken the adjacent table. His back to them, Giesbrecht planned his sales approach and did some figuring on his weekly calendar pad. At some point, probably at about 2.45 p.m., he became aware that his neighbors were discussing the assassination in a way that seemed to implicate them.

He started to listen, then to take notes. It seemed to him that one of the men had a "Latin" accent; the other, the one he later concluded was Ferrie, an "American" accent. The voices were rather high-pitched, precise-sounding. He sensed that both men were homosexuals.

Oswald a pawn

"I got the impression that a man named Isaacs was to have been the assassin or one of them, but that he had taken on Oswald to do the dirty work," Giesbrecht says. "In the opinion of these men Oswald was a psycho. One of them said, 'How did Isaacs get mixed up with a psycho like that?' The man I think of as Ferrie wondered how much Oswald had passed on to his wife or, for that matter, anyone else. Being mixed up with Oswald had been a foolish thing. Ferrie said that Isaacs could be seen on some film of Kennedy getting off a plane shortly before the assassination. These men assured each other that when a man named Hochman or Hoffman got to Isaacs all loose ends would be tied up. He would also

make sure that a certain car was destroyed. Ferrie said there was more money now at their disposal than ever. They discussed a meeting to be held at the Townhouse Motor Hotel in Kansas City, Missouri, on March 18. There had been no meeting since early November of 1963."

During all this time Giesbrecht was hunched over his calendar pad, straining to pick up the low voices over the piped-in music, the muffled shriek of engines through the twin-paned windows and the conversation of about a dozen other people in the big dim room. He was aware of some girls at a corner table who laughed a lot.

"Auntie" flies in

There was more. The meeting would be registered under the name of a textile firm. Ferrie mentioned an "aunt" who would be flying in from California. A name that sounded like Romeniuk came up several times. Ferrie asked about paper or merchandise coming out of Nevada. Latin Accent said it was too risky and that a house or shop had been closed down at a place called Mercury. He said that "a good shipment" had reached Caracas from Newport. There was some speculation that investigation of Kennedy's death would not end if the Warren Commission found Oswald guilty.

Giesbrecht managed to get a fast look at the man he later said was Ferrie. "I told the FBI that he had the oddest hair and eyebrows I'd ever seen," he says. "The eyebrows were wide and sort of streaky. The hair was very shiny and it started quite

far back on his head." (According to press reports, Ferrie wore a bright red wig and false eyebrows to conceal burns he had suffered years before. Giesbrecht says he didn't notice the color of his hair.) It seemed to him that the man resembled Stan Laurel "when he gets that look as if he's going to cry." Giesbrecht didn't really see the second man's face; they were sitting back to back. He noticed that his chin and neck were badly pock-marked and that he wore a hearing aid in his right ear. Both men were in their middle or late 40's; both wore light tweed suits and loafers.

Perhaps Giesbrecht was doing too much craning around in his chair. At any rate, two things happened almost simultaneously. The first was that he became aware he was being stared at by a man sitting alone across a corner of the lounge, in front of a metal drapery separating the lounge and the dining room. The second was that the conversation behind him changed, became innocuous. He can remember Ferrie saying that he had flown an airplane like one on the apron outside the window — a small, executive plane, Giesbrecht thinks it was, with two propellers.

"I felt a wee bit jittery or excited," he says. "I felt uneasy, uncomfortable. I put on my overcoat. The conversation had stopped. This third man was just staring at me. He was sort of an ugly man. He had a nose that seemed flat, a fighter's nose. It was a piggy nose. He was very fair, with very flushed cheeks. He was in his early thirties, a big man, odd-looking. I had to walk by him to get out."

Giesbrecht, feeling uneasy, hurried past Gladstone's *Solar Cone* into the

mezzanine, turned left and headed for a newsstand that forms an island in the middle of the 300-foot-long waiting area. He asked a saleslady if there were police in the airport. There was an RCMP detachment, Room 24. To get there Giesbrecht started to walk toward a covered bridge joining the terminal and the administration unit. He stopped. On the middle of three steps at the near end of the bridge was the man who had been staring at him in the Horizon Room. He was staring at Giesbrecht again.

"I felt uneasy," Giesbrecht says. He turned around, went back into the newsstand and asked where the nearest phone was. He walked into the mezzanine again, turned left and walked 100 feet or so, turned left again past a Walter Yarwood metal sculpture that crouches over a fountain in another courtyard, to a bank of 10 telephones mounted on a blue tile wall. Giesbrecht picked up the sixth phone, called the Winnipeg RCMP number, got on to a corporal, introduced himself and glanced to his right.

Tattooed stranger

"The same man, the third man, was just about a yard away. He was right on me. So I just hung up and walked away. I don't remember how much I said to the RCMP. As I hung up the phone I felt too uneasy to look at his face, but I noticed that he had markings on his fingers. I think they were tattoos. I walked into a large flight room, at gates two and three, where there were a lot of people. I stayed in there for a while and then I went out again and down the stairs at the north end of the mezzanine and into the parking lot. I drove away from the airport and then I did a sort of foolish thing. I never bothered about my client, and not only that, when I got about a mile away from the airport I took the notes and tore them up and burned them. Ask me why and I don't know. I rewrote the notes as best I could that night at home and hid them in a dresser drawer."

Giesbrecht doesn't have any pat explanations about what he overheard, but he says he believes that a conspiracy killed Kennedy. He says he is glad to be able to help Garrison, especially since he found his earlier dealings with the FBI upsetting. "I've had three years of feeling like a little child that wants to convey something, and nobody's listening," he says. "It bugs a person. It does. They're happy to hear what you have to say but then it's, 'Shut up, because it's too big.' If it's something that's too big for the authorities, then the United States is in a pretty bad way, isn't it?"

JON RUDDY

Charles Lynch: his brief "exile" didn't settle the basic issue.



At this table in Winnipeg's airport, Richard Giesbrecht took notes while overhearing two men who may have been in on JFK's assassination.

The campus war over the Viet Cong

ALTHOUGH campus leaders accuse them of shameful apathy, it doesn't take much to arouse Quebec students. All that's needed is a hot issue, such as Vietnam, to fire them up. Bring in a trio of livewire Viet Cong and you have a situation approaching mass hysteria.

In fact, the tumult caused by the visit to Quebec of two male and one female National Liberation Front "students" (one seemed old enough to be a grandfather) may have as devastating effect on student politics as De Gaulle's famous "Vive le Québec libre!" had on Parliament Hill.

Centre of the controversy is the strongly nationalistic Union Générale des Étudiants du Québec (UGEQ), a student syndicate comprising five of the province's six universities (Bishop's doesn't belong). Two members of UGEQ's executive committee made contact with Viet Cong students last April in Ulan Bator, the capital of Outer Mongolia, at the Congress of the International Union of Students, and invited them to Quebec. Their initiative has raised the hackles of students, hawks and doves alike—the hawks for obvious reasons; the doves because they feel the NLF trio was unfairly brought into a hornet's nest of Right-wing fascists.

The president of UGEQ, 25-year-old Pierre LeFrançois, says the invitation is one of a series of special events marking "Vietnam Year," which is intended to elicit a *crise de conscience* on the part of Quebec students and the public. But not all of the 40,000 students at McGill, Sir George Williams, University of Montreal, Laval and Sherbrooke subscribe to UGEQ's tactics, and that's where the trouble starts.

The students are all automatically members of UGEQ, paying \$1 per annum, which comes out of their fees. On the eve of the Viet Cong's arrival, UGEQ issued a press release calling on the Canadian government to dissociate itself from U.S. policies in Vietnam, and alleging Canadian "complicity" in the war. An earlier 13-page document presented to Premier Daniel Johnson was equally anti-American and anti-Ottawa in tone. Even if many of the 17,000 English-speaking students in Quebec were sympathetic with the Viet Cong cause and saw that some French-Canadian students identified it with Quebec independence, the anti-Federalist notes annoyed them.

The setting was right for a hawk group called COLD — Canadians Opposing Leftist Demonstrations — set up last year to oppose a student peace march. COLD's 30-odd members led the chorus of hisses, hoots, catcalls, and cries of "Kill a Commie for Christ!" that greeted the Viet Cong when they tried to address the 700 students at Sir George's alumni audi-

torium. "It's not that we're against free speech, but we should have been consulted by UGEQ before these stooges were foisted upon us," declares 22-year-old arts student Harvey Oberfeld, spokesman for COLD. "The lies they were spewing out were insults to our intelligence, absolute garbage." Oberfeld denies that COLD is an extremist group. "But we don't think you can solve the world's problems by waving flowers around. Hippies and leftists have been running student governments for too long and they don't represent the majority of views."

Some of the insults were juvenile, others almost classics of sick humor. When Ly Van Sau described his country as smaller than Florida, but bigger than Vancouver Island, a student shouted: "You've been around, haven't you?" And when he spoke of American fragmentation bombs that "enter the flesh, enter the bone and are impossible to clear out," another voice rang out cheerily: "American technology!" Madame Nguyen Ngoc Dung, who began her address in French, was shouted down with boos and cries of "Vive la patate frite."

It became clear the next day that the agitators were a small group.



Le Mai making the Viet Cong case: even the doves wished he wasn't there.

Most students and professors, no matter how they felt about UGEQ, marked it as a black day in the university's history. In a front page editorial, the campus newspaper, *The Georgian* condemned the abuse as "sheer animalistic statements made by morons . . . If our education policies are creating mindless zombies such as these, the doors should be locked and we should start from scratch again." History professor Frank Chalk said this was what happened "when a small group of students brought up on the cynical and vicarious pleasures of *Playboy* . . . encounter people from a culture in which violence, poverty and death are everyday facts of life."

Salt was rubbed into Sir George's wounds when, at an assembly for the Viet Cong at McGill, Laurier LaPierre shouted: "Let's not behave like the students from that other place." The few McGill agitators who tried to hiss were shamed by LaPierre's admonition: "Stop that nonsense, you stupid child."

As for the Viet Cong, they quietly slipped away to the safety of the Cuban and Russian pavilions at Expo. By then, the prospect of returning to their war-torn country may have seemed almost pleasant.

DON BELL

EDITORIAL

Stop treating college students like children

SIR EDWARD BEATTY, when he was Chancellor of McGill, defined the functions of a university. It was first of all, he said, a society of learned men and women; secondly, a focus of intellectual activity in the nation. Thirdly, and only thirdly, it was a training school for young men and women.

At about the same time Stephen Leacock, retiring from the chair of economics at McGill, told readers of *Maclean's* he was pretty distressed by the public disrespect for authority that was being shown by university students. Some of them, he said, openly criticized their teachers; this brought the name of the university into disrepute and cost it "loss of students, loss of fees, discredit and lowered status."

All this sounds pathetically quaint in the 1960s, the decade of campus revolts, student activism, the generation gap, and youth-power. As Douglas Marshall reports on page 11, Canada's quarter of a million university students may soon develop into a distinct and self-conscious class within the community. They promise (or threaten, depending on where you sit) to form a politically sophisticated movement like the labor movement, aware of the uses of power and able to grasp it. As a first step, they are pressing for direct participation in the government of the universities.

Leacock suggested the police could handle the mavericks. Put them in jail, he said, and send them a Latin grammar and a prayer book.

It was a humorist's prescription; unhappily, the humorless governors of most Canadian universities still take it as a holy writ, resisting every student appeal for a modest voice in academic affairs as if it were a call to total anarchy.

But history and reason are on the side of today's students. They are a mature, able and increasingly determined group. They are more serious, more concerned, and more at home in an era of revolutionary change than their fathers ever were. The kind of young people who can organize an international teach-in, or influence policy at a political convention, deserve a hearing in the academic senates and boardrooms. University authorities, we think, would do well to yield some ground while they can still do it gracefully.

A duty to speak out

PAUL MARTIN's call for a halt in the bombing of North Vietnam has probably given some encouragement, however slight, to the Viet Cong. It has had no visible effect in Washington except to annoy the Johnson administration and further impair the entree of Canadian representatives there. What good, then, has been accomplished by Canada's new candor?

In terms of our own interest, none. Obviously the best relations we can hope to have with Hanoi or Peking, or Moscow, will not be as good as the worst relations we need fear to have with Washington. Nor will they matter so much. With the communist nations we can tolerate mutual enmity short of nuclear war. With the U.S. we must have friendship or we cannot thrive.

True, many Americans have spoken out against the Vietnam war more strongly than Mr. Martin would ever do. Possibly the slight accretion of foreign support will strengthen the hands of these dissenters. But in any country, foreign support is a doubtful asset in a domestic cause, so this advantage can only be counted as marginal.

Nevertheless, we applaud Mr. Martin's plain speaking, and we believe most Canadians do. As Walter Gordon said some months ago, U.S. policy in Vietnam "cannot be justified either morally or strategically." It has created a nightmare, one that grows in horror with every day that passes. At some point the sense of moral outrage that it engenders must be given vent. All over the world, and within the U.S. itself, this sense of outrage has been rising. Those who share it have a right to know how numerous they really are — and a duty to declare themselves to friend or foe alike.

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During one especially violent passage, Mr. Kropp spun completely around.

MACLEAN'S

BUT, MYRON, WHAT WILL YOU DO FOR AN ENCORE?

Any concert pianist's life can be fraught with challenge, but the disasters that befell U.S. pianist Myron Kropp one evening in Bangkok were monumental. Here is how the English-language Bangkok Post reported Kropp's performance.

BY KENNETH LANGBELL

THE RECITAL last evening in the chamber-music room of the Erawan Hotel by U.S. pianist Myron Kropp, the first appearance of Mr. Kropp in Bangkok, can only be described by this reviewer and those who witnessed Mr. Kropp's performance as one of the most interesting experiences in a very long time.

There was a bit of disorder at the outset when the ushers, apparently brought in from the dining room, had some trouble placing concertgoers in their proper seats, a situation that was little helped by several late arrivals.

The audience eventually was seated, and a hush fell over the room as Mr. Kropp appeared from the right of the stage, attired in black formal evening-wear with a small, white poppy in his lapel. With sparse, sandy hair, a sallow complexion and a deceptively frail-looking frame, the man who has repopularized Johann Sebastian Bach approached the concert grand, bowed to the audience and placed himself upon the stool.

It might be appropriate to insert at this juncture that many pianists, including Mr. Kropp, prefer a bench, maintaining that on a screw-type stool they sometimes find themselves turning sideways during a particularly expressive strain. There was a slight delay, in fact, as Mr. Kropp left the stage briefly, apparently in search of

continued on page 4d

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Bahama Islands



BUT, MYRON
continued

a bench, but returned when informed that there was none.

The elegant concert grand, while basically a fine instrument, needs constant attention, particularly in a climate such as Bangkok. This is even more true when the instrument is as old as the one provided in the chamber-music room of the Erawan Hotel.

In this humidity the felts which separate the white keys from the black tend to swell, causing an occasional key to stick, which apparently was the case last evening with the D in the second octave.

During the "raging storm" section of the D-minor toccata and fugue, Mr. Kropp must be complimented for putting up with the awkward D. However, by the time the "storm" was past and he had gotten into the prelude and fugue in D major, in which

the second-octave D plays a major role, Mr. Kropp's patience was wearing thin.

Some who attended the performance later questioned whether the awkward key justified some of the language which was heard coming from the stage during softer passages of the fugue.

However, one member of the audience, who had sent his children out of the room by the midway point of the fugue, had a valid point when he

commented over the music and extemporaneous remarks of Mr. Kropp that the workman who greased the stool might have done better to use some of the grease on the second-octave D key. Indeed, Mr. Kropp's stool had more than enough grease, and during one passage in which the music and lyrics both were particularly violent Mr. Kropp was turned completely around.

Whereas before his remarks had been aimed largely at the piano and were therefore somewhat muted, to his surprise and that of those in the chamber-music room he found himself addressing himself directly to the audience.

But such things do happen, and the person who began to laugh deserves to be severely reprimanded for his undignified behavior. Unfortunately, laughter is contagious, and by the time it had subsided and the audience had regained its composure Mr. Kropp appeared to be somewhat shaken.

Nevertheless, he swiveled himself back into position facing the piano and, leaving the D-major fugue unfinished, commenced on the fantasia and fugue in G minor.

Why the concert-grand piano's G key in the third octave chose that particular time to begin sticking, I hesitate to guess. However, it is certainly safe to say that Mr. Kropp himself did nothing to help matters when he began using his feet to kick the lower portion of the piano instead of operating the pedals as is generally done.

Possibly it was this jarring, or the un-Bach-like hammering to which the sticking keyboard was being subjected — something caused the right front leg of the piano to buckle slightly inward, leaving the entire instrument listing at approximately a 35-degree angle from that which is normal.

A gasp went up from the audience, for if the piano had actually fallen, several of Mr. Kropp's toes, if not both his feet, would surely have been broken.

It was with a sigh of relief, therefore, that the audience saw Mr. Kropp slowly rise from his stool and leave the stage. A few men in the back of the room began clapping, and when Mr. Kropp reappeared a moment later it seemed he was responding to the ovation.

Apparently, however, he had left to get the red-handled fire ax which was hung backstage in case of fire, for that was what he had in his hand.

My first reaction at seeing Mr. Kropp begin to chop at the left leg of the grand piano was that he was attempting to make it tilt at the same angle as the right leg and thereby correct the list.

However, when the weakened legs finally collapsed altogether with a great crash and Mr. Kropp continued to chop, it became obvious to all that he had no intention of going on with the concert.

The ushers, who had heard the snapping of piano wires and splintering of sound board from the dining room, came rushing in and, with the help of the hotel manager, two Indian watchmen, and a passing police corporal, finally succeeded in disarming Mr. Kropp and dragging him off the stage. ★



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MACLEAN'S

CAMPUS 67

Why has it grown so quiet? Where are the fiery student crusades, the social-protest marches, the hymns of revolt of just a few years ago? Gone. But the campus war goes on—now a subtler, more sophisticated struggle, not just for passing causes, but for a new balance of power within the nation. In this special 11-page report, *Maclean's* takes a hard look at the new campus and its problems, pays a surprise call on students and faculty, and casts an appreciative eye on its turned-on fashions

BY DOUGLAS MARSHALL

FIVE YEARS AGO university students were marching out to right the world's wrongs under a banner of militant protest and to the tune of half a dozen modern battle hymns. "We shall overcome," they chanted. A revolution, they chorused, was "blowin' in the wind." Somewhere along the road, it seems to have blown itself out. The only revolutionary music on Canadian campuses this fall comes from *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, courtesy of The Beatles. Instead of sit-in demonstrations, students are mounting teach-ins or wallowing in love-ins. Instead of loud demands for instant social change, there is everywhere the discreet murmur of negotiations.

What ever happened to the fiery, committed young generation of the early 1960s? The simple answer is that it grew larger and it grew up. Canada now has a record 230,000 students busily incubating in more than 60 degree-granting institutions. The pressures of the multiversity, combined with the unprecedented complexity of the world outside, are producing a fundamental change in student outlook. In many ways today's students are more realistic, more neurotic and more sophisticated than their crusading predecessors. They seem to have grasped the fact that there are no quick and easy answers. There aren't even easy questions. For the time being, students have opted out of the social-protest battles.

They have not, however, opted out of the war. Students have merely beaten a strategic retreat. Their theatre of activist operations is now largely confined to the campus. But the long-term objective, many observers believe, is nothing less than a neo-Marxist class struggle designed to swing

the balance of power in society toward youth.

With the advantages of hindsight, it's possible to argue that the switch in strategy began on November 22, 1963. It is a date that unites every student in this generation. They will all remember to their graves just where they were and how they felt when they learned President Kennedy was shot. For them, the assassination was much more than the tragic death of an enlightened world leader. It was a catastrophe that shook to the core their faith in the way the world was heading.

In the wake of this catastrophe, students took a hard look at themselves and began to regard the future with a much more cynical eye. How, they collectively asked themselves, can we best ensure the emergence and election of more Kennedys everywhere? Certainly not by continuing to parade around with placards. Instead, they began to push for the development of a politically powerful student class, capable not just of asking for changes but making them. And the first step in the development was to obtain more student control over the running of the universities themselves.

The practical result of this thinking has become known as the Berkeley Syndrome, named after the extended period of student unrest on the campus of the University of California at Berkeley. The driest if not the best summation of what Berkeley is all about appeared last year in a *London Times* editorial: "The emergence of a self-conscious student class is reminiscent of the emergence of a self-conscious working class in the 19th century."

The reminiscence strikes activist chords all across Canada. Students increasingly see themselves as part of a great union-management

struggle, with students and liberal faculty on one side of the table, university administrations and governments on the other. Activists want a new deal all down the line — better academic programs, more accessibility to faculty, free tuition for all, student salaries for some and direct participation in university government.

When those battles are won, the new student class will move on to demand more representation in federal and provincial government. The nationwide reduction of the voting age to 18 is already a possibility. The next stage may be the creation of purely university constituencies. Ultimately, runs the theory of Quebec sociologist Marcel Rioux, the clash between youth and adults will polarize society into two political camps — with students spearheading the party for change.

For the moment, parts of this grand design remain a vision, and a pretty extravagant vision at that. Except on the west coast, Canadian universities are still in the pre-Berkeley stage of development. Activism is just beginning to become a major issue and the bargaining dialogue is more exploratory than passionate. But there can be no doubt about the reality of the basic premise — the emergence for the first time of a student class conscious of its power and prepared to act.

To some extent, the students' class-consciousness is sustained by adult society's love-hate relationship with youth. No previous young generation has ever been made so aware of itself as a separate and important social segment. Today's students have been repeatedly quizzed, coddled, wooed and damned — above all recognized — by a group of elders obsessively concerned about what their children think, smoke and hunger for. "But I'll let you in on / continued overleaf

MACLEAN'S, CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1967

11

"A new student class has emerged, aware of its power, ready to act"

THE POLITICO Steve Langdon, 20, University of Toronto political-science student, and NDP worker, is troubled by student apathy and Vietnam.



THE HIPPIE Michael Boone is 20, a McGill English major, entertainment writer for the campus paper. He gets by on the edge of poverty, studies in his pad with his girlfriend (above) when he's broke.



SUPER COED Liz Campbell, 20, Dalhousie history major, top student, is bilingual, active in campus groups, undecided about marriage or career.

a secret," says Nelson Adams, a bearded 25-year-old graduate student in Greek at the University of New Brunswick. "A lot of the stuff written about the young generation is just wishful thinking on the part of the elder generation. If you look closely enough, you'll find the majority of students are unbelievably apathetic."

A close look shows that Adams is only partly right. The majority of students fall into four main groups. There are the Michael Boones, the Liz Campbells and the Steve Langdons. And then there are the Joe Colleges.

Joe College has always been around. He is the conservative-minded, strict conformist who makes up 80 percent of any generation of students. He is entirely preoccupied with the business of staying uninvolved and getting an education. In the old days he wore V-necked sweaters, waved pennants at football games and loved taking part in student pranks. Today he doesn't even do much of that. Joe worries about passing his exams and about how much money he'll be making after he graduates.

Michael Boone, a 20-year-old English student at McGill, is the new breed of hippie that everybody's so concerned about. He dresses horribly, always needs a haircut and would like to try marijuana sometime. He spent last year in a functionally squalid \$40-a-month room above a tavern on the east edge of the campus. He is an entertainment writer for the McGill Daily and when he has money he drinks beer with the newspaper's staff in The Swiss Hut on Sherbrooke

Street. When he's broke he studies in his pad with his girlfriend on his king-sized bed. The girl sometimes cooks a snack. Boone worries about the arts and about when he's going to eat again.

Liz Campbell, a stunning history major at Dalhousie, is the sort of co-ed every mother hopes her daughter will become. Liz, who is 20, drives around campus in a sports car and shares a well-appointed apartment with a friend. She is involved in student theatre, manages the girls' ice-hockey team, performs love songs in coffee-houses and speaks fluent French. She joined a fraternity "to see if I could change things" and has turned down two marriage proposals. Last year Liz won Dalhousie's top student academic award. She worries about choosing between marriage and a career.

Steve Langdon, also 20, studies political science at the University of Toronto. He is the classic image of the involved liberal-minded undergraduate. He dresses impeccably, lives in residence at Trinity College and wears a gown to classes and to meals. Despite its trappings of Oxbridge tradition, Trinity seethes with socialists. Last year Langdon was campus president of the New Democratic Party. He worries about Vietnam and about how to overcome student apathy.

Thanks to the Joe Colleges, apathy is traditional and unavoidable. The word itself has virtually been the patented rallying cry of student activists and editors since the days in the 1890s when Muckenzie King tried to lead a student strike at the U of T. The revolt fizzled out after

a week. (King was later accused of playing politics by double-crossing his fellow rebels.)

Things haven't changed much. Last February activist Bob Cruise campaigned for student president at the University of British Columbia on a platform urging a Berkeley-style strike that would help "dissect the knowledge factory." Although expected to win, he was crushingly defeated by a conservative unknown. "UBC students do not represent a new generation," commented education reporter Clive Cocking in the Vancouver Sun. "It's the same as their fathers', a generation whose ambitions are focused on getting their ticket to the first-class compartment on the gravy train of life."

The point Cocking missed is that some 20 percent of UBC students *did* vote for Cruise. They represent the classic minority — the Boones, Langdons and Liz Campbells — who do most of the writing, talking, agitating and creative work on any university campus. They are drawn mainly from the arts and the humanities and they dismiss the Joe Colleges as "kids with middle-aged minds." Depending on available causes and leaders, they can attract considerable attention. Sometimes they can delude adults into thinking an entire generation is turning Red or going licentiously to hell on a pot-propelled Honda.

Where the minority is large, as it is on the west coast and in the older eastern universities, it permeates and influences campus life. On the conservative Prairies and in the Maritimes the influence is marginal. And at some of the newer universities the entire body of dedicated non-conformists can, and often does, gather itself around a single coffee table to argue about Marshall McLuhan (passionately), J. R. R. Tolkien (vaguely), Berkeley, Stokely Carmichael, Peanuts, Ramparts, or a currently in-poet such as Sylvia Plath, who wrote intensely about alienation before committing suicide at 30.

Alienation is much in vogue on the big impersonal campuses these days. "Everybody's hung up about something but they don't know what it is," says 23-year-old Brian Campbell, one of the lonely band of liberals at the University of Alberta. Campbell, who has a theory that the whole mood of modern youth can be summed up by the top-40 hit tunes ("Just study the lyrics of *Georgy Girl*, man!"), believes most thinking students are appalled by what they'll have to do when they graduate: "How am I going to adjust to the complex world outside? How am I going to accept a nine-to-five existence in which I'll have to compromise myself?"

No matter how hard students try to forget the outside world, television keeps tossing it back in their laps. The message is as immediate as the medium: long-shots of an instant war; montages of a racial holocaust; bird's-eye views of napalmed villages; and close-ups of political impotence verging on senility. Any one / continued on page 44

A CONSUMER'S REPORT ON CANADA'S TOP UNIVERSITIES

Bricks and mortarboards do not a university make. It's the scholars and the quality of their scholarship. Here's how you can tell the best of Canada's 50 universities from the rest

BY C. WELLINGTON WEBB

Dr. Webb, an associate professor of philosophy at the University of Toronto, has spent several years researching the problems facing modern universities and has published a number of critical articles on the subject. He prepared this report and the academic rankings in the chart on the opposite page in consultation with graduate students specializing in education.

BY THE INTERNATIONAL yardstick of Oxford, Cambridge and Harvard, Canada has only one university that even approaches the first rank — the University of Toronto. By an internal yardstick, we have at least half a dozen universities that do us credit in terms of the history of higher education in Canada and the resources of the country as a whole.

How is it possible to make such objective general evaluations at all? Large modern universities are complex organizations that display an almost unbelievable variety of facets. Not only do they have several faculties (each incorporating many departments), but also numerous schools, colleges, divisions and institutes. Each segment has its own special job to do. Obviously, an evaluation of a university cannot be taken as an indication of the excellence of all parts of it. An excellent university may have some poor departments, and a poor university may have some good ones.

However, educators recognize five criteria for evaluating the general excellence of a university: graduate offerings, library holdings, science facilities, wealth, and prestige staff. These are obviously interrelated factors, and it would be unwise to assume that any one is the most important or that any of them is an infallible guide to quality. But taken together, they represent a rough measurement of the relative strengths of the university.

Application of these criteria reveals some enormous disparities among the 50 odd institutions in Canada that call themselves universities. At the top end of the scale are the true universities — such as the U of T, McGill, Laval, Queen's and the University of Montreal — which are multidisciplinary institutions and maintain a high quality in the traditional faculties of law, medicine and arts. At the bottom end are some solitary, nonaffiliated institutions that are little more than mediocre liberal arts colleges. In terms of library holdings, laboratory facilities and staff, such universities as Bishop's in Quebec would have to rate at the very bottom of the scale.

Between these extremes there are many intermediate positions occupied by various universities, each with their own strengths and weaknesses. In general, universities in the Atlantic provinces occupy lower positions in the rating scale, and Ontario and western Canada

universities higher positions among English-speaking institutions.

The situation in higher education in Canada is changing rapidly and some universities may achieve striking advances in quality very quickly. This will most affect the universities in the middle part of the scale and will undoubtedly improve the general standard of the university in Canada. But it's unlikely the broad pattern will change within the next decade. Because of differences in economic power, Ontario and western universities will vie for the upper positions, and the Maritimes will continue to be lower on the scale. Quebec's McGill and the province's excellent French-speaking universities will remain in their high positions.

One way in which to obtain a measurement of the vigor of a university's graduate school is to determine the percentage of total enrolment that represents graduate students. This yardstick was recognized in the Macdonald report (*Higher Education in British Columbia and a Plan for the Future*, 1962), in these words:

"British Columbia, with all its wealth and with the second largest English-speaking university in the country, is well behind seven other Canadian institutions and behind the very low Canadian average. And yet, it is precisely from our graduate schools that our most distinguished scholars, scientists, teachers and various other leaders will come. The magnitude and gravity of this situation has not been grasped by the vast majority of our citizens."

This measurement would seem to indicate a general increase in the quality of Canadian higher education. According to E. F. Sheffield's *Enrollment in Canadian Universities and Colleges, 1966*, the percentage of graduate students rose from 4.9 percent of total enrollment in 1951-52 to 8.4 percent in 1965-66. This indication, however, must be taken with a grain of salt in view of the limitations of Canadian graduate instruction in general. According to the Spinks report (*Development of Graduate Programmes in Ontario Universities*, 1966), there is cause for alarm in the tendency in Ontario "to copy Toronto habits and to set up little research fields that can never prosper alongside the giant" (The "giant" referred to is, of course, the University of Toronto). It is to be feared that not all of the increase in graduate enrollment in Canadian universities represents new strength. It may to some extent represent new panic at the difficulty of obtaining professional staff without offering the lure of graduate instruction. This was also noted in the Spinks report: "We constantly heard the complaint that new staff are unobtainable unless one is able to guarantee facilities for 'graduate work.' In other words, the potential professor asks, 'Can I have graduate students?'"

(continued on page 88)

The 20 best campuses: how they rate and what they offer

From our five-star multiversity to the one-star glorified colleges — a critical survey of academic merits, extra-curricular moods and those off-campus classrooms, the student pubs

1 ★★★★★
The University of Toronto: Tops by any academic standard — prestige staff (Creighton, Northrop Frye, J. Tuzo Wilson), range of subject matter (Islamic studies to nuclear engineering), library holdings (2.25 million volumes), science facilities and strength of its graduate school. Canada's first multiversity with denominational arts colleges, institutes and satellites, international respect for its four-year honors-course graduates, rich, liberal and incredibly varied — but dangerously impersonal because of its size. Yorkville provides hippie off-campus atmosphere. Main student pub is La Place Pigalle.

2 ★★★★★
The University of Montreal: Leads French-speaking universities in the number of doctorate courses offered. It has a library with more than one million volumes, prestige staff (including top professors from Paris), and a healthy graduate school. Incubator of intellectual Quebec separatism, a heady Gallic *ne plus ultra* atmosphere. Students drink all over Montreal.

3 ★★★★★
McGill University (Montreal): Perhaps the best-known Canadian university but beset by financial difficulties. It nurtured Sir William Osler and Lord Rutherford, and the English-speaking world owes McGill a great unpaid debt. Its arts and medical faculties are still among the best in the world and its library holds 1,076,000 volumes. The campus atmosphere is exciting and the students are the most committed and involved in Canada. The main student pub is The Swiss Hut.

4 ★★★★★
Laval University (Quebec City): Older, smaller and more conservative than the University of Montreal but otherwise scarcely less illustrious in terms of academic excellence. The university is now consolidated in a modern campus on the west edge of Quebec City and is particularly respected for its social-science departments. Despite liberal trends, the atmosphere is still clerical in emphasis, and the students are drawn from predominantly rural areas. Main student pub is L' Aquarium in downtown Quebec.

5 ★★★★★
Queen's University (Kingston): A good university in a small-town setting. Queen's is famed for its achievements in both arts and science: its library holds 514,000 volumes, its economics department breeds civil service mandarins, the campus atmosphere, like Kingston itself, is Whig. It is one of the last outposts of the Old College Spirit. The students are football-proud, fiercely loyal and

their Gaelic college battlecry is the most rousing in Canada. They drink at the Manor House in suburban Portsmouth.

6 ★★★★★
The University of British Columbia (Vancouver): The biggest and second-best three-star university. Growth hampered by frosty relations with the provincial government, respectable library (886,000 volumes), creditable faculties of law and medicine, a cocky, independent student body and the liveliest student newspaper in the country. Tribal markings, briefcases and buck umbrellas. Key pub is the Fraser Arms.

7 ★★★★★
The University of Alberta (Edmonton): Fountain of philosophy according to Socrates. One of the richest universities in Canada and strong in all academic departments, a general air of stultifying conservatism, students find Edmonton weather too cold to make hippiness possible. The main campus problem: lack of parking space for students' cars. Drinking confined to bottle parties.

8 ★★★★★
The University of Western Ontario (London): Probably Canada's most American-style university. A flourishing school of business and strong in such practical courses as journalism and secretarial science; faculty unusually divided between an entrenched reactionary set and a younger liberal element that tends to be transient. Campus atmosphere rural and generally square except for student newspaper. Key pub: The CPR Hotel.

9 ★★★★★
The University of Saskatchewan at Saskatoon: Growing fast as the province becomes richer. 30 doctoral programs are offered and the library holds 361,000 volumes. The campus setting, especially in the fall, is one of the country's most impressive. Students are a mixture of intellectual farmers and idealistic NDPers. Campus pub is The Cavalier.

10 ★★★★★
The University of Manitoba (Winnipeg): Oldest but weakest of the three major Prairie universities. Library holds 475,000 volumes, doctoral courses in 25 areas; campus atmosphere tends to be bland and square and the setting is especially desolate in winter. Students drink in a number of taverns along the Pembina Highway but prefer the residential beer bash.

11 ★★★★★
Dalhousie University (Halifax): Most important university in the Atlantic provinces, with an impressive list of distinguished graduates, especially from its law faculty, medical faculty serves the whole Maritimes. Library holds 216,000 volumes, and there are doctoral programs in 12 subjects. An Atlantic outpost of Left-wing student activists who all drink at the Lord Nelson Hotel.

12 ★★★★★
The University of Ottawa: Canada's most important bilingual university well ahead of Sudbury's embryonic Laurentian University and the College Sainte-Anne in Nova Scotia. Library holds 282,000 volumes, wide range of arts, science and professional courses, increasingly liberal atmosphere under new nonclerical charter. Students drink at Au Mazot in Hull's Cochin d'Or restaurant.

13 ★★★★★
Carleton University (Ottawa): Has developed amazingly since World War II. Library holds 188,000 volumes, doctoral courses in 18 different areas, distinctive programs in public administration. A strong Left-wing element among students; they drink at the Standish Hall hotel in Hull along with some of the faculty and once Carleton President Davidson Dutton.

14 ★★★★★
McMaster University (Hamilton): A no-nonsense university stronger in science than the arts, the first Canadian university with a nuclear reactor plans to set up a nuclear accelerator soon and open a medical school. Students tend to be solemn working-class types geared to upward mobility. They drink at Paddy Greene's in the Westdale Hotel.

15 ★★★★★
The University of Windsor: Undergoing rapid transformation from a Roman Catholic college to a true nondenominational university. Offers doctorates in 10 subjects, all but two in science. Library holds 278,000 volumes. The students are generally uncommitted, but some have formed a committee to provide immigration information for American draft dodgers. Key pub: Dominion Tavern.

16 ★★★★★
The University of Guelph: Still predominately an agricultural college but building up its arts faculty. First Canadian university to experiment with trimester system. Library holds 150,000 volumes and there are 20 programs leading to a doctorate. Students drink at the Wellington Hotel.

17 ★★★★★
The University of New Brunswick (Fredericton): Offers doctoral programs in English and history despite a library of only 186,000 volumes, present plans call for a vast improvement in facilities, the campus is one of the few in Canada to have walls and gates, students are provincial and conservative; those with imagination drink at the Lord Beaverbrook Hotel.

18 ★★★★★
The University of Waterloo: One of the fastest-growing new Ontario universities with a good staff in most subjects, an excellent engineering school; students tend to the Left and welcome U.S. draft-dodgers. The main pub: the Waterloo Hotel.

19 ★★★★★
The University of Victoria: Has made good progress developing its degree programs since it ended its affiliation with the University of British Columbia in 1963. A library of 271,000 volumes and four doctoral programs. Strong hippie element on campus. The students drink at The Snug in the Oak Bay Beach Hotel.

20 ★★★★★
York University (Toronto): Continues to expand and develop despite some faculty strife. Attracted senior scholars in most important areas, library holdings about 230,000 volumes, clearly on its way to becoming a big, important university. As yet, students tend to be suburban and sober; they have nowhere to drink within walking range.

CAMPUS 67 A university is a society of brighter-than-average men and women learning, teaching, thinking, living and dreaming. To find out just what's happening on a typical day in such a community, one Thursday last April a team of 15 *Macleans*' reporters descended unannounced on the University of Toronto, buttonholed more than 100 people and asked, "What are you doing today?" Their answers produced this revealing glimpse of the wide variety of experience that makes up

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A UNIVERSITY



Student of the night kids

Janice Higaki, born and raised in Toronto, has a quick and beautiful smile. Her eyes flash with enthusiasm. Life is fun, learning is stimulating and the world seems gay and young. Her day unfolds in a rush.

9:15 — Got up but no breakfast. Just tried to think myself into being awake.

10:00 — "Sociology theory with Prof. Lewis Feuer. Such a wonderful man. Came here from Berkeley after that controversy you know. Wrote that article in the *Atlantic* saying the worst offenders against free speech were the organized left, not the administration. Anyway, he talked about Freud's theory of the primordial horde. It's so great the way Prof. Feuer talks to us. He's like Santa Claus without a beard."

12:15 — Cooks and spumoni-cream for lunch. The spumoni was too good. Not many places have good spumoni.

1:30 — "Handed in my sociology research paper. It's called *The Circle of Yonge Street* (4000s between Dundas and Gerrard between 1 a.m. and 6 a.m.). Had a great time doing it. You expect all those night kids to be really rough and bad, but they're really friendly. Just don't have any place to go. Lots of them from the Atlantic provinces, especially Newfoundland. Spent about six nights down there."

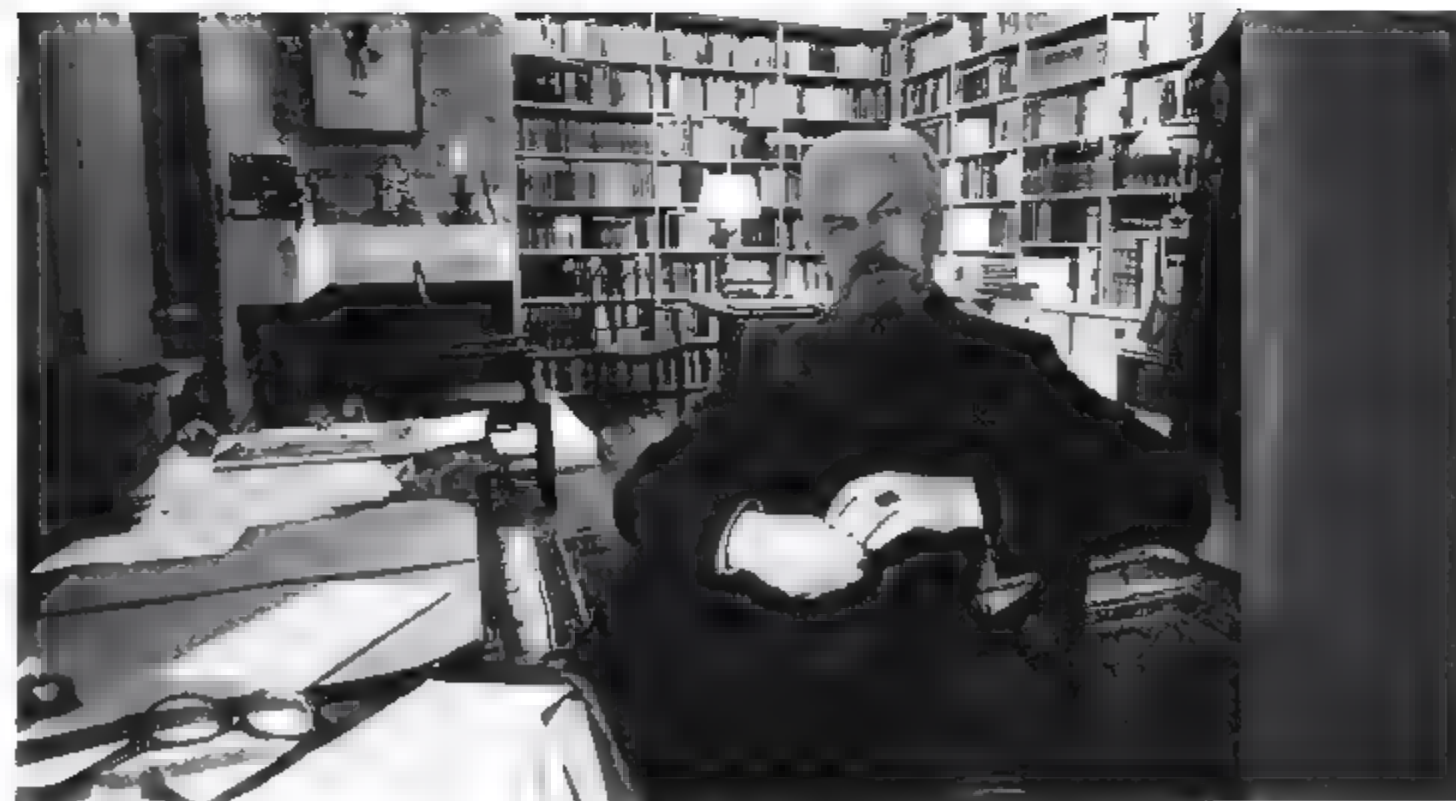
6:00 — Stayed home all evening. Had to study deviates for a test tomorrow. Who do I go out with? All kinds of boys. Frat types, pub types, intellectual types. You kind of adjust to each one. Studied until midnight and then read Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* until about two. Sometimes I think Miller's a piece like Warhol and Michelangelo. You know? But every now and then he throws in something really beautiful. It makes you feel more peaceful. It makes you feel good.

C. P. Snowland

At Massey College it's never Robertson Davies or even Dr. Davies. It's always, as Oxbridge tradition demands, The Master. His secretary checked his office and returned instantly, saying, "He's not here." Right behind looking like the friendliest of all teddy bears, was The Master himself. "Whos here? What do you want? How long will it take? You'd better come in."

His cruciform den-office is lined with books, except for one glass wall overlooking the quadrangle where jets of water bounce into a reflecting pool. The Master indicated one of the antique chairs and sat down beside an elegant desk. His smile was benign, the atmosphere was super-academic, the setting was straight out of one of C. P. Snow's Oxbridge novels.

The Master had spent the morning dealing with correspondence about Massey. He lunched in the Toronto Club, returned to interview students about theses and allot marks, began an article about the University Drama Centre and joined his wife for cocktails at 6 p.m. They have a house that is part of the college complex. He had one



martini. "Rather an old-fashioned kind. I'm afraid. Two parts gin, one part vermouth with a drop of bitters. Not at all fashionable."

After dinner he attended a string-quartet concert with his wife. "Then at 11:30 I shall make a round of the college to see that nobody has an anguish to report. An anguish? 'If someone

goes mad or has a terrible grievance or is ill, I would have to do something about it. If nobody had an anguish, Dr. Davies planned to retire to bed and read the autobiography of Augustus Hare, a 19th-century writer of guidebooks rather given to seeing ghosts."

The next day, said Dr. Davies, would be more inter-

esting. "We're having one of our bimonthly dinners. The six guests at the high table will include John Wain, the British trade commissioner, and Jacques Barzun from Columbia. We have two rules pertaining to these dinners. One: no guest may be asked for any favors. Two: nothing any guest says will be quoted after dinner."

Philosophic painter

Monte Hummel, a second-year philosophy student, was spogging with his girlfriend in a college common room. He was feeling tired. He'd been out late the night before, celebrating a friend's engagement. Hummel lives in residence and spends his spare time juggling tennis balls, playing his guitar and painting. His paintings had been smiled on by a local insurance company and he was going to have his first show in their lobby. He likes to do landscapes.

I got up, ate and spent the morning reading Aristotle's *Metaphysics*, said Hummel. One of the guys who's in maths and physics brought in a philosophy essay he had just written. I read and corrected it. At two I'll go to my room and study. We have a quiet period until five. If somebody is charged with breaking the quiet he's brought before a mock court. Tonight I'll go out with my girlfriend."





Cubes in perspective

"What have I been doing today?" asked Joanne Swadron, a nubile, dark-haired student at the Ontario College of Art. "Well, mainly I've been playing with this thing." It was a length of string with a wooden cup on one end and

a small wooden ball on the other. The idea was to flip the ball into the cup, a trick that is considerably harder than it sounds.

She'd spent the morning at drawing class. "You know, how to put a cube, a sphere and a cone into perspective" — and now, at three in the afternoon she was having a coffee and a smoke during a break from her life-drawing class. "The model's name is George," she said.

Learning what came first

The sign on the door in the basement of the zoological building said DEEP COLD AREA — NO ADMITTANCE. Behind the door was a laboratory cluttered with petri dishes, boxes of film, bits of wire, a Type 502A Dual-Beam Oscilloscope and, inside a tiny screened-off area, a Polaroid camera attached to an expensive-looking Reichert microscope. The lab — which, despite the sign, was pleasantly warm — also contained a cheerful young PhD candidate named Brian Scott who, for the past three years, has done little else but peer through a microscope and

take pictures of the individual cells of chicken embryos.

"What have I been doing? I've been photographing neurons. I'm using embryonic chicken material. It's rather hard to get human material. People don't like to give up their neurons very easily. Right now I'm working on electrophysiology. I'm doing it by sticking micro-electrodes into embryos. Then I give the cells a shock through other electrodes, and record the twitch on the oscilloscope."

"The main problem is getting the micro-electrode inside the cell without damaging it. The trick is to give the wire a tiny little tap — but I shouldn't be telling you that. It's supposed to be a trade secret."



The opera man

"He's the most gorgeous man on two feet," said one of the students at the university's Royal Conservatory of Music. The object of her admiration, 43-year-old Peter Ebert, was outlining his plans for the revitalization of the conservatory's opera school. He had just been appointed the school's new director.

"I want my students to have more confrontation with audiences," explained Ebert, who also plans to put more emphasis on practical opera. "Students have to learn about lots of things besides singing. Next week I'm off home to England, where my wife and

of mine and of movement.

"Today I drove out to the airport to pick up a friend at 8:30 and got back to the office about 9:30. Worked on budgets, publicity programs and timetables. Then read opera scores and interviewed some students. Next we had a conference on sets and costumes for *Tales of Hoffmann*, which the Canadian Opera Company is producing."

"At lunchtime I attended a funeral, one of our students died of leukemia. This afternoon I'll take a staging class and watch a rehearsal for *Les Dieux grecs des Caravelles*, the opera now in progress. Next week I'm off home to England, where my wife and

Landscape of a trachea

Margot Mackay, 25, and the daughter of artists, is a third-year student in the Art-in-Medicine department, whose eight students make it the biggest university department of its kind in North America. With her BSc in the subject, Margot will be a certified medical illustrator qualified to produce those detailed, if slightly grisly, drawings of human organs that illustrate medical books, pamphlets and magazines.

Margot's day began with a glass of liquid breakfast at her huche or girl apartment and a ride on her Honda to the department's third-floor studio classrooms on McCaul Street, where she finished some sketches illustrating

an operation to repair a rare injury to the trachea — windpipe, that is. She said, "It's discouraging. I saw the film of the operation yesterday, and this morning I've had to keep going back to the doctor who ordered the drawings because the damn man either didn't know what he wanted or couldn't tell me properly."

I had lunch at my desk because I had a lot of eyes to do — the ophthalmology department wants me to do some displays for their open-house exhibition. We had a girl who wanted to make eyes her life's work. When we asked her why she said because they were so pretty.

They are quite gorgeous, you know. All those lovely sunset colors. What am I doing tonight? Tonight I'm baby-sitting for a friend."

"What are you doing today?"

continued on page 57

YEAR FOR CRAZY LEGS

They used to call them gams, and certain women have turned them into twigs, but no matter how you address them, legs turn men on. Especially in the eye-riveting colors available right now. With hemlines all up and down the leg, really great stockings and

shoes are necessary. Short skirts are just too bare with plain stockings, so the light bone to Burgundy opaque tones give a sensual, elongated effect without being too naked. Of course, you have to have good legs and well-designed shoes. *nothing* can disguise the ugliness of pointy toes and spike heels

no matter what glorious color the legs are sporting. Besides stockings and coordinated shoes are the least expensive way of jazzing up a wardrobe. Switch the shade of stocking and style of shoe and you change the look and lee of a dress.
All shoes are from David's Footwear, Toronto.



Scarborough College, Toronto, provides an appropriately avant-garde background for these sleek simple clothes. Veilour dirnd dress, Poupée Rouge, \$45; Burgundy stockings by Phantom; patent-leather shoes by Charles Jourdan, \$40; windowpane stocking by Lady Exeter, suede shoe, \$38; Yellow cable-stitch Heather Knit from Poupée Rouge, \$69; matching handknit knee socks, \$15; brown Italian calf shoes, \$17.

If you're at university this year and can't afford a Heather knit, try a Mary Quant design for Mary Maxim like the white wool outfit above. If you do it yourself from Cour-telle Encore yarn, the cost is only \$25.30 for size 32 or 34; orange windowpane stocking by Hudson Hosiery from Gambit, Toronto; Italian suede shoes, \$55; Mary coat by Paraphernalia from David I. Toronto, \$85; tights by Phantom; Italian calf shoes, \$17.

Scarborough and other colleges may not see too many felt hats by Mary Quant (\$20), but the yellow and purple dress by Paraphernalia (\$45) will go anywhere. Both from David I. Toronto. Yellow stockings by Trimfit; patent-leather sling back shoes, \$25. Black Mary Quant dress from The Establishment, Toronto, \$49; caramello stocking by Trimfit; nutmeg ribbon-stripe by Phantom; patent-leather shoes, \$42.

PRODUCED BY MARJORIE HARRIS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN SEBERT



PROLOGUE: Senator Wallace McCutcheon's bid for the Conservative Party leadership ended when he got 76 votes on the second ballot. He leaned forward in his seat in the reds on the east side of Maple Leaf Gardens and reached across a row and shook hands with Robert Stanfield. Then he put a Stanfield sticker on the lapel of his dark-blue suit. Then he rested his chin on his right hand.

"There are no tears in my eyes," McCutcheon said later. But there was no twinkle either. He knew how to lose but he didn't like to lose. Despite the pundits who had written him off and the people who said he had made a deal beforehand to fall in behind Stanfield, McCutcheon had entered the race to win.

He was written off because his image was all wrong — the press and most of the delegates saw him as a kind of bogey man of big business and Bay Street or even as a flunky for the E. P. Taylor interests. Of the 10 serious candidates he was the most conservative, his quest seemed the most hopeless and his running at all was the most remarkable.

The story of his loss is a personal political drama that divides, with scarcely any tinkering, into two acts, set against the greater drama of the convention.

THE CAST

John Gould: An advertising man
Julian Porter: A young lawyer
Alf Lewis: A mining entrepreneur
Wallace McCutcheon: A Senator
Donald G. Brenneman: A delegate
Mike Bradley: A disgruntled designer
Felicity Cochrane: A press agent
An Amorous Lady
Mrs. Wallace McCutcheon: The Senator's wife
Jim McCutcheon: The Senator's son
George Hees: A confident leadership candidate
An Old Man
Susan Porter: The Senator's daughter
Brenda McCutcheon: Jim McCutcheon's wife
Leslie Rowntree: Minister of the Ontario Department of Financial and Commercial Affairs
A Maintenance Man With a BB Gun
Miscellaneous Delegates, Aides, Trumpeters, Baton Twirlers and other Political Figures

ACT I

The Cavalier Room, The Westbury Hotel, Thursday, September 7, 1967 early afternoon.

McCutcheon workers in blue blazers are filling big balloons with helium from a yellow tank. The inflated balloons are at the ceiling

trailing "McCUTCHEON NOW" signs on long strings. Knots of people are standing around talking.

"—been a good citizen."
 "—balloons keep breaking and my nerves—"

"—candidates have acquired enough courage to use words like socialism because the Senator did and he didn't get shot down in flames."

"The bar opens half an hour before he comes and closes half an hour after he goes. That way we can keep out some of the—"

"—demonstration we got two babes with horns."

"—won't kiss for the cameras. Jeezus—"
 "—completely wrong image built up."

"The Senator's image of money precluded us from throwing any great jeezy affairs." John Gould is saying. Gould is the president of Gould Outdoor Advertising and a McCutcheon aide. "We're not trying to out-Hees Hees. The Senator is not as good looking as Hees or as young as Rob'n, but he would make a helluva great prime minister. We got a fine product here. You can't make him do anything he doesn't want to do. We're just trying to get as many delegates to him as we can. He's a great question-and-answer man."

Julian Porter, a young lawyer and McCutcheon's son-in-law, says there are three things working against the Senator. "He's 61 and maybe he looks older. He won't speak French, and he's known as a Bay Street tycoon." When the word got around that McCutcheon was serving Chivas Regal Scotch in his hospitality suites, Porter scurried about substituting a cheaper brand.

"—so warm and human." Alf Lewis is saying. Lewis, a mining entrepreneur, is wearing a fake straw hat with a fake bite out of the brim. "He shouldn't be a millionaire. That's why I'm in love with this guy and his wife. He had to fight for every dime, so he hasn't a great deal of time for fun and nonsense. He didn't probably run around with broads and go to weenie roasts. He supported his mom and dad when he was just a kid. The problem is to get all this across."

"We got 500 balloons," somebody says.

The same, a few hours later

Senator McCutcheon enters with his son Jim. He is well tailored, not tall, with white hair, a sanguine complexion and black-framed bifocals. There are / *continued on page 95*

The day the balloon went up for Wallace McCutcheon

A wistful drama in two acts
 by JON RUDDY

EVER SINCE THE tumultuous Saturday evening in September when Robert Lorne Stanfield became Progressive Conservative leader, purveyors of conventional wisdom have been hailing a "rebirth" of the party, and discerning instant transformation of its role, its function and its very nature. Yet to anyone looking down from the House of Commons galleries upon 90-odd Conservative MPs, not much change is apparent. With one major permanent exception and a few minor temporary ones, the same men are in the same places doing and saying much the same things.

How can the Opposition be different, with no new faces yet and only one immediately expected?

A good question but not as self-answering as it may appear. Even with the same members, the official Opposition has changed a lot already. The leader's example sets the tone and style of any political party, and MPs have reason to know what the Stanfield style will be.

On the day last July when parliament adjourned for the summer, Pat Nowlan and some other Maritimes MPs had a small party for the Nova Scotia premier, who was in Ottawa to be sworn in as a privy councillor. He'd been prevented from attending the joint ceremony for other premiers by the death of his brother Frank, so the Maritimes party was an appropriately quiet affair. Nova Scotia lobster for a couple of dozen MPs and senators, most but not all of them Conservatives, and a few reporters.

After an hour, when the few Liberal guests had departed, someone tapped a glass for silence — the premier would like to say a few words. Stanfield spoke for maybe two minutes. He cracked a mild joke or two about his presence in Ottawa and the guesses it might inspire (he had not yet decided to run for the leadership), then came to what he wanted to tell his fellow Tories.

"I didn't want to miss this opportunity to express my thanks to the prime minister for his courtesy in recommending us provincial premiers to the Privy Council. After all he's not only prime minister, he's also leader of the Liberal Party, and not all of us are Liberals. I think it was a very gracious gesture, and I just wanted to say I appreciate it."

End of speech. As the guests dispersed, the same thought occurred to more than one: if this man were Opposition leader, the atmosphere of the Commons would be very different. Five years of increasing bitterness and rancor, exploding at times into orgies of personal abuse, had made a sick society of the Parliament of Canada. Invective is habit-forming, and in Ottawa the habit had become an addiction. Mere restoration of ordinary good manners, and of the fabric of mutual trust without which the parliamentary system works badly, could effect a radical change overnight.

Maritimers are also aware, ruefully in some cases, that Stanfield is capable of imposing his standard of behavior on others, whether they like it or not. One of his senior aides recalls, in proof of this, an incident some years ago on

the eve of a provincial election campaign.

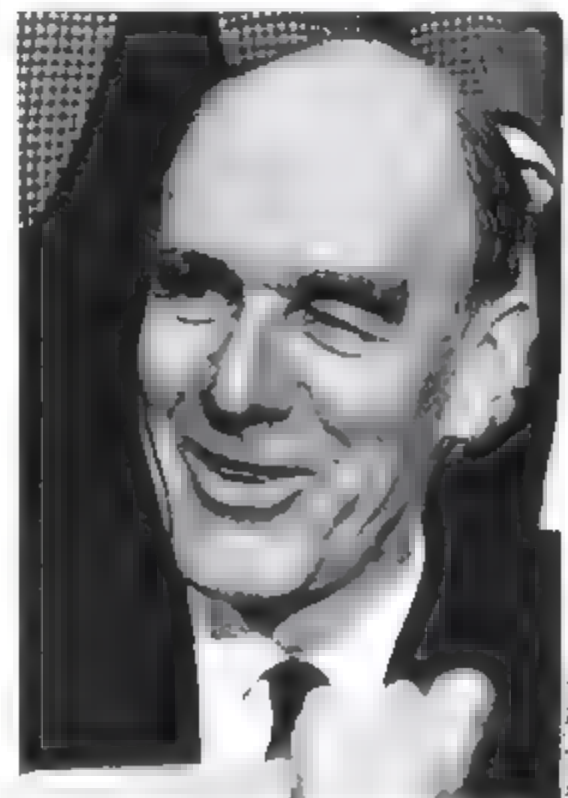
Stanfield had gone with a group of senior party workers to conduct a seminar in political organization for Conservatives in Cape Breton. During a weekend at the Isle Royal Hotel in Sydney, the groups in some rooms got rather rowdy, and they left the place a shambles of empty bottles, broken glasses and damaged furniture. Stanfield heard about it just as the party was boarding the train for Halifax.

A few minutes later he came into the drawing room where the culprits were giving hair-of-the-dog treatment to their hangovers. His face instead of its usual granite, looked like a block of glacial ice. After about 10 seconds of withering silence, he said, "If we have any more behavior like this, I hope all of you will get out of the Conservative Party."

Even without anger, Stanfield can be unexpectedly blunt. Of the many speeches he delivered at the leadership convention, the best was a two-minute address at a breakfast of the Young Progressive Conservatives. Other candidates uttered the usual banalities: "You young people are the hope of the future," etc. Stanfield's remarks can be summarized in two sentences.

"Being young doesn't entitle you to any thing in particular except participation. I'm no more convinced of the invincibility of your generation than I am satisfied with the performance of my own."

This plain speaking drew the loudest applause of the lot. He got a similar reaction from 300 reporters when, at a buffet lunch, he gave a burlesque of his own political style. Since we had been criticizing him for not answering questions or announcing definite policies, he said solemnly he thought this an appropriate occasion to reveal a major policy decision — how he, as prime minister, would deal with the press. There would be a bureau of Canadian News Relations ("You might call it the / continued on page 100



MACLEAN'S

THE LONELY FEARFUL HELL OF

NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

IMPOSSIBLE — it can't happen to you! Then you are alone with secret fears in an anxious, inner world that can't be reached or understood even by those who want to help you most. It's a world known only by those who have been there. BY JEANN BEATTIE

ONE DAY IN 1964 my doctor gave me the verdict: "Organically, he said, 'you're fine. But you've reached a stage of complete emotional and physical exhaustion. I want you in a hospital, under sedation, for six weeks. Otherwise you're headed for one of the pre-ttiest nervous breakdowns I've ever seen.'"

I knew this was no snap judgment. This man had known me as a patient off and on for 15 years. And I knew he wasn't inclined to overdramatize people's conditions. But a breakdown? That was absurd! All my working life I'd lived with tension and resisted pressure. In fact, in the jobs I'd held — as a TV script editor, producer of a daily TV show, editor of a hotel magazine and now as publicist for a national magazine — pressure and tension were practically the name of the game.

True, I was exceedingly tired and illogically depressed. But I'd had several minor illnesses lately (which I've learned since are a common symptom before a breakdown). Certainly I was *not* having a breakdown — whatever that meant.

I was, of course, but the prospect was just too terrifying to consider. We all like to think we're too enlightened to harbor any old-fashioned "snake-pit" notions about mental illness. But here I was, fiercely rejecting the diagnosis of a man I'd trusted for 15 years. And soon my friends would be treating me like someone to be humored or bullied, patronized or scoffed at. Few would see me for what I was: a person with an illness as difficult to describe or explain as it is to endure. In fact, you could almost define a nervous breakdown as a sickness in which you know *something* is wrong with you, mentally or emotionally, but you can't explain it even to yourself, let alone to anyone else. You don't see little green men or listen to disembodied voices or otherwise lose touch with reality. But you do lose control of your emotions, and you lose energy and the ability to cope with normal tasks and personal situations. As a result, you lose your self-confidence — and, finally, most of your friends.

That day in the doctor's office I adopted the attitude I was to hold for almost six months. Shrugging off his diagnosis, I made

elaborate promises to eat more sensibly, sleep longer hours and avoid unnecessary stress. My doctor, obviously skeptical, handed me some pills, and I walked out gaily declaring I'd beat this rap.

Back at the office I went on a deliberate slowdown. I moved my most frequently used files over from the filing cabinet to my desk drawer, thereby saving seven steps each way. Even phoning was tiring, and so I made a habit of telling our receptionist to "take all calls" — and then I ignored the messages that piled up. And I never wrote a letter or memo that could possibly be put aside for another day. Meanwhile I acted like a real hypochondriac, visiting doctor after doctor and stuffing myself with pep pills, tranquilizers, anti-depressants — you name it I tried it. Nothing helped. And since even the most casual social occasion exhausted me, I began avoiding my friends.

Soon I was faced with the unsympathetic and even hostile reactions that would complicate my illness immensely and prove as hard to bear as the affliction itself. A friend who dropped into my office one day and noticed my efforts in slow motion chided, "Don't you think you're carrying this self-pampering too far?" And a woman friend heard about my frequent medical appointments and told me angrily, "You're just going into menopause and there's no excuse for all this nonsense."

After several weeks, I decided maybe my problem *was* mostly emotional. Having written radio scripts on mental health and having talked over some problems with a psychiatrist at one time, I didn't have the strange feelings some people have about "headshrinkers." I phoned a psychiatrist and made an appointment.

But even with the psychiatrist I wasn't yet prepared to face the facts, and I tried to conceal both my fears and my true condition with gay banter. I remember walking into his office and asking cheerfully, "Well, doctor, do you think I ought to have my office walls padded?" And even when we got down to serious discussion, I couldn't admit I was frightened. Instead, I tried to be dronel, using expressions like "I seem to be coming apart at the seams."

My levity fooled him at first (he / continued on page 76

Stanfield in Ottawa: the end of obstruction

BY BLAIR FRASER

Food for leisure living

Yukon

Klondike Beans and Sourdough Bread

By Margie Harris, Photo by Ben Saunders

The world's first quick-cook soup was a by-product of the Yukon gold rush. Homeless miners used to break up lumps of beans, beans then and carry them in their pockets to the long hike to Dawson City.

Sourdough became the Yukon's first staple (along with such staples as corn, beans and rice). Baked over the fire, it was a familiar feature of the Yukon. Sourdough was his most prized possession. It was used to leaven bread, pancakes and biscuits, the basis of every meal. Every mining man owned a sourdough starter. The sourdough starter was the life of the mine.

When acids began being being poured, it was reported that the miners were being poisoned. The miners were being poisoned. The miners were being poisoned. The miners were being poisoned.

In gold-rush days, fresh vegetables were almost nonexistent. And this is the case. Sourdough was the life of the mine.

Yukon region was mainly grown vegetable country. The growing season is short in duration. Long in daylight, so the vegetables grow to gigantic proportions, with a concentrated flavor. Sourdough was the life of the mine.

The Yukon diet consisted of sourdough bread, Klondike baked beans, and a little bit of everything else. The Yukon diet consisted of sourdough bread, Klondike baked beans, and a little bit of everything else. The Yukon diet consisted of sourdough bread, Klondike baked beans, and a little bit of everything else.

A modern version of a Gold Rush dinner

Pierre Berton's Klondike baked beans

(Serves six)

STEP I

1/2 pound navy or white beans (2 cups)
Water to cover

Cover beans with cold water and allow to soak overnight.

STEP II

2 bay leaves, crushed 1/2 tsp each oregano, thyme, chili powder and cloves
1 tbsp parsley, finely chopped 1 tsp salt
1 clove garlic, crushed

Next morning, put beans and water on stove to simmer, adding garlic, parsley, oregano, bay leaves, thyme, chili powder, cloves and salt. Simmer gently for two hours. Drain and save bean liquid.

STEP III

1/2 pound salt pork, or side bacon 1/2 tsp each of dry mustard, freshly ground black pepper, Worcestershire sauce, crushed garlic, celery seed, monosodium glutamate, Few drops Tabasco
1 tin tomato paste 1/2 cup molasses
1 large onion, finely chopped

Cut pork into large cubes or chunks. Pour drained beans into a large earthenware casserole, and throw in the pork cubes. Make a sauce by combining the bean liquid, tomato chili sauce, tomato paste and onion over a low heat. Add seasonings, tasting carefully as you go along. When it tastes pungent and hot, stir in the molasses. (Remember that the pungency will be cut by the beans.)

Pour hot sauce over pot of pork and beans. Put a lid on the pot and bake in a slow oven (250 F) for at least six hours, preferably longer. The longer they bake the better they taste.

About halfway through the baking, take the pot out of the oven and taste the beans. Check for sweetness, and don't let them get too dry. Fix them up and put them back in the oven for more baking. One hour before they are ready, perform Step IV.

STEP IV

1/2 cup good sherry Bacon strips

Pour sherry over pork and beans. Then take bacon strips and cover the entire top of the beans. Fifteen minutes before serving, take the lid off the pot so the bacon crisps into a thick crust.

Sourdough bread

2 1/2 cups lukewarm water 1 tsp granulated sugar
1 tsp granulated sugar 8 1/2 cups (about) all-purpose flour
1 envelope fast-rising active dry yeast 1 cup milk
1 tsp salt 1/4 cup granulated sugar
2 tbsp shortening

Measure 1/2 cup of the lukewarm water into a large bowl, stir in the 1 teaspoon sugar. Sprinkle with yeast. Let stand 10 minutes, then stir well. Add the remaining 2 cups lukewarm water, salt, 1 tablespoon sugar and 2 cups of the flour. Stir well. Cover. Let stand at normal room temperature for 3 days, stirring down batter daily.

On the third day, scald milk, stir in the 1/4 cup sugar and shortening. Cool to lukewarm. Blend into yeast mixture. Stir in 3 cups of the flour. Beat until smooth and elastic. Work in sufficient additional flour to make a soft dough — about 3 1/2 cups more. Turn out dough onto floured board or canvas and knead until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl. Grease top. Cover. Let rise in a warm place, free from draft, until doubled in bulk — about 1 1/4 hours. Punch down dough and again let rise until doubled — about 45 minutes. Turn out dough onto lightly floured board or canvas and knead until smooth.

Divide dough into 3 equal portions. Shape each portion into a smooth loaf and place in a greased 8-by-5-inch loaf pan. Grease tops. Cover with a tea towel. Let rise in a warm place, free from draft, until doubled in bulk — about 45 minutes. Bake in a hot oven (400 F) 30 to 35 minutes. Yield: 3 loaves. ★

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7. Convenience Control Panel. You don't need a Ph.D. in engineering to use our set. The control panel is easy to operate. And nice to look at, too.



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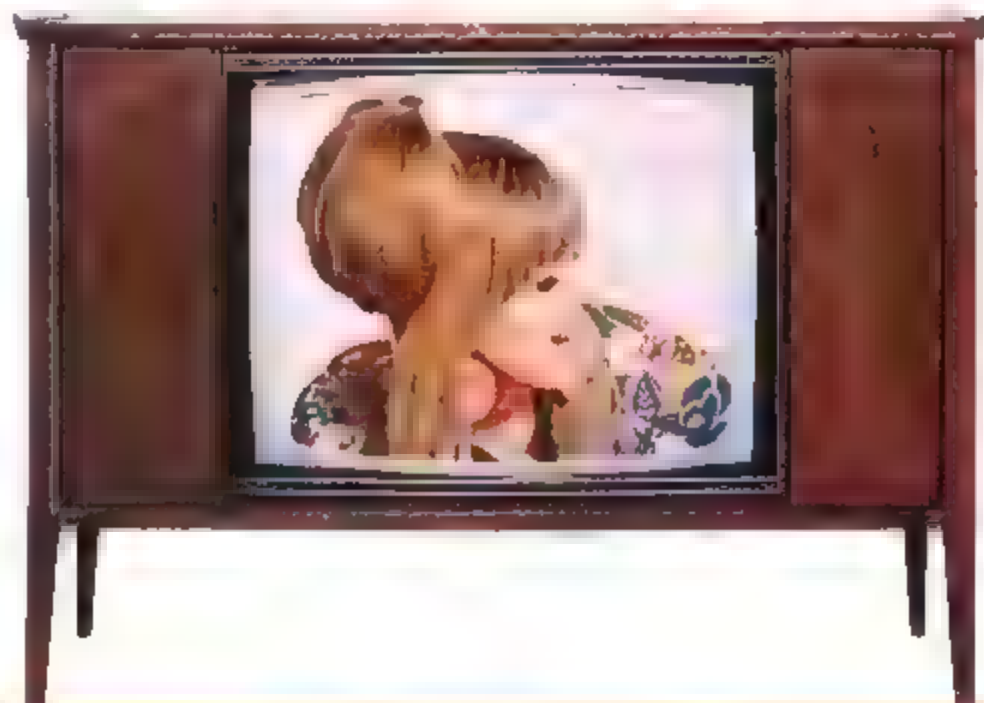
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HEY, STUKE!

Now what are you promoting that's the greatest thing sports fans have ever seen?



New hockey boss Annis Stukus inspects Vancouver's bid for an NHL franchise: a new 15,000-seat arena.

Look, who promoted, gabbed and ballyhooed football into Canada's only real national sport? Annis Stukus. So who's going to bulldoze Vancouver into the National Hockey League? Take it from him: Big Stuke

BY ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM

THE DAY THIS SUMMER that Annis Stukus returned to Vancouver, an old sportswriter friend helped carry his bags to the hotel. "It took us 10 minutes to walk the one block," the friend recalls. "He stopped four times to make speeches."

Four days later when the BC Lions fired their coach, a favorite pastime in Vancouver on dull days, who was that dominating the press conference, telling everyone what was done wrong and how he would have done it and ending up with his picture on the front page of the *Vancouver Sun*? Naturally.

Nothing has changed in seven years. Judy Garland grows older, boys look like girls and the deodorant ads on TV, incredibly, become more offensive. But the big-city boy from Ward Five in Toronto is back in western Canada, doing what he does best, and western Canada is lapping it up. The man whose boyhood ambition was to be able to afford a 25-cent tin of sardines has set out once again, in his own peculiar fashion, to bind this disparate country a little tighter by giving us more things in common to argue about and jab our fingers in other people's chests about and grow red in the face about in beer-parlor debates.

It was Annis Stukus who made football a national sport — Canada's only real national sport — by promoting and selling the professional game to first Edmonton and then Vancouver.

The result is that a raw autumn Saturday becomes the one day in the year when all Canadians have one thing in common and indulge in the strange Grey Cup rite that the sportswriters call the Grand National Drunk. Now Annis Stukus is giving it a second attempt, trying to stretch major-league hockey out to the coast from its tight little pocket in the east where it has squatted for 41 years.

If Stukus is successful in his new job, which is to fill the 15,000 seats of the newest rink on the continent (a rink which has more seats than any one of three of the established NHL clubs), everyone seems agreed that the nasty old NHL will not long be able to resist the pressure to bring lonely Vancouver into the fold.

There is, you see, an embarrassment seeping across the land. It grows out of the realization that when the NHL cynically chopped down the Vancouver application to join the league — in favor of such hockey hotbeds as St. Louis and Philadelphia — it was not only the Narcissus of the Pacific that was hurt, it was Canada itself.

Canadians who could never fathom what Walter Gordon was complaining about slowly came to realize that *our* national game, the one schtick that Canada guarded from the world, was being swallowed by osmosis by those dreadful Yankee imperialists. A dozen years ago there were 26 professional hockey teams / continued on page 83

WHEN THE DARING YOUNG MEN TOOK OFF INTO GLORY FROM A NEWFOUNDLAND PASTURE

THE WAR THEY SAID would end all wars had ended. Over Flanders, white scarves no longer trailed from open cockpits. The Red Baron was dead, the deserted airfields drifted over with long grass and clover. In pubs, in backyard garages and on Surrey chicken farms bought with the demob bonus, the young men of the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service dreamed of their days of glory, some tried to relive them stunting at Hendon aerodrome on Saturday afternoons.

The aircraft industrialists had done well out of the war. Now the orders

for Strutters and Camels and Pups, for Bristol Fighters and Bourges bombers had dried up. To get production lines moving again, planes had to be proved as useful in peace as they had been in war.

For Lord Northcliffe, press baron supreme, the urgency was as immediate. The *Daily Mail's* ascendancy as the paper most people wanted to buy for a penny was threatened by the arriviste Beaverbrooks' *Daily Express*. Through the golden prewar summers, tens of thousands had craned their necks watching fragile machines scud across the skies in par-

ade of *Daily Mail* prizes: London to Manchester Round Britain, the Aerial Derby Gold Cup and, most daring, Cross-Channel. A wartime ban on civilian flying washed out all aerial contests. With peace the ban was lifted and Northcliffe renewed an offer first made in 1913: £10,000 for the first aviator to cross the Atlantic. Up went the *Mail's* circulation, the shares of aircraft manufacturers, the spirit of young men in pubs and on farms.

By early 1919, 11 teams had entered the race. The takeoff point would be Newfoundland, the destina-

tion Ireland, 1,890 miles with a west-to-east tailwind to help them along.

Most Newfoundlanders accepted the news impassively. Trans-Atlantic rail travel was barely 20 years old and sail still ruled the outports. People were more interested in the new-fangled gasoline engines a few enterprising fishermen were trying out in dories and trawlers.

In St. John's, the *Evening Telegram's* new cub reporter did his best to even things up. "To be first across the Atlantic," ran an unsigned article, "will place the aviator's name alongside those of such hardy souls as

Columbus, Peary and Scott." A few days later, on March 22, 1919, 18-year-old Joe Smallwood (to become in time Newfoundland's flamboyant premier) tried once again to communicate his extravagant enthusiasm.

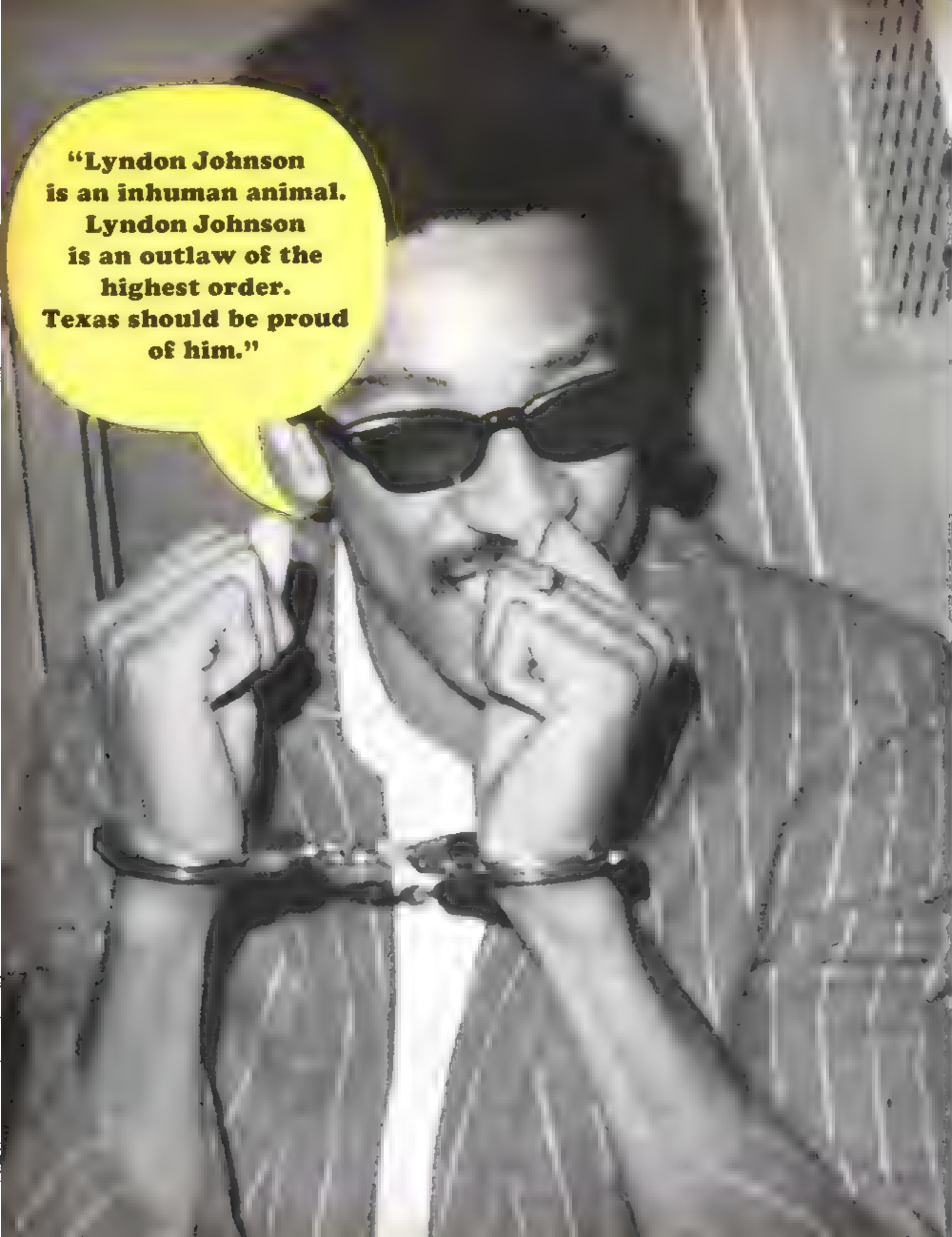
The men who have given England her supremacy on the Western Front, he wrote, "will not be found wanting in the exceptional genius, courage and organizing abilities requisite for this venture." By way of local color, he added: "The fact that these flights will originate in St. John's will add permanent lustre to the name of . . . continued on page 48

The challenge: to be the first to fly the Atlantic. The prize: £10,000. The route: Newfoundland to Ireland. The year: 1919. And there to describe the glorious adventure in florid prose: a diminutive cub reporter named Joe Smallwood.

BY RICHARD AND SANDRA GWYN

The challengers stood ready for takeoff. The largest a bomber was the Handley Page V (500 (below). Smaller but faster, the two-seater Raynor (bottom right) cracked up just after takeoff. Only the Viny (top right), flown by Jack Alcock and Teddy Brown (in uniform), completed the daring flight to Ireland, in 16 hours 12 minutes.





**"Lyndon Johnson
is an inhuman animal.
Lyndon Johnson
is an outlaw of the
highest order.
Texas should be proud
of him."**

THE BLACK HAND ON THE BIG TRIGGER

The man in the manacles is H. Rap Brown, who's scaring hell out of white America by suggesting that when black people get shot at, they should shoot back. This is the first full-scale interview he has given to a white reporter. Read on, honkey / BY PHIL FORSYTH-SMITH AS TOLD TO IAN ADAMS

THE BLACK FACE is tight, hard. The dark glasses hide the expression of the eyes. The voice is angry, just this side of control. The tone of contempt is hypnotic. Flat articulate statements are punched out, one after another.

Black people are not an aggressor. We in America are fighting a defensive action. The casualties on our side are unnecessary, and will stop if the aggressor will stop his war. Lyndon Johnson is the aggressor. Lyndon Johnson is an inhuman animal. The white populace of America is racist. Now for the first time we are taking some of them with us and they're saying that's criminal. The alternatives for black people who have dissented have been death, imprisonment, and exile. I'm no exception.

The black man talking is H. Rap Brown. Last May he was just another 23-year-old black man. Then Stokely Carmichael stepped down as chairman of the Student Non-Violent Co-ordinating Committee. Brown was appointed his successor. In his parting speech Carmichael uttered a wry and enigmatic hint of SNCC's new role. "You'll be happy to have me back when you hear from him," he said of Brown. "He's a bad man." In a matter of weeks almost everybody had heard from H.

Rap Brown. And today, moving from black ghetto to black ghetto across the United States, he projects the violent, bitter charisma of Black Power. When he leans into a microphone and yells "We built America up and we'll burn it down," it brings exultant cheers from the crowds of black people who throng to him wherever he goes. The same statement makes congressmen and senators squirm. And reporters of U.S. wire services begin their stories with the lead: *Today H. Rap Brown threatened to destroy America.*

But the incredible truth is that nobody from the U.S. press has sat down to interview Brown, to try to find out what he is all about, or seriously listen to what he is saying.

Admittedly, it isn't easy to get to him. Not so much because you're white, but because his immediate concern is obviously for his black brothers. Besides, as he puts it: "For over 400 years we've been trying to talk to the white society and they haven't bothered to listen. Now when they say they want to listen, it's not enough. My price for friendship is high, it's gone up."

It took me four weeks of long-distance telephone calls and numerous noncommittal conversations with various SNCC representatives

before I finally caught up with Brown. A time would be set, then he would have to fly to Jacksonville, Florida. Another time was set for a meeting in Atlanta, Georgia. But Brown ended up in a New York jail, charged with carrying a firearm across a state border while under indictment. He was arrested early Saturday morning, and spent the next three days in jail. The *New York Times* reported it was because SNCC couldn't raise the bail. That wasn't true. The organization had raised most of the \$25,000 bail money by Sunday, but Brown's lawyer couldn't get a bail hearing until Tuesday — despite New York's reformed bail laws that are supposed to grant a bail hearing 24 hours after a charge is laid. On Tuesday the \$25,000 bail was lowered when Brown's lawyer pointed out that the maximum fine for the offense Brown was charged with was two thousand dollars.

The same day, I flew to New York from Toronto to talk with Brown about doing a half-hour filmed interview for CBC-TV's *Public Eye*.

On Thursday morning I was waiting for him to show up in the shabby SNCC offices in downtown Manhattan. Also waiting was a 14-year-old girl in a , continued on page 72

LOOK-THERE'S A FLYING SAUCER!

...or a balloon, or a cloud, or gas...or maybe just a neurotic delusion. What ever it is, a lot of Canadians think they've seen something like it. And now some pretty skeptical scientists figure that, before UFO-spotting becomes a national mania, it's time they proved all those kooky saucer-sighters wrong—or right

BY JON RUDDY

THIS HAS BEEN a pretty good year for the flying-saucer set. In British Columbia—where more people see rare Unidentified Flying Objects than anywhere else in Canada—23 sightings were reported to the RCMP in the first seven months, compared with seven in all of 1966. Brian Gratton, a guide-ranch operator in Lane, British Columbia, sat up for five consecutive nights last July with his wife Pat, horse wrangler Shawn Broe and some cowhands no longer watching a whole cupbowlful of steifer crackery.

They had red and green blinking lights and shield, bobbed and weaved in the sky," Gratton reported. "I saw one of them veer off toward Green Lake and the front of it looked like some kind of space craft. It was saucer-shaped. Some nights you could hear a drone or hum like high-tension wire. The sound woke my mother out of her sleep two miles away. The cattle were restless and even the dogs on the ranch were acting up."

In Fredericton, N.B., there was a killifish in June when some commuters spotted a stationary, round, glowing object in the sky. In Montreal, two days after Expo opened, Mrs. Elizabeth Fortier (mother of two) and daughter were looking for a robin in their garden at 3:30 p.m. and found instead a red and blue object moving slowly overhead, past Venus. "I was rough when she said Mrs. Fortier. In Toronto, a 4-year-old child first named Eugene Daplatier, who puts out a news bulletin called *Saucers, Space and Science*, and who plans to write a book called *UFO Over Canada*, says he has complete information on nearly 100 sightings in June, July and August. And in St. Paul, Alta., Justice Minister Paul Hellyer presided at late ceremonies involving Ex-Commander Centennial project UFO landing pad. It wasn't even inaugurated. Port

McNeill, B.C., had put up a pavilion for extraterrestrial visitors, too.

It is possible to date the Canadian UFO kick with some accuracy. Since Canadians typically hesitate for about a tenth of a second before adopting U.S. fads and fancies, the flying saucer came to Canada full-blown, like the hula hoop. That was on June 24, 1947, after a U.S. private pilot, Kenneth Arnold, saw nine saucerlike objects spinning through the air in single file near Mount Rainier in the State of Washington. Since then, there has been no sustained effort to check reported Canadian sightings, but the best guess is that there have been more than 1,000 of them. Duplatier says the figure is closer to 5,000. Reported sightings in the U.S. have now passed the 14,000 mark. The biggest year for UFOs was 1957—5,011 reported U.S. sightings—when the first H-bomb was detonated. The year of Sputnik, 1957, came second. Then there was a prolonged slump until 1965, when things started to look up for saucer buffs. Reported sightings ascended again last year, and a national public-opinion poll indicated that 50 million Americans believe something out there is watching them. If the current wave of reported sightings continues, the 1962 saucer panic could be surpassed in 1968.

The recent fuss has spurred flogging government and scientific interest in the subject, both in the U.S. and Canada. Last fall the U.S. Air Force put up \$3,300,000 to finance the first major study of UFOs—called the behavioral characteristics of saucer sightings—by the University of Colorado, with a chief investigator headed by Dr. Edward L. Tuckman, a former nuclear physicist. In September, Dr. C. S. P. Hirsch, director of the University of Toronto's Institute for Aerospace Studies, told *Maclean's* that a group of Toronto scientists was starting its own study. "Some people believed



THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A LITTLE GREEN MAN

The question you are supposed to be asking is, who the heck is that funny little man with the skinny arms? Well, according to *Allan's Mauchart*, of Salem, Oregon, which once published the photograph, he is a crewman of a flying saucer that crashed near Mexico City in 1952. According to a newspaper in Cologne, West Germany, which also published the shot, he is the silver-clad occupant of a saucer "being led down an American street by two FBI agents." The owner of

this print is Mladen Grohovac, a Fuller Brush salesman and amateur astronomer who serves as an official of the Montreal UFO Study Group. Grohovac obtained the photo from Gordon Beatty, an 80-year-old member of the same group, who says he got it from a Montreal astronomer and economist named Carl O'Dell, since deceased. "I don't know what to think of the picture," says Beatty. "But I believe that creatures from other worlds are visiting Earth."

FLYING SAUCERS *continued*

own investigation — hopefully with U.S. and Canadian government participation. The project was launched several weeks later at a seminar in Toronto attended by Dr. J. Allen Hynek, director of Northwestern University's Lindheimer Astronomical Research Center and an open-minded consultant on UFOs to the U.S. Air Force.

"Our point of view is that it's time to look into the whole question of whether technical and other available information on Canadian UFO sightings is being properly collated and assessed," said Dr. Patterson. "If this is not being done, then there is a chance we would do it in co-operation with the U.S. government, in which case we'd hope to interest the Canadian government in it, too."

In order to ascertain that, no, such information is *not* being properly collated and assessed, Dr. Patterson and his colleagues may have to follow a tortuous trail through the Department of National Defense. What happens is that reports of sightings finally filter down to the Canadian Forces Operations Centre, where they are duly recorded. But there is never an investigation, and only a minimal assessment by whoever is on duty in the Operations office. "We're not trying to make a job of it, and that's the honest truth," said a spokesman. "We send the reports on to the National Research Council if the sightings appear to be of fireballs or meteorites. We don't keep any track of the number of sightings." Col. William W. Turner, the recently appointed director of operations at the Centre, said he didn't know anything about it. An information officer said that the National Research Council was planning to set up an investigative committee on UFOs. Not true, according to the NRC's Space Research Facilities Branch, which is headed by Dr. Richard Rettie. There was an indication, though, that such a committee might be set up in the future.

"I don't know whether we would have got involved in the question except for recent excitement about UFOs," said Dr. Rettie. "People are pushing and shoving around right now. Also, we are

responsible for creating the occasional uncommon object ourselves — such as a barium-colored cloud at the Churchill Range — and so we may have a responsibility to answer questions. At this moment there is no committee. I have no plans to set up any organization to look into the unresolved residue of sightings which, in the minds of some people, could be outside our normal range of experience."

Dr. Rettie, who looks like an ascetic Humphrey Bogart, may be Canada's most articulate skeptic on UFOs. To the ultimate question — could they be from space? — he replies, "I am perfectly prepared to believe that there are societies elsewhere in the universe which are at least as well advanced technologically as we are. I am willing to believe that such a society might wish to get in touch with us if they knew we existed. I am also prepared to believe that such a society might wish to study our behavior, much as man studies an ant hill. I am not, however, prepared to believe that such a society would behave in such an illogical fashion as to fool around in flying saucers and to approach people in woods with friendly offers to help us do wonderful things, while ignoring the easily recognizable structure of our society. They would damn well have the ability to approach us in an unmistakable fashion. Reports of such activities can, I am certain, be dismissed as a prank, as charlatanism, as sensation seeking or, unfortunately, as temporary or permanent mental unbalance."

The trouble with flying saucer stories is that, while it is easy to dismiss them all out of hand, it is usually impossible to put down an individual believer — or a charlatan. Such people challenge science and the government to prove that saucers *don't* exist. It is very hard to prove that something doesn't exist. It is even hard to prove that a purported saucer in a snapshot is a hubcap thrown — by car or man — in the air. Exploiters of the gullible, for their part, have all sorts of "evidence" to trot out. The current crop of flying-saucer paperbacks is laced with third-hand / *continued on page 92*



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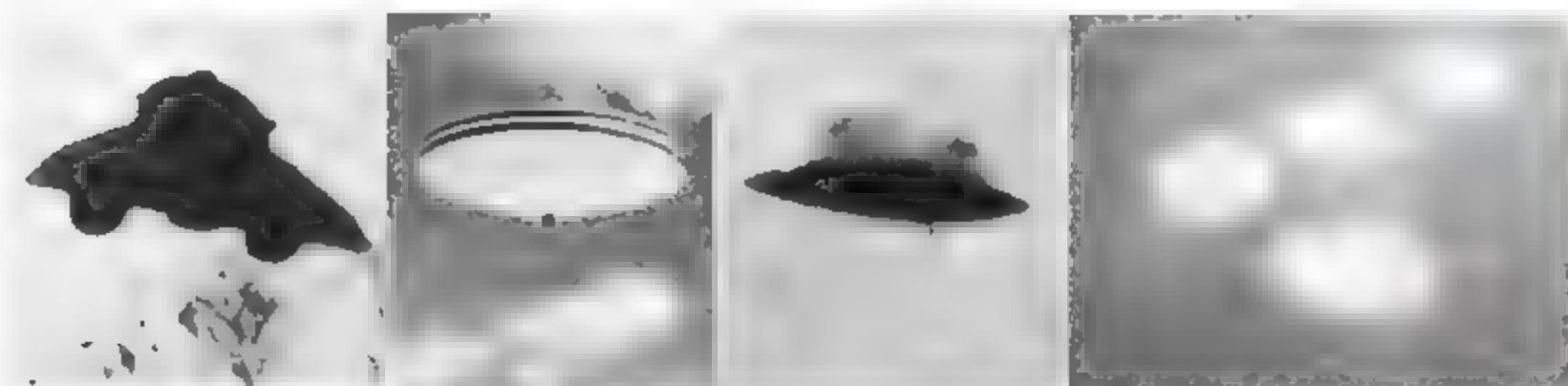
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Four of some 12,000 North American "flying saucer" sightings (from left): in Maryland, 1965; Oregon, 1964; Ohio, 1967; and Massachusetts, 1952.

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continued on page 40

[illegible]

The Bulletin of the European Association of Development Policy Studies

ST. NICOLITZ





SHARE



A PERSONAL
CENTENNIAL YEAR
OPPORTUNITY

YOUR BLESSINGS
WITH A

NEEDY CHILD

Canada's Centennial Year and Expo 67 have stirred the imagination of people everywhere and have been acclaimed around the world. But to some of the world's people—especially the forsaken, deprived, hungry and destitute young children—these great signs of our progress and affluence may mean nothing—unless you choose to do something.

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THE DARING YOUNG MEN continued

They searched the sea for help

on the ground and the sandwiches distributed to gaggles of small boys. Even Smallwood's spirits flagged at the "apparent enmity of the weather god to the birdmen."

There were compensations. There were dances at Bally Haly golf club and dinners at Government House. There were visits to the majestic movie house Harry Hawker usually telephoned ahead so that the banner, "Welcome to the Brave Aviators" (a brainchild of the theatre's part-time publicity agent, Joe Smallwood), would be unfurled. The teams were comrades as well as rivals. Freddy Raynham, the baby-faced Martinsyde pilot, the first man to come out of a spinning nosedive alive, had taught Hawker to fly, the Martinsyde navigator, Captain C. W. F. Morgan, knew Mackenzie-Grieve from their days in the RNAS. Everyone was billeted at the Cochrane Hotel and, with the aid of the Martinsyde liquor supply, they launched a series of late-night parties. Waitresses were introduced to the racy ways of London, and the aviators added Newfoundland folksongs to their repertoire of mess ballads. In the best British tradition, the teams reached a sporting agreement to give each other two hours' warning of takeoff. As for Smallwood's "weather god," Newfoundlanders did what they could by calling on a higher power.

St. Michael! Bear thy sword to shield Our flyers till they proudly land Triumphant in some Irish field

Equally anxious for "our flyers" to take off was the irate farmer who complained in the *Telegram*: "These infernal machines buzzing around are preventing my hens from laying."

At last St. Michael obliged. Sunday, May 18 dawned clear. Over breakfast, Hawker decided to make a break for it. Over lunch, he tipped off the Martinsyde crew.

By 3:30 p.m., the Atlantic was ready to go, so heavily loaded that it took all Hawker's skill to get the plane off the ground. At 3:48 they were airborne. Below, they could see Raynham and Morgan readying their craft by the shores of Quidi Vidi Lake. Once beyond the harbor narrows, Hawker pulled a lever and the undercarriage plummeted into the sea.

Back at Quidi Vidi, Freddy Raynham made his final checks and tied his mascot, Emma, a wooden parrot, into the cockpit. One hour after the Atlantic, the Raymor lurched into the air. A huge crowd of onlookers shouted and waved. Barely 200 yards underway, a sudden gust hit the plane. The Raymor flipped sideways, hovered for a second and smashed into the ground. Furious with frustration but not seriously hurt, Raynham and Morgan scrambled clear of the wreck.

Alone over the ocean, the Atlantic sped toward the Irish coast at 105 mph. After four hours, she ran headlong into a northern gale and towering black pyramids of cloud. The wireless jammed. Much worse, the engine began to overheat. To cool the scorching metal, time and again through the night Hawker was

forced to switch the engine off, allowing the plane to glide downward. Just before dawn, as Hawker dived to avoid a sudden squall, the engine cut out completely. Then, barely 20 feet above the sea, it sputtered alive.

With the radiator almost dry, Hawker and Mackenzie-Grieve realized they could go no farther. They were some 12 hours out of St. John's and 500 miles from Ireland. They swung the Atlantic south toward the shipping lanes and for two hours circled, hoping to sight a ship.

At last, with the fuel indicator angling toward empty and Hawker desperately seasick from the constant buffeting, a funnel loomed out of the murk. Using their last reserves, Hawker headed into the wind and nursed the plane down onto the whitecaps. For another hour the aviators wallowed amid churning seas in their fuselage life raft, while the dumb-struck crew of the Danish freighter *Mary* launched a lifeboat and made the rescue.

A call from the palace

No word of this reached home, for the *Mary* carried no wireless. Not until May 25 when the ship reached the Butt of Lewis in Scotland was the rescue known. To a public resigned after four years of casualty lists to its heroes dying young, this was the idealized end to an incredible saga. Hawker and Mackenzie-Grieve were feted up and down the land. From Buckingham Palace came a summons to tell the tale to King George and Queen Mary. From the *Daily Mail* came a £5,000 consolation prize. By June 1, Hawker was back barnstorming at

continued on page 43

MACLEAN'S

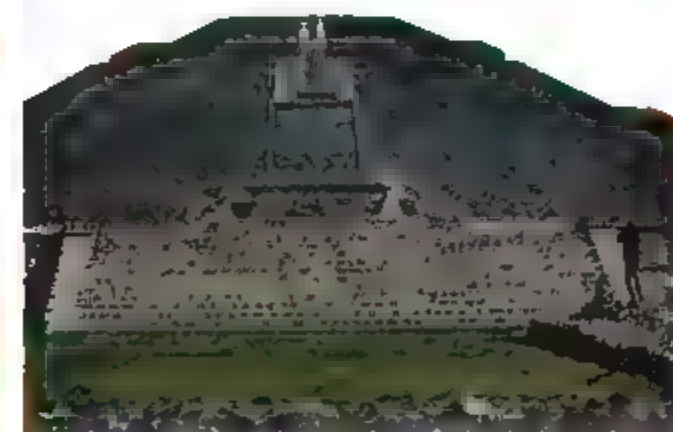
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Everything was ready. Alcock and Brown began their gamble

Hendon, and taking up passengers at 20 guineas a flip for charity. The world's attention shifted back to St. John's.

The newest contenders were more substantial venturers. For once, words failed reporter Joe Smallwood. "It is simply wonderful," he reported of the Handley Page entry, the giant V-1500. This was scarcely exaggeration, for, as Smallwood added once he had a second wind "It is the highest biplane in the world and cost \$1,000,000. It is 63 feet long, weighs 16 tons and cannot be handled except by steam tractor. It has four 400 horsepower Rolls-Royce engines." Equally formidable was the plane's commander, Admiral Mark Kerr, the first flag officer to win a pilot's certificate.

For their base, the Handley Page team chose Harbour Grace on the far side of Conception Bay, 60 miles by rail from St. John's. Persuaded it would be good publicity for the town, 100 Harbour Graceans demolished houses and leveled ground for an air-strip.

The difficulty of finding suitable fields in Newfoundland's rocky terrain plagued all the aviators. It almost defeated the last-comers, Jack Alcock and Arthur Whitten (Teddy) Brown, of the Vickers team. With its fuel load of 850 gallons, their 43-foot, twin-engine Vimy needed a takeoff run of 500 yards. This was far longer than the strips used by Hawker and Raynham. Admiral Kerr offered to help. Alcock and Brown could use his Harbour Grace field—after the Handley Page had left.

For a fortnight the pair scoured the countryside in a rented Buick tourer, turning down offers of farmers' land for anything up to \$20,000. To their rescue when the Vimy was already half-assembled, came Rupert Lester, a St. John's haulage contractor. He offered, free of charge, his own tract of grazing land—a large, moderately level field," reported Smallwood. "Some 30 men have set to rolling and otherwise preparing it."

Their work was sped by the inevitable Newfoundland come-all-ye.

O lay hold Jackie Alcock
Lay hold Teddy Brown
Lay hold of the cordage and dig in the ground
Lay hold of the bow-line and pull all you can,
The Vimy will fly ere the Handley Page can

Alcock was a 26-year-old veteran of the RNAS, a bluff colicking North-countryman with a DSC to his credit for demolishing Turkish bombers over the eastern Mediterranean. After the war, he steam-rollered a reluctant Vickers management into sponsoring him in the Atlantic race. Brown, the navigator, was a shy introspective engineer who had flown as an observer in the Royal Flying Corps. By coincidence both men had been prisoners of war. Alcock imprisoned by the Turks, Brown by the Germans.

On Sunday, June 8, the Handley Page made a six-hour test flight and in a show of strength, flew over St.

John's. The odds in its favor lengthened. In a series of dispatches from Harbour Grace, which he datelined "Handley Page-on-sea," Smallwood reported: "Admiral Kerr has been presented with a silk Union Jack by Princess Mary to be flown from the plane on transAtlantic flight." He added that "a young lady from Bell

Island has made application for a position on the flying staff, offering her services to do washing and scrubbing."

From Lester's Field, Alcock and Brown made two less grandiose test flights. They cabled the home office "Machine absolutely top-hole."

On Saturday, June 14, a high wind

that had gustied all week suddenly abated. The sky was clear and the Vimy crew decided to take their chance. Teddy Brown carefully donned his naval uniform and Jack Alcock put on a smart blue-serge suit. For the last time, they drove to the bumpy airfield. A messenger from the Cochrane dashed up on a bicycle with coffee and sandwiches, left behind in the excitement. A local doctor presented Alcock with a bottle of whiskey. Into his breast pocket, Brown

stuffed his mascot, a toy cat named "Twinkletoes," which had been a goodluck present from his fiancée. The postmaster general handed over a white canvas bag crammed with 197 airmail letters. Prime Minister Sir Michael Cashin arrived in his horse and carriage. The Eagle engines were fired, stampeding cattle in nearby meadows.

At 12:58, the Vimy bounced down the strip and soared aloft.

As she flew over the harbor, ships

sounded their sirens. Half-jubilant, half-apprehensive, St. John's waved godspeed.

Brown tapped out his first message. "All well and started." At Harbour Grace, watching a team of Rolls-Royce engineers feverishly overhauling the Handley Page, Joe Smallwood cursed his luck.

Despite the optimistic predictions of fledgling meteorologists, the Vimy was no sooner clear of the coast than she plunged into a dense fog bank.

With no instruments for flying blind, Brown was forced to navigate by dead reckoning. The inevitable breakdowns started. The wireless jammed and part of the starboard exhaust sheared away, leaving the engine to belch flame into the slipstream. At 12:25 a.m. (GMT) the Vimy passed the point of no return—900 miles from land in either direction. The skies cleared for a few moments, and Brown discovered he was directly on course. To celebrate,

the aviators laced their coffee with a shot of whisky.

Soon the Vimy's luck ran out. She flew straight into an electrical storm. Out of control, amid a cacophony of blinding lightning and ear-splitting thunder, the plane looped end over end, stalled and plunged toward the sea. Alcock refired the engines and flew on. Or so he thought. In fact, he had lost all sense of balance. The Vimy continued to plummet down. Sixty feet above the Atlantic, it tumbled out of the clouds. Desperately, Alcock centralized the controls. The plane fluttered, righted itself and went on its way.

Dawn brought fresh trouble. Heavy snow began to fall, drifting into the open cockpit. The engines started to ice over. There was only one way to clear them, and at 8,000 feet Brown crawled onto the fuselage. Clinging to the struts with one hand, he chipped away with a jackknife the ice surrounding the air intakes. Six times he climbed out, painfully dragging a leg lamed by a war wound.

This could only be a stop-over. With 80 miles to go, the radiator froze into a block of ice. Alcock dropped lower to warmer temperatures. For 15 minutes the Vimy ghosted eerily downward. The ice on the wings and fuselage turned to slush, then slid away. At 500 feet, the engines roared back to life.

Three quarters of an hour later, Brown put away his charts and grinned. Ahead were the mountains of Connemara. In the misty Irish morning, Alcock banked joyously over the town of Clifden. Brown fired off two red Very flares to rouse the citizenry. Alcock flew on to what he thought was a field. Too late, he realized that the green sheen masked the slimy Derryginilla bog. The Vimy plowed to a halt. It was 8:40 a.m. The flight had lasted 16 hours 12 minutes. As the crowd rushed up, Alcock had only one question: "What news of the Handley Page?" None, came the reply.

A week later, Alcock and Brown were guests of honor at a formal luncheon at the Savoy, to sample *œufs poches Alcock and Suprême de sole à la Brown* and to accept a £10,000 cheque presented by Lord Northcliffe's favorite politician, Winston Churchill, Secretary of State for War. The next day, they were knighted at Windsor Castle.

Alcock died six months later in a Normandy orchard, amid the wreckage of a new plane he was taking to a Paris airshow. Teddy Brown never flew again. Until he died in 1948, he visited the London Science Museum each year on June 14, and stood gazing silently at the battered yellow Vimy enshrined among the world's antiquities.

For all the brave hopes of the plane manufacturers, the men were ahead of their machines. The Alcock and Brown flight was regarded as little more than a brilliant stunt. Even the mighty Handley Page never flew the Atlantic. With the prize won, Admiral Kerr tried for a three-step crossing, from Newfoundland via Long Island, New York. On its first leg, the bomber crash landed onto a field near Parrsboro, Nova Scotia. ★



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"Crusades are fading into half-remembered Dylan folksongs"

of these issues could have launched a protest march five years ago. Today the images accumulate in such grim profusion that protesting seems futile.

The only old-fashioned protest noises heard in 1967 are in the French-speaking universities and Roman Catholic colleges, where the

issues are basic and clear-cut. Roman Catholic students everywhere are demanding freedom from religious control and the right to discuss forbidden topics. And separatism is still very much an intellectual *cause célèbre* in Quebec. Last January a bitter band of University of Montreal students picketed CPR headquarters for days.

demanding that railway employees in Quebec speak French. "You don't have any choice," they informed CPR chairman N. R. Crump. "Either you make your Quebec employees speak French or you quit the province."

Elsewhere in Canada, all the great student crusades of the early 1960s are fading into half-remembered Bob

Dylan folksongs. The Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament has long since gone where all the flowers have gone. The New Left, the erratic juggernaut that grew out of the CND, has subordinated itself to the point where small groups of self-conscious radicals sit around wondering what they can do for humanity man. Last year the Student Union for Peace Action's main contribution to humanity was a handy guidebook to this country for United States draft-dodgers. In passing, the book extolled the political virtues of Canada in very unSUPA-like terms.

Vietnam is probably the most debated topic from Memorial to Victoria. But 99.9 percent of Canadian liberals are in perfect agreement about the subject and there's little they can do about it anyway. The civil-rights movement has lost its appeal since the advent of Black Power. Canadian students are growing increasingly fed up with Stokely Carmichael telling them to stay home and attend to their own problems. (Carmichael berated 1,000 Montreal students along these lines last year and collected only \$75.)

Ottawa? "You're kidding"

However, no student group seems overly anxious to follow Carmichael's advice and start a civil-rights movement on behalf of, say, the Nova Scotia Negro ghettos, the poverty-stricken French on New Brunswick's north shore or the Indians and Metis. (One independent student project among Saskatchewan's Metis collapsed a couple of years ago after criticism in the provincial legislature.) The Company of Young Canadians may yet activate the domestic consciences of Canadian students. But with almost as many headquarters staff as field workers, the CYC is still pretty much of a joke on the campuses.

Federal party politics, for reasons obvious to anyone under 30, are even more of a joke. Most students would vote the way their parents do. Activists all support the NDP at least until their own political ship comes in. It is probably the best organized party on any campus. The commonest answer to questions about Ottawa is "You've got to be kidding." Jim Bates, a student journalist at the University of Western Ontario, has come up with a solution that's widely admired by activists. He advocates the scrapping of all present political parties and the establishment of two new ones — the Youngerals and the Oldies.

It's clearly up to the young to initiate the Youngeral Party," says Bates. "The Oldie Party is in existence and forms, for the most part, Canada's one-party system. Youngerals arise! You have nothing to lose but your ideas."

Provincial politics generate slightly more excitement because legislatures are where university money comes from. But since many universities are at the monetary mercy of provincial establishments, students are often wary of being too outspoken or critical. This is especially true in the Atlantic provinces, which have a plethora of universities (30 percent of the students are non-Maritimers)

in terms of the pitifully small budgets available to support them.

"Nova Scotia is like a province of the Old South," says a law student at Dalhousie. "It's run by about 500 landowning families and, believe me, it doesn't pay to get out of line." In Newfoundland, Premier Smallwood's program of free university tuition has won him the undying — and unquestioning — loyalty of a generation of Memorial students. UNB, says one student critic, "is a glorified high school and the sad thing is that's the sort of paternalism the students want."

Only proud Dalhousie, with the largest endowment foundation in Canada (McGill is next), maintains a measure of financial independence. One consequence is that Dal nurtures an Atlantic outpost of Left-wing thinkers. Because of its isolation ("Our intellectual pipeline to the rest of Canada is the CBC News"), this minority tends to be a term or two behind the times. But even they have got the message that social protest is now out. "The New Left is effete," says Robin Endres, a 21-year-old married student and mother hen to Dal's liberal eggheads. "Anyone still belonging to it is just getting a vicarious pleasure out of it."

The trouble is the new activists may soon become effete too, unless they can cope with the age-old problem of apathy. They will need superb and unprecedented organization. Students, unlike 19th-century factory workers, are only temporarily students and the continuity of any movement alters with every graduating ceremony.

"People whose ambitions centre on their future status rather than on their present transitional one are unpromising candidates for a brand of politics geared to the improvement of the here and now," writes British sociologist Frank Parkin. "The student is keenly aware that ultimately his fate is an individual rather than a collective one."

One factor that could solve the organizational difficulty is the development of a paid cadre of middle-aged "student" leaders. The nearest thing Canada has to this is the militant Union Générale des Étudiants du Québec, a province-wide organization that now embraces the English-speaking universities of McGill and Sir George Williams. UGEQ has effectively hargained with two successive Quebec governments, forcing them to establish an office for higher education and to launch a five-year plan aimed at free tuition.

The Canadian Union of Students, which tries desperately to speak for the rest of Canada, is an activist propaganda machine operating in a wilderness. Last year's CUS president, 28-year-old Doug Ward, poured out policy statements, pamphlets and instruction sheets (*How to Fight a Fee Increase*) but the message seldom got through to the students who count. CUS is forced to work through local student councils, which are always lethargic and generally Right-wing. Alberta's council was so incensed by CUS's radical streak that it pulled the university out of the organization.

Despite the weakness of CUS and the conservatism of student councils,

the student movement is making unmistakable headway. Some milestones in Toronto next June the student co-operative movement opens its \$5750,000 Rochdale College, a 20-story residence for 600 students, 100 married couples and 50 faculty, in Saskatoon last fall students took over the university bus line from the city and turned an operating loss into a \$4,000 profit by spring in Victoria students have incorporated their newspaper and freed it from both student-

council and administration control. More significant, if only as a portent is the student breakthrough into the once-mystic realms of university government. Student representatives now sit on the senates or boards of governors of six universities. Joint committees are studying similar recommendations on dozens of other campuses. The only real issue now is the degree of student participation in government.

"We're rejecting the American tra-

dition that sees students as apprentices or wards of society," says Sandy Grage, an American who was last year's editor of the *McGill Daily* (he was temporarily fired by the student council for his anti-war views on Vietnam). "We're moving toward the British tradition of the university as a community of scholars playing an important role in society. Students are a key part of that community."

The community-of-scholars concept is making students much more critical

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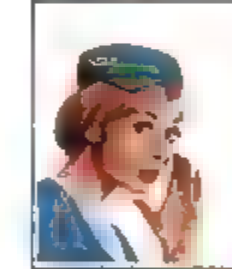
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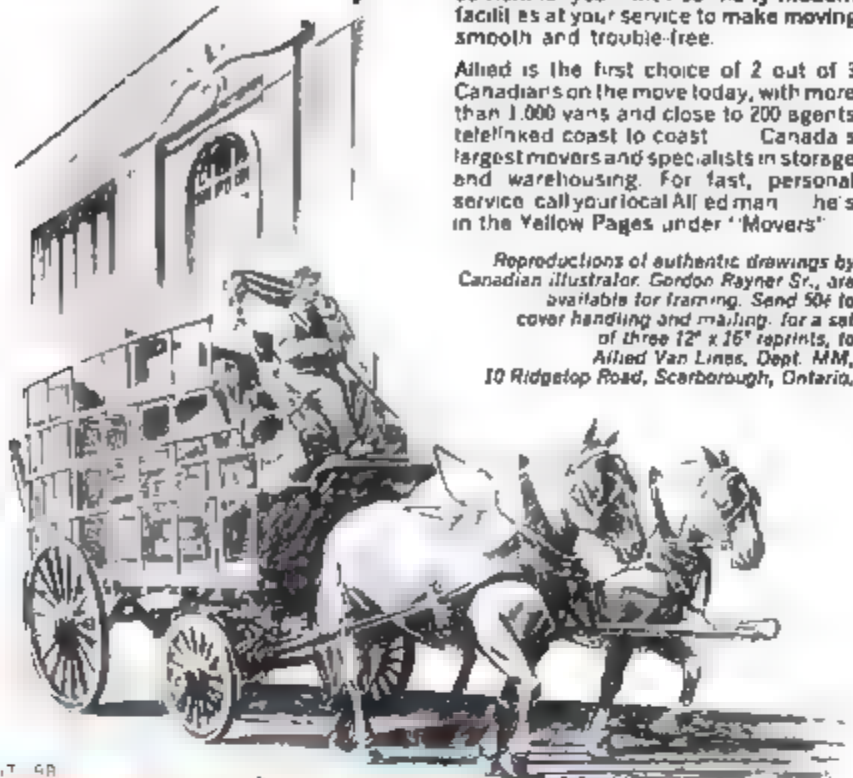
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ALLIED VAN LINES

CAMPUS 67 continued

Professors are joining in the revolt

of academic authority. Groups at several universities, including McGill and the U of T, now regularly publish evaluations of arts courses and warn students against professors who are boring or inadequate. The McGill guide made this assessment of Prof. Laurier LaPierre: "He had no conception at all of what his ideas on the material really were." (If it's any consolation to LaPierre, he was probably the person most often invited to speak on campuses last year.)

For good teachers, the atmosphere is exhilarating. Some old-timers compare it to those rosy postwar days when the DVA Act filled the universities with mature and unexpectedly dedicated scholars. "I don't think these kids are any brighter than my generation," says J. E. Broadbent, a young political-science professor at York University. "But they are more intellectually curious, they work harder and yet they seem to be having a lot more fun than we did."

Students, even good ones, are not quite so happy about the new atmosphere. Their participation in faculty committees is still more talked about than practised. To date the only real student-faculty co-operation in Canada involved a McGill maths lecturer's private project to find out how courses should be designed and taught. A group of students gave up their summer evenings to work on the experiment.

There is, however, a growing alliance between student activists and the more enlightened faculty members. Student unrest is infectious. It has forced professors to involve themselves in political affairs (last January 338 U of T teachers sent Ottawa a petition protesting the Vietnam war) and brought to a boil the simmering dispute between the traditional humanistic traditions and the incoming scientific tradition. Bitter internal feuds over academic and political policy ruptured Alberta's philosophy department last year and McMaster's political-science department this year. The sight of academic aids bowing off in public is not particularly new. But it is likely to become more frequent.

So far Canada has experienced only one Berkeley-like uproar. It happened last March when BC's infant Simon Fraser University sacked five graduate-student teaching assistants. (They had signed a petition protesting the suspension of a local high-school boy.) After a week of rallies, resignations, debates about academic freedom and a threatened student boycott of classes, the university's governors gave in and reinstated the five graduate students.

One of the five, Phil Stanworth, was particularly conscious of the activist principle at stake. "You have taught the Board of Governors a lesson," he told a victory rally of

cheering students. "You have shown them how responsible you are and how powerful you are."

There were two well-documented advance warnings about the type of situation that developed at SFU. By heeding them the remaining Canadian universities may well be able to bypass the incipient-violence phase of the Berkeley Syndrome. The first warning was contained in the 1965 Duff-Berdahl Report on university government in Canada. The report said, in effect, that students were either going to be given a greater voice in college administration or take matters into their own hands. Wisely, most universities are now beginning to act on its recommendations.

The second warning came in a 1966 report on student health services by Dr. Conrad Schwartz, UBC's consulting psychiatrist. In a lucid foreword, Dr. Schwartz outlined the emotional difficulties facing students, particularly freshmen, on the large impersonal campuses. Much of the student restlessness, he said, springs from the frustration of being treated like a computer punch-card by demanding professors who have no time to answer questions or become involved. Students feel isolated in a crowd. They become convinced that nobody cares.

While universities from Mount Allison to Waterloo are busy designing imaginative academic courses to handle the knowledge explosion, only one program in Canada has so far been devised to solve the more serious problems of isolation. This is an optional first-year arts course launched this fall by UBC after three years of study. It was designed with Dr. Schwartz's warnings specifically in mind. The program calls for six faculty members to spend most of their time with 120 freshmen, teaching an integrated course built around such universal themes as war, communications, death, education and Utopia.

All these changes, coupled with massive expansion programs, have wrought fundamental changes in the character and institutions of Canada's campuses. At alumni reunions, the class of '57 finds the alma mater remote and strange; the class of '37 finds her barely recognizable.

The most obvious change is that the old college spirit, symbolized by rampant rites, winter carnivals and pep rallies, is now about as roaring as a hip flask of soda water. The University of Saskatchewan's famous freshman snake dance through the streets of Saskatoon has wound its way into oblivion. Toronto's Winter Carnival last spring was graced by only 200 out of 22,000 students. The U of T is even thinking of ditching the Blue and White student band, the central feature of all organized activity. It can't compete with Sgt. Pepper's.

More remarkable is the decline in the power and influence of the fraternities. Most new universities ban them altogether. And on the older campuses their membership is slipping. "The fraternities used to supply most of the student leaders," says McGill's Sandy Gage. "Now they are full of American students and Joe Colleges."

The decline of the fraternities is

almost evenly balanced by the rise of the student co-op movement. There are more than 25 co-op houses in Toronto (some of them old fraternities) besides the new Rochdale residence. Waterloo has had a co-op residence for nearly three years and similar buildings are being planned on half a dozen campuses. The co-ops are providing the most realistic solution to the nationwide student residence crisis.

College spirit has been replaced by

an incredible burgeoning of interest in the arts. Canada's students are on a cultural binge. Student drama societies and newspapers are flourishing as never before. Artists, musicians and creative writers are experimenting with a freedom and authority their predecessors seldom had. Campuses are dotted with would-be Orson Welles figures, cranking out 16-millimetre epics on shoestring budgets. The acknowledged leader in this field is Winnipeg-born David Satter, 25, who

made his first full-length movie, *Winter Kept Us Warm*, while still at U of T two years ago. By this summer Satter was in Hollywood where he may direct a low-budget commercial feature.

The colossus who dominates the entire cultural world these days is Marshall McLuhan. He is by far and away the most talked about man on any Canadian campus. Half the students think he's a put-on like William Burroughs, the other half think he's a

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Artistic freedom to experiment is closely connected with moral freedom to experiment. Today's students generally have a frank and uninhibited attitude about love ("Sex is Out Love is In") that is remarkable for its stress on responsibility. Only the prudish could find the attitude un-

healthy. The Pill has changed everything. "Nobody worries about sex anymore," says attractive Elizabeth Spry, last year's editor of the Saskatchewan *Sheaf*. "Five years ago if anybody knew you'd slept with your boyfriend you were considered a whore. Now they are only surprised if you haven't."

The major problem about love is where to make it. Sadly the really burning issue on many campuses is the open-room question — how often and

for how long should boys be allowed to entertain girls in residences? What with Canadian winters, often the only available meeting place is a student lounge. "I'm terribly afraid," says Alberta's John White, "that a generation of exhibitionists is growing up because they have nowhere else to go."

Drinking among students remains about as moderate or excessive as it ever was. With the arrival of psychedelic drugs, alcohol has been reduced

from a mortal to a venal sin. There's a tacit admission on the part of university authorities (if not the local police) that students over 18, like soldiers, should be allowed to drink. Every campus in Canada has at least one neighborhood tavern where college kids won't be pestered too often for their identification cards.

The psychedelic drug scene is more difficult to assess. It certainly exists on all but the smallest and newest campuses. Between October and March last year UBC's Dr. Schwartz treated 14 students for complications following LSD trips. It's a safe bet that at least 20 percent of today's students have tried marijuana at some time in their lives and that 50 percent of them would be in favor of legalizing pot.

But only a minority of the minority of hippie students are seriously involved with drugs. Most of the real action takes place in the Bohemian communities, largely populated by non-students, that have sprung up on the fringes of large urban campuses. Toronto's Yorkville district is the prime example. "Many of the students who get busted for possession," says a Toronto hippie, "are students only by virtue of being enrolled in one university extension course."

A Kennedy for Canada?

With all this in mind, it is possible to make some fairly optimistic predictions about the generation that will be running this country sometime after 1984. Despite their traditional apathy, they will preside over a cultural flowering that should produce a flock of world-ranking Canadian artists, musicians, poets and novelists. They will consolidate Canada's substantial achievements in imaginative television and they might create a Canadian film industry.

They will be more liberal, more tolerant and a good deal more secular than their parents. They will ensure that all the touchy social battles of the 1960s — capital punishment, divorce, abortion, homosexuality — are long since won. They will probably reform the drinking laws, abolish the Senate and put television into parliament. They may legalize the sale of marijuana. They might even get around to solving Canada's Indian problem — but don't count on it.

They will produce and elect at least one Canadian Kennedy and perhaps half a dozen of them. They will become increasingly American in their intellectual outlook but more European in their social outlook. They will be genuine internationalists. If, as student cynics now think entirely possible, the Vietnam war is still being waged, they will do everything in their power to end it.

All in all, today's students seem superbly equipped to take over a country that could well achieve great power status in spite of itself. Meanwhile, it would be wise to listen to Jean Sicotte, a 21-year-old French Canadian who elected to go to Sir George Williams to learn about *les Anglais* and thus is himself an optimistic symbol. "Basically, we are all very much conscious that we are still students and we are all enjoying life." ★

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FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT

We're denying prisoners the right to learn

Two observant and opinionated convicts serving time in Ontario's "Kings-ton complex"—Kingston Penitentiary, Collins Bay and Joyceville prisons—recently submitted a 30,000 word brief to the Parliamentary Committee on Penitentiaries reporting their experiences and observations of what's wrong with several aspects of prison life and recommending reforms. The following is a condensation of their comments on the prison school system and reading-matter restrictions.

BY JOHN HAWES AND
NORMAN MCCAUD

"THERE SHALL BE at each Institution an appropriate program of inmate activities designed as far as practicable to prepare inmates, upon discharge, to assume their responsibilities as citizens and to conform to the requirements of the law. The Commissioner shall so far as practicable make available to each inmate who is capable of benefiting therefrom, academic or vocational training."

This well-meaning order was added to the federal Penitentiary Service regulations by order-in-council in 1967. Unfortunately, the authorities seem to have made full use of the escape clause "so far as practicable" and what is available to the inmates in the way of educational or vocational facilities is inadequate, antiquated and understaffed.

If there is any single area in which the prison officials are open to indictment, it is in regard to the educational facilities. We estimate that no more than \$50 per year per inmate (including teacher salaries) is spent on academic education. The figure is far more likely to be \$20 or less.

Every dollar spent educating Canadians—and prisoners are still Canadians—results in increased efficiency and productivity assisting the nation as a whole. The benefits to the individual in terms of better living conditions for his family and better educational opportunities for his children, are equally important. By denying inmates a real opportunity to achieve a better standard of living through better education, we are perpetuating

the problem. Not only are they more likely to return to crime, but their children are being denied equal opportunities and are being cast in the same mold. We are, in effect, visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children.

The classroom instruction program of the institutions in the Kingston complex includes only the elementary subjects (reading, writing and arithmetic—not history) and only to the grade-eight level.

Inmates are taught only during the daytime working hours, and those who do attend school do so for one or two half days per week. The only exception was made for some young inmates (under 21) to attend school full time but we understand that this has now been discontinued.

In teaching the elementary subjects, Ontario Department of Education texts are used. These texts were designed for nine- to 13-year-old minus, and the inmates in the classes range from 16 to 60, with the majority in their early 20s. On September 16, 1966, one of the authors attended the school building in K.P. There were approximately 26 inmates working in three

separate classrooms, unattended and unsupervised. The only teacher in the building was assigned to locking and unlocking the barred grill for persons to enter or leave.

Correspondence courses are allowed for men wishing to take high-school or university-level subjects. The Ontario Department of Education and DVA provide both courses and texts free of charge to men in institutions up to grade 13 level. Queen's University is the major source of correspondence courses at the university level. Queen's does not supply texts.

It is the general practice to have the inmate purchase his own school books, unless available from the prison library. If the inmate is insistent and has no funds, he may be given the books. But so stringent is the book budget that there is even provision in the Inmate Pay Regulations for a man to spend money from his prison earnings (the 10 to 20 cents per day he saves for educational courses. To buy a six-dollar textbook a man would work eight weeks or more. Very little tutorial help is available in high-school grades and none at



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PRISONERS continued

university level. (How simple and relatively inexpensive it would be to have closed-circuit TV from nearby Queen's University.)

From time to time but with no set program, special classes are held in such subjects as art, music appreciation, typing and public speaking. Unfortunately, they are usually taught by a "captain officer" who is rarely qualified in even one of the subjects. Entertainment is usually good, but as the class progresses inmates drop out. This, the prison officials say, shows lack of sincerity. The inmates say that they know the instruction is substandard and many know more about the topic than the officer.

Inmates attending school during the day use out on the better jobs in the workshops because the men in charge hesitate to promote them when they are going to be absent part-time. Raises in pay are also denied to men going to school because of their absence from the shops. (The directives specifically prohibit a man from being denied his upgrading because of school attendance, but in practice men are denied raises because they attend school.)

In K.P. the actual process of attending school is an aggravating procedure. In the morning the inmate must report to his place of work first and then sit idly until an officer arrives to escort him to the school (a building he passes on his way to work). The inmate arrives at school between 9:15 and 9:40 and leaves at 1:15 p.m., allowing for pickup and the exercise program. The escort officer often fails to pick a man up at his shop and the period is missed. School is often cancelled due to absence of teachers or other personnel.

High-school correspondence courses are easily available, but inmates seeking to take university-level courses face several obstacles. One inmate in K.P., a narcotics addict, was refused permission to apply for a psychology course from Queen's University and psychology textbooks were removed from his cell. The reason given was that experience had shown that some inmates who read psychology books had gained an insight into their character could not cope with their true selves and had attempted suicide. Because he persisted, the inmate had the books returned but he was not allowed to enroll in the course.

One of the authors asked the authorities to make inquiries about a course in computer programming after reading about a successful course given by IBM in an American prison. A senior official, after considerable discussion, ventured the opinion that perhaps it would be dangerous for an inmate to have knowledge of computer programming since he might use that knowledge to perpetrate some type of swindle. (A correspondence course was eventually obtained without charge from the University of Minnesota which was willing to invest in a Canadian knowing he was in a penitentiary when our own government was not.)

An inmate who had been transferred to K.P. after escaping from the

Burwash Industrial Farm was refused courses and texts for two second-year university subjects: chemistry and physics. The physics book was refused on the ground that the man might make an apparatus which would endanger the security of the institution and the chemistry book on the ground that he might make an explosive.

Of course, knowledge can be used in a criminal manner. But if this line of thinking were to be followed to its logical conclusion we would deny all knowledge to prison inmates. To teach auto mechanics is to make car thieves. Penmanship leads to forgery. Book-keeping to embezzlement. As the prison psychiatrist said, "If we start denying knowledge on these grounds, we will have to lock them all in cells and turn off the electricity. Electricity can be very dangerous."

Education is the key to a more secure financial future for the inmate who intends to go straight. The present attitude of the prison authorities—and this carries through every phase of inmate self-improvement—is that inmates should not aspire to a higher educational or technical level than that enjoyed by the authorities themselves. If an inmate aspires to a higher position in life than an officer, he is told that he is completely unrealistic and must scale his ideas down.

Teach what they need

Our recommendations really amount to no more than fulfilling the spirit of the Penitentiary Service Regulations—a special adult education course in place of the regular school curriculum up to the senior-matriculation level. There is, of course, a need to teach the illiterates in our prisons, but grown men find little interest in "Mary John and Peter" elementary texts. Recognizing the impossibility of a regular school curriculum being put in effect, we should have professional educators design courses to meet the inmates' needs at specific levels, to impart a maximum amount of practical knowledge.

Where possible educational programs should be geared to the requirements of the institution's vocational training or industrial program, assuming that those programs will also be updated. Languages, particularly French, should also be taught.

Most classes should be held in the evening, on the men's own time. This would do away with the demonstration complaint that the inmates only go to school to escape work and would also make the program available to inmates who want to work in the shops. (And most inmates do prefer to work, provided the work is interesting and useful.)

Even the inadequate facilities in the prisons in the Kingston complex are not used to best advantage. Classrooms are used as TV rooms in the evenings. Collins Bay has three classrooms in the same building as the evening recreation room, but they are not used in many ways during the evening hours. Joyceville Institution, which allows inmates greater freedom of movement during the evening, makes partial use of schoolrooms for some evening classes.

Since 1961, the evening hours

(roughly 7 to 10:30 p.m.) have been available for recreation—limited to card playing, TV, and a few men, fewer than 10 percent, engage in sports. While this may be a tolerable way to waste your evenings for a few weeks or months, it should be remembered that men are confined in our penitentiaries for years. (After the sit-down strike in K.P. in 1966, a senior Penitentiary Service Official was quoted in the press as blaming the strike on "too much recreation" over a long holiday weekend. If he had said "too much recreation time," he would have come closer to the problem.)

A great many men, perhaps even the majority, would welcome the opportunity to use their recreation time for education. Only those who have completely given up the idea of returning to society are content to waste year after year of their lives watching TV and playing cards.

Teachers and instructors should be civilians and not uniformed officers. Inmates are much more likely to accept instruction from civilians, even though the majority of the officers employed in the educational programs at present are thought of as "good guys" by the inmates. There is also a special incentive for an inmate to make a good showing in front of an outsider, particularly if the outsider is a woman. Of course, it would be necessary to pay a reasonable "honorarium," but this would not lead to a much greater expenditure. We now spend teachers' salaries for men who are often employed at guard duties or who waste half their working day waiting for pupils to be brought to class. They are teaching less than four hours a day.

Motivation of the inmate toward improving his educational level must begin in the Reception Centre. A small group of men in any prison still feel that going to school amounts to co-operating with the authorities, thus violating the "inmate's code." But the swing in inmate heroes is to the brainier rather than the brawnier.

Nevertheless, many men still do not attend courses, possibly in fear that they will be shown up as slow learners, and they fear to show their ignorance to people with whom they must live for years. For this reason, motivation of the inmate must be started as soon as he enters the Reception Unit. Nothing in the way of formal education is required at this point. Art classes, a short course in the care and operation of movie projectors, a few musical instruments with someone to teach a little music—anything that would tend to stimulate the mind at this crucial time. In this way you will break down some of the inmate's automatic defenses.

After transfer to a main institution, this attitude must be maintained by a system of rewards. The man must know that his achievements are being noted (at present all reports on inmates are kept secret, including pay gradings and earned remission assessments). For a number of men, the prospect of parole is incentive enough to study hard. Others, particularly those with long records, feel that parole is not likely and they require more immediate rewards—better living quarters, higher pay or more

privileges. Whatever the inmate's motive, society gains if he is involved in educational courses.

Special courses designed to fill the inmate's "knowledge gaps" should be provided. A man who comes to prison for the first time at 50 has considerable living experience and set social skills. For younger inmates—and our penitentiary population is younger every year—five years confinement means five years when he is not learning the everyday skills required to

cope with modern society.

Recognizing this void, the Protestant chaplain at K.P., the Rev. John Nickels, instituted a cultural program in his revamped "Chapel at the Top of the Stairs." A book club was started (pointing up the inadequacies of the prison library) and also a "chapel of discussion" which featured talks by outsiders (including women). These programs were attended by more inmates than there was room for. The padre also arranged for art classes.

music, and even a French class. All were held in the chapel on the men's free time. The padre had the chapel brightened up, removed the guards during services, and invited guests—including members of parliament—to give the sermon. Attendance at chapel went up and there were no incidents to mar this program. Unfortunately, it's a one-man effort, and one cannot see it continuing if the padre leaves.

While many of the men now em-

continued on page 53

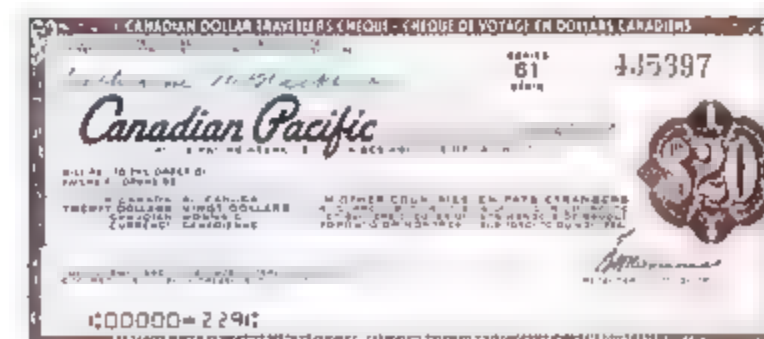
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TABLE 1. *Summary of the data for the 1000 Genomes Project*

A black and white photograph of a high-backed rocking chair. The chair features a dark, polished wooden frame with a high, arched backrest. The seat is made of a lighter-colored material, possibly cane or a different wood, and is set within a curved wooden frame that allows it to rock. The chair is positioned on a light-colored surface, and the background is dark and out of focus.

[illegible]

A black and white photograph of a tall, dark wooden chest of drawers. It features four drawers with decorative metal pulls. The chest is supported by four ornate, cast-iron feet. The top of the chest has a decorative, possibly upholstered, headboard.

Other antiques Each letter must be at least 100 years old and must be in the original handwriting of the person who wrote it. The letter must be in the original handwriting of the person who wrote it. The letter must be in the original handwriting of the person who wrote it.

NOISY?

3-IN-ONE

ELECTRIC MOTOR OIL



A vintage photograph of a red and black open-top car, likely a 1920s model, parked on a street. The car has large spoked wheels with white wall tires and a prominent front grille. The background shows a residential street with trees and houses.

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PRISONERS continued

Another practice that leads to much dissatisfaction is that of ordering books from only one selected source. In K.P.'s case it has been Mahood's Drug Store in Kingston. If a book is unavailable there it is unavailable to the inmate unless he persists in demanding it. Subscriptions to magazines and newspapers must be made through the selected store, not by relatives sending money to the publisher. Inmates are thus unable to take advantage of the special price reductions often offered by publishers.

Trying to order any book, periodical or pamphlet not on the approved list leads to controversy and innumerable interviews. Copies of the Canada Election Act and the Penitentiary Act were refused to one of the authors although both were finally obtained—the first through subterfuge and the latter with the permission of the commissioner of penitentiaries. Law books (an increasing interest in the law has arisen in our prisons) are not available from the drugstore and purchasing them is incredibly difficult. In one case, it took more than five months, and then the wrong book was bought.

Many books that are recognized literature on special technical subjects are also not allowed. Texts on printing are forbidden, although the institution has a print shop. Electronics texts and catalogues are forbidden except for a few inmates who are taking correspondence courses at their own expense.

The prison libraries are not de-

signed to meet the interests and needs of the inmates. Many of the books are old and of no interest to anyone. It seems that the persons responsible are more interested in getting the greatest number of books for the money spent than in the contents of the books or their appeal to the inmates. The best books bear the stamp "Discarded by the Toronto Public Library." This library has been very generous, and prisoners appreciate it. The most restricted library in the Kingston Complex is Collin's Bay. As many books are locked up in a back room as are in circulation.

In some institutions pocket books are banned, simply because they are pocket books and with no regard to the title or content. Men have lost remission for possessing a pocket book even though another federal institution less than five miles away allows them.

We recommend that an inmate group be responsible for the selection of library books, in conjunction with the appointed officers. At the Beaver Creek Correctional Camp an inmate has been in charge of the library since the beginning because the small staff would not allow for an officer-librarian. While this library is small, the choice of books has been excellent. We suggest that responsible inmates are far more interested in the condition of the prison libraries than are the officers. A glance at the commissioner's report for any year will show that the major concern of the library supervisors has been the number of books on the shelves, not the amount of reading done by the inmates. ★

UNIVERSITY DAY continued from page 19

"The Western world," said McLuhan, "is going oriental."

THE MESSAGE MAN

The greatest academic guru of the 1960s burst into his small cluttered office at 11:05 a.m. and immediately began talking. "This morning I've been reading a new book called *Caliban Reborn*, and Caliban here means pop art and pop music," communicated Marshal McLuhan. "It's by an old friend of mine named Wilfred Mellers. He's a professor of music at one of the new English universities. I forget which one. He wrote a letter and sent me his book saying he owed a great deal to me. Yes, it is very close to my theme that the Western world is going oriental. Electronics is forcing us all toward oriental culture. We're losing our mechanical approach to things in favor of the electronic. This is something I said in the *Galaxy* and it was in *Understanding Media* too."

McLuhan paused for breath and began fumbling around his desk. "Now where's that thesis? Didn't I have it in my hand when I came in? I'll look outside. Oh, here it is on the desk." He explained that this was not a typical day.

"I'm making a recording right here in the office at noon for the *Finch Broadcasting Corporation*. Then a policy-making luncheon to discuss next year's program while I'm away at Fordham. Next a thousand and one little things to do because I'm leaving tomorrow for La Costa, near San Diego. It's the annual meeting of the Association of Television Broadcasters and I'm speaking there. I'll be gone about 10 days. The mayor of Los Angeles phoned me—what's his name—Horty I think—no, that's right, Yorly. He wants to see me about TV policy in relation to education and city politics." Then McLuhan went back to rummaging in his desk. "Now where's that letter?"

PHARMACY AS A GAMBLE

It is probably inevitable that the Faculty of Pharmacy should smell like a drugstore. Here, coming out of her favorite class, Pharm Chem 35, is the prettiest pharmacist of all, Carol Holand, 21, a third-year student from Saint John, N.B., with blue eyes, black hair and a red vinyl raincoat.

"I transferred from Dalhousie because the course here—well, it's better. Even though my fiancé is back there, damn it. He's taking physics. I heard out in the suburbs. Pharmacy for me was just sort of a gamble. I wanted a practical course. I didn't want to just come out with a degree. Pharmacy—you can apply it in the home. I'll work for a while in a drugstore in Toronto, I guess. Then we'll probably go to the States because of his work. I don't want to go. I'm a Canadian. I love it here."

COP AND GOWN

For Bernard West, an ex-hobby from Yorkshire and now chief of the L of I police department traffic control and parking are the main headaches. He came on duty at 7:30 a.m. Here's his report.

8 a.m. Brief day constables and

give out details of parking spaces to be reserved for meeting of the Senate in the evening.

9:30 a.m. Meet with assistant to discuss special parking arrangements for forthcoming conventions in July, August and September.

11 a.m. Instruct constable to investigate four petty thefts. They in-

volved articles left in public places. Chances of recovering articles or apprehending thieves are nil.

1 p.m. Tour east campus to investigate traffic problems arising out of the heavy use of construction vehicles.

4 p.m. Brief the four-to-midnight guard shift. Collect and distribute pay

cheques for 40 watchmen and 28 parking attendants. Make parking arrangements for a wedding reception in Hart House.

GIRL WITH THE PINKY-GOLD THIGHS

The co-ed, an 18-year-old first-year Arts undergraduate, was wearing a navy-blue miniskirt that hitched up when she sat down, revealing a pleasant couple of inches of pinky-golden thigh. She was sitting with two

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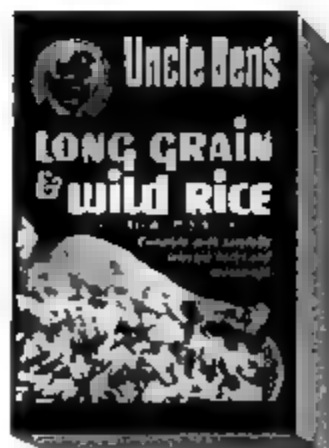
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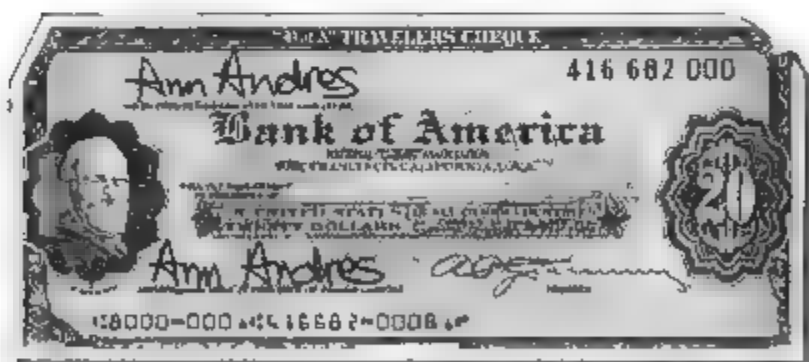


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UNIVERSITY DAY continued

friends at a table in the Place Pigalle, a basement beer parlor three blocks north of the campus, and she was depressed. "I got a psychology test back two days ago and I failed it. But that isn't what's depressing me. What happened was the marker made a mistake that cost me 30 marks. I didn't really fail at all and everything's fixed up now but I just started thinking, what would I do if somebody made a stupid mistake like that on the finals? What could I do?"

So she skipped two lectures — "I certainly hope my professors don't read this" — and walked up to the Place Pigalle where nobody thought to ask if she was under 21-year-old Ontario drinking age. After a couple of hours and six draft beers, she began to feel slightly mellow and her mind turned to matters more philosophical than marking errors.

"I'm glad I'm a girl. If I were a boy, I'd have to decide what to do after university and I'd probably end up doing something terribly dull in an office or something. I really don't know what I want to do. I don't think about it. I can't even think a month ahead, not even a week. I just do things as they come along. That's the best way. This summer I'm going to work for a trust company and then in August I'll take the money I earn and go to Mexico City for a while. I'll go with somebody though. I don't know who. I do know it won't be a boy because that would just lead to sex, and I want a platonic holiday."

CASE OF THE PLAGIARIZED ESSAY

It was a spicy morning for Terry Heinrichs, a tall intellectual-looking student from Berkeley who's taking his MA in political science. He was marking papers and, just before lunch, he was found busily documenting a case of plagiarism in an undergraduate's term essay.

He'd look at a paragraph in the essay then rifle through a copy of Peter Woll's *American Bureaucracy* and — aha! — find something damnable similar on page 20 or page 114. The dean came into his office and Heinrichs informed him that he'd spotted another case of cribbing.

Dean "Oh dear. He's upstairs waiting for it now. I'd better send him down."

Heinrichs "What he's done, he's just changed a few words here and there. It's all out of Woll."

Dean "That's bad."

Heinrichs "It makes me wonder how many other cribbed essays walked by."

Dean (glumly) "Quite a few." (Then a sharp, malicious laugh.) "When you give the essay back to him, don't forget to tell him his mark."

The dean exited, and Heinrichs talked with his visitor about the problem of being stern with an errant student only a few years younger than himself. "I guess I'll just tell him it's nasty—you know, tell him it shouldn't be done. His mark? Well, I could give him anything from a zero to an F."

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FRAT HOUSE BREAKFAST

At 10 minutes past 10 in the morning, fourth-year physics and chemistry major Mark MacDonald was sitting in the front-room lounge of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity house wearing red sweat pants, a blue Phi Delta shirt, a two-day growth of black beard and a groggy look. He'd been up since the previous midnight studying for his finals, and now he was about ready for bed.

That's how I work at exam time," he said. "Study all night, sleep all day. Not very exciting." The biggest event so far in MacDonald's unexciting day occurred at 5 a.m., when he got up from his books, went downstairs to the Phi Delta kitchen, rummaged around in the refrigerator and cooked himself a plate of eggs and sausage.

WHERE THE BUCK STOPS

Most Canadian universities are self-contained villages. The University of Toronto is a self-contained city, presided over during the last nine years by 51-year-old Dr. Claude T. Bissell. During that time the U of T has doubled in size to 22,000 students.

At 1:50 p.m. the president, looking a bit like Anthony Eden on the morning after something more triumphant than Suez, was sitting in his expansive office (Scandinavian modern dominated by a gigantic bronze bust of the late Sidney Smith, Bissell's predecessor). He had just gulped lunch and was briefing himself for a meeting of the Presidential Advisory Committee on Scarborough and Erindale, the university's two satellite arts colleges, which would take up most of the afternoon.

The night before he had been up until 3 a.m. hosting a reception for Columbia philosopher Jacques Barzun, one of the U of T's Centennial lecturers. He reached the office shortly after nine, worked on a speech he would give next day to the Medieval Academy, attended administrative and budget meetings and left for lunch at the Faculty Club about 1 p.m.

If his afternoon meeting finished early, he planned to return to his office to sign letters, give dictation to one of his four secretaries and answer phone messages. That evening, one of the rare blanks in his social calendar, he was determined to watch the Toronto-Chicago NHL playoff game on TV at his Rosedale home.

"The pressure is on me all the time but it's not as tough as it was in the early days," said Dr. Bissell, charging out of his office. He has taken a year's leave from his post to start a new program of Canadian studies at Harvard University and was looking forward to the change. "There'll still be pressures at Harvard. But they'll be different pressures."

continued on page 60



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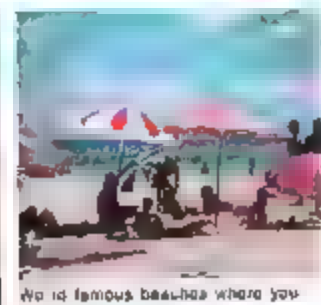
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CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC

UNIVERSITY DAY *continued*

Boom year for—surprise!—poets

BIRNEY AT LARGE

Earl Birney, engaged in wispy Regency sideburns, was munching an apple for afternoon tea in one of the student cafeterias. It was the last week of his two-year appointment as the U of T's Poet in Residence. (This term he's at the University of Waterloo.)

"Writer in Residence would be a better title," said Birney who is 63. "This year I have helped about 100 different student writers of all sorts. Novelists bearing novels, playwrights bearing plays, poets bearing poems. It has been my privilege to meet most of the bright, creative students on this campus."

"Today I have such a bad cold that just to appear was a triumph. I reached my office in Massey College about 10 this morning and spent most of the day talking to writers and making phone calls. Three other Toronto poets and I are attempting to organize a League of Canadian Poets. We already have 75 members."

"This has been a very busy year for me. I calculate I've traveled more than 20,000 miles across Canada, attending seminars and giving speeches. Because of Centennial the country has become so narcissistic that they even like poets."

THE MOD MEDIEVALIST

David Hemblen was so Mod he looked medieval. He was wearing a Mod belt, tight trousers, Chelsea boots and

a CND button. His blond hair was long enough to allow him to play one of Cinderella's ugly sisters in Pantomime. In fact Hemblen, 25, a teaching fellow taking a Master of Philosophy degree in Medieval Studies, was appearing nightly in the name part of a 16th-century play by Nicholas Udall called *Ralph Roister-Doister*.

"But my hair is usually this long anyway," said Hemblen. "It's just fortunate that it fits in with the time and character of Ralph. The play is being produced by the university's Pociu Ludique Societas, which means Caps and Games Society. The membership is drawn mainly from the staff and students of the Medieval Institute. Here's my schedule for today."

"9 a.m. Got up. My wife Judith and I share an apartment with another couple. Judith is 23 and is studying for a PhD in sociology here. We both have Canada Councils for next year and will go to England. We couldn't do it without the P.H."

"10 a.m. Gave my lecture, a first-year course in Chaucer."

"11 a.m. Had breakfast."

"Noon — 5 p.m. Worked in my office — studying, reading, marking papers with several breaks for coffee and arguments with colleagues. Vietnam is the eternal topic."

"6 p.m. Dinner downtown with Judith."

"8:30 p.m. Curtain goes up on *continued on page 62*"

Falls...how can you save a child like Jenny Marshall?

Two-year-old Jenny was forever scurrying around the house. Here one minute. There the next.

One day when nobody was watching, she started down the steep back stairs. After a few uncertain steps, she lost her balance and tumbled the entire length of the stairway.

Jenny's mother heard the thuds and rushed to the stairs. She found the youngster unconscious. Mrs. Marshall knew that anyone who's had a bad fall should be handled with extreme care if at all because of the possibility of a head injury or broken bones. So, after looking for signs of obvious injury, she gently carried Jenny to bed and spread a warm blanket over her.

Then she kept a close eye on the child while an older sister called the family physician. His advice was to keep her warm and quiet until he could get there. When he arrived he found that she had no serious injury, however, he cautioned

that Jenny should be watched carefully for at least twenty-four hours.

He also asked to be notified promptly if she seemed unusually drowsy, if she vomited, or if she complained of pain in any particular place.

Except for a few lumps and bruises, Jenny was soon as sprightly as ever.

But every year, falls in and around the home kill hundreds of small children and injure millions, some severely. You can help eliminate the risk of falls by inspecting your house for hazards. When you find any, correct them right away.

For instance, do you have gates at the top of stairways to keep toddlers from toppling down? Are there sturdy handrails on all stairways? Are stairs to basement and attic well lighted? Are toys, magazines, brooms, galoshes, or loose rugs left on or near the stairs?

Of course, stairs aren't the only hazard. Did you know that some of the worst falls happen in the bathroom? Tubs and

showers should have firm handholds and mats with suction cups.

Make sure your window screens and storm windows are safely fastened. Youngsters have a habit of pressing their noses against them to get a good look out. There are a good many other dangers often overlooked around the house.

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UNIVERSITY DAY

continued

Ralph Rooster Driver

In 49 p.m. Agoura to the Embassy Tavern along with the rest of cast and stage crew

LIFE WITH JAY

Susan Hie, a fourth-year sociology student at Victoria University was wrapped in her blue and pink flowered dressing gown drinking coffee and smoking at 9:10 in the morning. She'd been reading *The Social System* by Talbot Parsons. "I like that's for my essay. It's due on Saturday. What was she doing today?" "I'm taking 722s and having Jay, my boyfriend for lunch." Susan lives in a fraternity house where "you have to be like but I'm quite legal to have boys for a lunch," but she was sure Ders the cook would mind.

Next Susan went off to the library. To get some books? We'll go to see my girlfriend to talk shop. We write our essays together like. There's quite an active social life in the library you know. My boyfriend Jay, has a class practice after lunch so I'll go to his room to study. It's over in the shops by Spadina. He lives in two rooms with his boyfriend. They share the facilities with a 9-year-old couple. They're not married or anything and the guy's on probation or something.

The other girls in the fraternity were talking about the Honda they have so they can ride around when life gets boring. Susan doesn't really go in for Honda riding. I have this thing about riding on Hondas with girls.

AQUINAS AND FROGS

Bespectacled Gary Sparks, 19, of Bangor, Maine began his day at 9:30 a.m. later than usual because he'd been up until 1 a.m. the previous night studying for the religious knowledge test at St. Michael's University. "I had to rush breakfast (toast and milk) to make it to the zoology lab by 10 a.m. We dissected a live frog. That was kind of fun. You have to anesthetize the frog first but our demonstrator didn't do it too well and so it was twitching a bit while it was being dissected. I felt a bit squeamish and the guy looked a bit green, but no one threw up."

He then wrote the religious knowledge test (Question: what is inspiration?) had lunch at his residence (cham salad) went to the physics building to hunt successfully for a mislaid shoe rule and then clocked in at the botany department in a van bid to find a teacher. "I wanted to ask what type of test to expect. He spent the afternoon watching TV and the evening studying for the next day's chemistry exam."

DIABETICS AND DRIVING LESSONS

Michael Albisser, 25, and working toward his doctorate in biomedical engineering, was asked to work early because he was troubled about the centrifuge centrifuge he is designing to separate the red blood cells from white cells and plasma. The centrifuge is part of equipment he is designing that

continued on page 64

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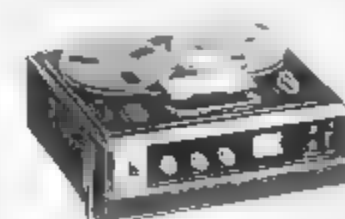
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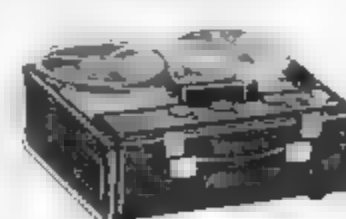
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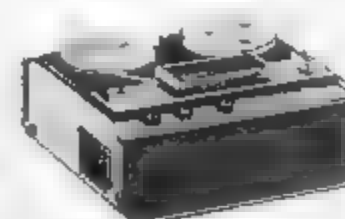
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UNIVERSITY DAY continued

will take blood samples from a diabetic patient, analyze them, feed the results to a digital computer programmed to determine the kind of medication needed and order a medical attendant to provide it. "Eventually the computer should be able to supply the medication to the patient as well," he explained.

"I spent the morning designing a minor component for the centrifuge and ordered our machinist to make it. Lunch? Well, I had it with colleagues and we talked about gravity because I've been worried about it recently. I've been wondering whether we could investigate and control the gravitational field as well, since we have already got into the areas of the electric field and magnetic field. At present, we don't know much more about gravity than its effects.

"After lunch I attended a lecture by Dr. Anatoly Tulin from the Kiev Polytechnical Institute, who's here at the moment, and I look off early to give my wife her third driving lesson. It's not supposed to be sensible to teach your wife to drive, but I think it's hilarious. She weaves in and out of the traffic at about two miles an hour and she knocked down a rack of ovens at a gas station last time."

ONE BLOODY RUSSIAN

"You want to find me again? You just come to Massey College and ask the man on the door for that bloody Russian. You find me." Dr. Anatoly Tulin, 34, exchange student and researcher from Kiev Polytechnical was explaining that there'd be no difficulty in arranging another meeting.

"My day begin with breakfast but there was no eggs just bacon and sausages, so I had sausages. That was at Massey College where I spend the school year. It is a fine place, Massey College. It is said it is very English. They have a Massey College necktie I am going to buy one because it's very interesting. We have something similar some student identification in the Baltic republics, Latvia, Estonia, Lithuania.

"After breakfast I attended lecture
continued on page 66

PARADE

Best news is no news

Back when the news on the radio was blasting your eardrums with nothing but horrid reports from places like the Sinai Desert and Vietnam, listeners in Flin Flon, Man., got a sudden and refreshing lift from a true-confession item by a local housewife who disarmingly announced to the supper-time audience, "When the alarm went off this morning, I just rolled over for another half hour. I haven't done a darn thing all day." Source of the item turned out to be seepage from a rainstorm that caused a short circuit between telephone and broadcasting circuits, but it cheered up the entire mining town for about the next 24 hours.

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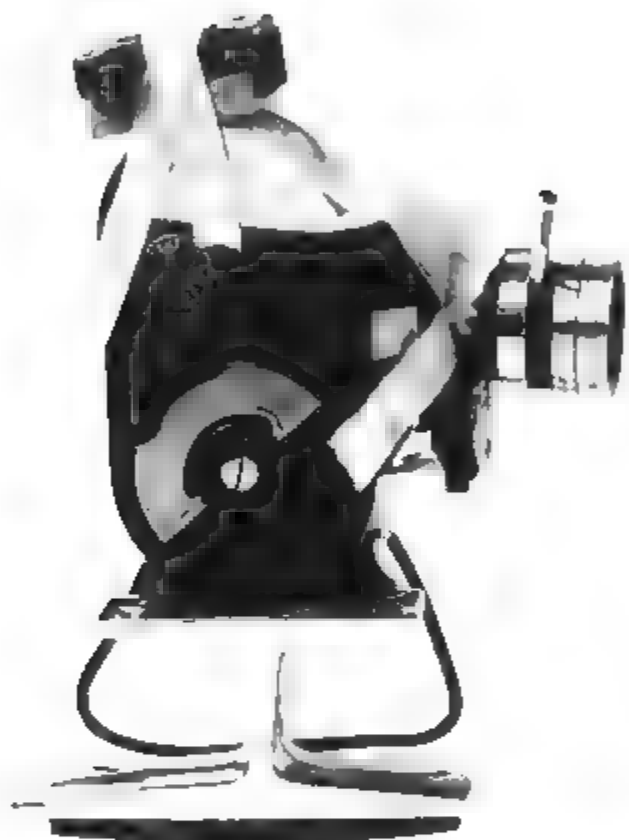
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BELL & HOWELL

UNIVERSITY DAY *continued*

"I can't find Canadian artists on TV"

on English because I need to practise my pronunciation. After lunch I give my own lecture — I am working in the field of nonlinear analog computers at present — and then I talk a lot with friends and take a driving lesson. It's important two of the three Russian students learn to drive because we are going to drive across Canada from Vancouver to Montreal to Expo. Then we will go back home in summer aboard the Alexander Pushkin which is the finest, most magnificent ship in the world — so they say.

"Tonight?" Well, tonight I have a party with friends. Most of my evenings and weekends I spend visiting Canadian families. At first I think some people were suspicious of me — perhaps we were both victims of the propaganda — but now I have many friends. Anyway I prefer visiting and talking to watching television. Your television is not very interesting, mostly because I can't find out anything from it about your Canadian artists, your singers and dancers and playwrights and actors. You have them, I suppose, but it's not like at home ours are on the television for us to see."

LA PETITE MOOR

Dark-eyed Judith Levy-Bencheton, petite and 21, had just had a serious argument with a philosophy professor about her essay. She figured her mark was too low. "But the professor is always right, no?" Right

And is that a French-French accent?

"No, a French-Morocco accent. I come from Casablanca three and a half years ago with my family. Before this I studied in Strasbourg. English is still for me a great handicap."

"I'm in second year Arts, and French is, *naturellement*, my best subject. I played the lead in a French play done by the university last term. Today I got up at seven, studied in the library most of the morning. The big point today was the argument about my philosophy essay. I am furious. Tonight I shall go home and listen to classical music. I don't worry."

VALEDICTION TO READING

Dr. George Heiman, an intense middle-European who teaches political science, was sitting at an uncluttered desk in his office working against a press deadline that's a lot easier than the ones he used to beat as managing editor of *Liberty* magazine. He was re-reading *Herder's Social and Political Thought*, a book by a Saskatchewan political scientist named F. M. Barnard and jotting down notes for a review he planned to write for the *University of Toronto Quarterly*. "It's certainly not meant to entertain," he says. "That's why I quit *Liberty* 14 years ago and took my PhD. I'm not an entertainer." Dr. Heiman gets gloomy whenever he thinks about the future of Canadian magazines. Sometimes he even gets gloomy about the future of print in general. "The me-

dia's changed," he says. "Maybe McLuhan's right, and readings become less important." On that morose note, he left his office and went over to the faculty club for a sandwich.

POKER, POOL AND VOLPONE

Drew Clarke commutes from suburbia to the campus every day usually on his Yamaha 250. But today it rained. "It's not that I'm worried about flipping it, just that I don't like getting soaked." Drew didn't have any money and the bus fare in Toronto is 25 cents. After a half-hour search he found a silver dollar in his cufflinks holder.

"At the bus stop there was this beautiful girl with an umbrella. I was determined not to look at her but she asked me if I wanted to stand under her umbrella. We rode downtown together and just talked, you know." Drew moved his 9 p.m. history tutorial, so he went to the Victoria University coffee shop to "sit around." "I watched a game of bridge for about 20 minutes then I started reading English *Volpone* by Ben Jonson. I can't stand the library. It's really massive. Two hundred kids sitting in there and nobody makes a sound. I'd rather be where there's noise. Anyway I was reading *Volpone* when a girlfriend came along with a few guys. I didn't have any money for cigarettes, so we played poker for cigarettes. That's when I got rid of my gum — when I had my first cigarette. I probably won't have any lunch — no money. This afternoon I'll play pool. We just play for the table." Drew's friends all knew one another before university; they went to school together. "If you come to Vic and don't know anybody you may as well eat lunch on the park bench for the first two months."

MAC THE PORTER

Sergeant-Major Norman McCracken, the porter at Massey College, spent 22 years with the Queen's Own Rifles and even in academe is still every inch a soldier. As he sorts the morning mail, his waxed moustaches bristle and he hup-one-two's happily to himself. His duties start at 7:30 ("Practically midday for the army — this job's a soft touch") when he opens the big wrought-iron gate. Then two hours with the bursar going over the accounts for the dining room and bar (he didn't quite call it the officers mess).

All calls, queries and complaints go through him. If I can handle it, I handle it. I'm more or less a public-relations man. I live with my wife here at the gatehouse, so we're close to the job. I always handle The Visitor. Vincent Massey you know to see if he wants or needs anything and that everything is copasetic and up to scratch.

THE BEETLEBERRY BARD

Hans Werner Toile is a 21-year-old second-year English undergraduate. "Today?" Well, I got up at noon and glanced through a couple of books for exams. Then came down here and just sort of drifted. Sure exams are less than two weeks away, but that doesn't worry me. If I can be had you lose interest in other things,

more important things." Hans was an apprentice actor last summer at Stratford and had a part in CTV's production of *Henry V*. He's also involved in Hart House and writes plays, acts, and directs.

"I write poetry, too. I guess that's the most important thing right now. I've been, ahem, published in the *Canadian Forum*. Like last night for instance another poet and I got together and composed *The Collective Poems of Annel Borgwath* which, right now, consists of about six poems with titles like 'The Farm Next to My Father's Beetleberry Farm.' I don't know what we'll do with them when we're finished. Might try to get them published, but at the moment it's just a lot of fun."

INSTANT BEER?

Boys outnumber girls two to one on the campus, so the competition can be tough. It's a problem that has never worried Joe Toby. He's a fourth-year student in food chemistry and 99 percent of his classmates are girls. He could take his pick. There's only one trouble: Joe's already married.

Very married. Even though his first class wasn't until 11 a.m. (the study of mammalian enzyme regulation) he got up at eight to drive his wife to work. After the class he had lunch (a pickled egg in a pub) and then returned for a 1:30 seminar. At the seminar he presented his wrap-up report on his year's research project: an analysis of freeze-dried beer.

Does that mean instant beer? "It didn't work," says Joe sadly. "The humulones that should be there aren't." (Humulones are bitter crystalline antibiotics.) In the evening Joe planned to take in a movie with his wife and then visit friends for some talk and a few beers. Bottled beers.

THE STUDENT'S MOUTHPIECE

As soon as Horace Krever, 37, arrived at the Law School about 8:45 a.m., he posted a notice canceling his two lectures in civil procedure. "I've got to appear before CAPUT at 10:30 this morning and God knows how long that'll take. CAPUT is the university disciplinary body and I'm acting for a student who has been charged with a library irregularity. That may sound harmless, but it isn't. The boy could be expelled. I take on this kind of job because I have a lot more practical courtroom experience than most of the staff around here."

"This is a rotten day for the CAPUT thing to come up. I have three lectures to prepare for tomorrow. The chairman of the Ontario law-reform commission is coming in to see me later about I don't know what. I'm an editor of the *Dominion Law Reports* and at the moment I'm way behind in reading head notes for cases I think should be reported. I want to get at three arbitration awards I must write. And my office shelf is loaded down with material I should be reading for the public hearings next week of the Commission on Healing Arts. It's a royal commission idea and I'm one of the committee members. But right now I've got to think about that bloody kid who got himself in dach with the library." ★

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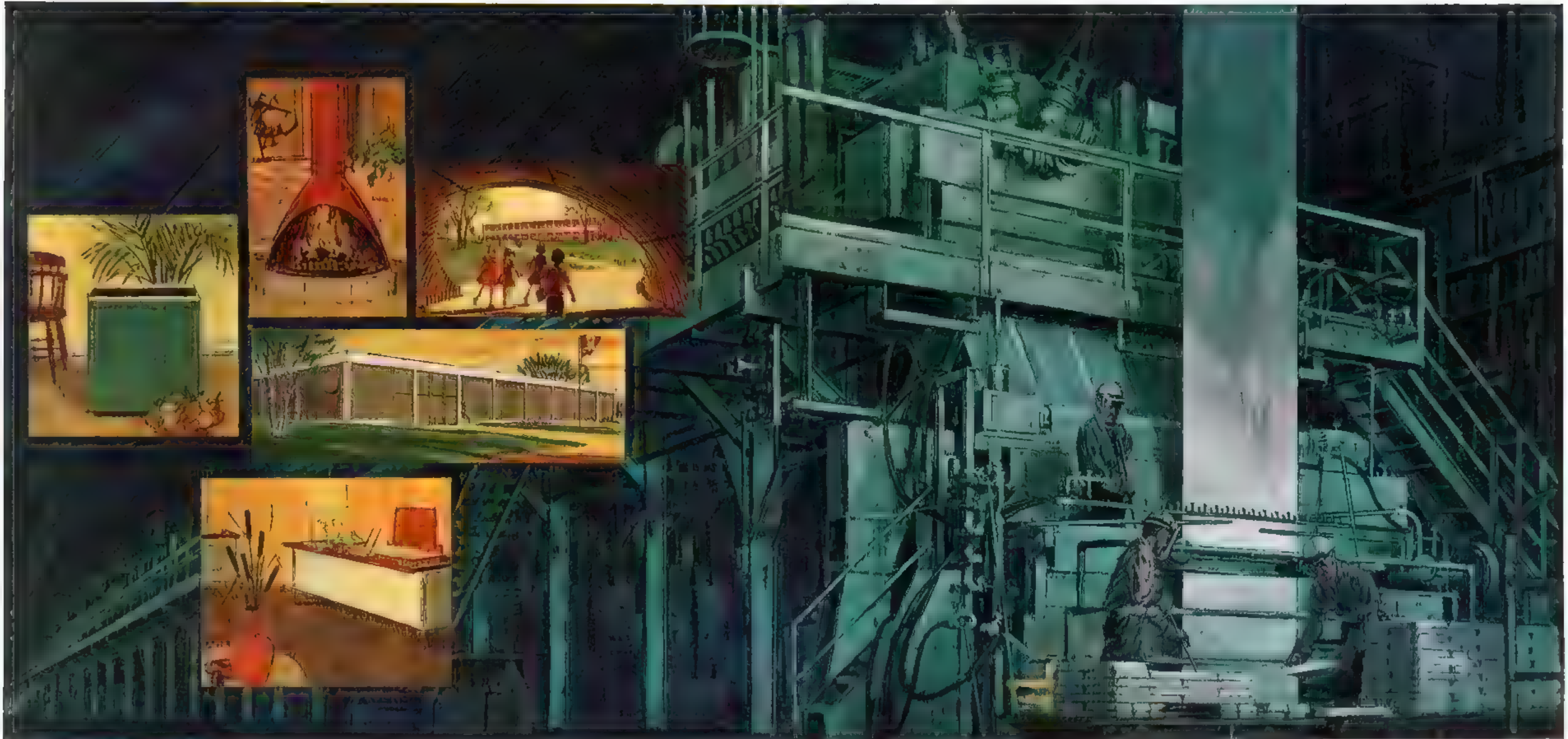


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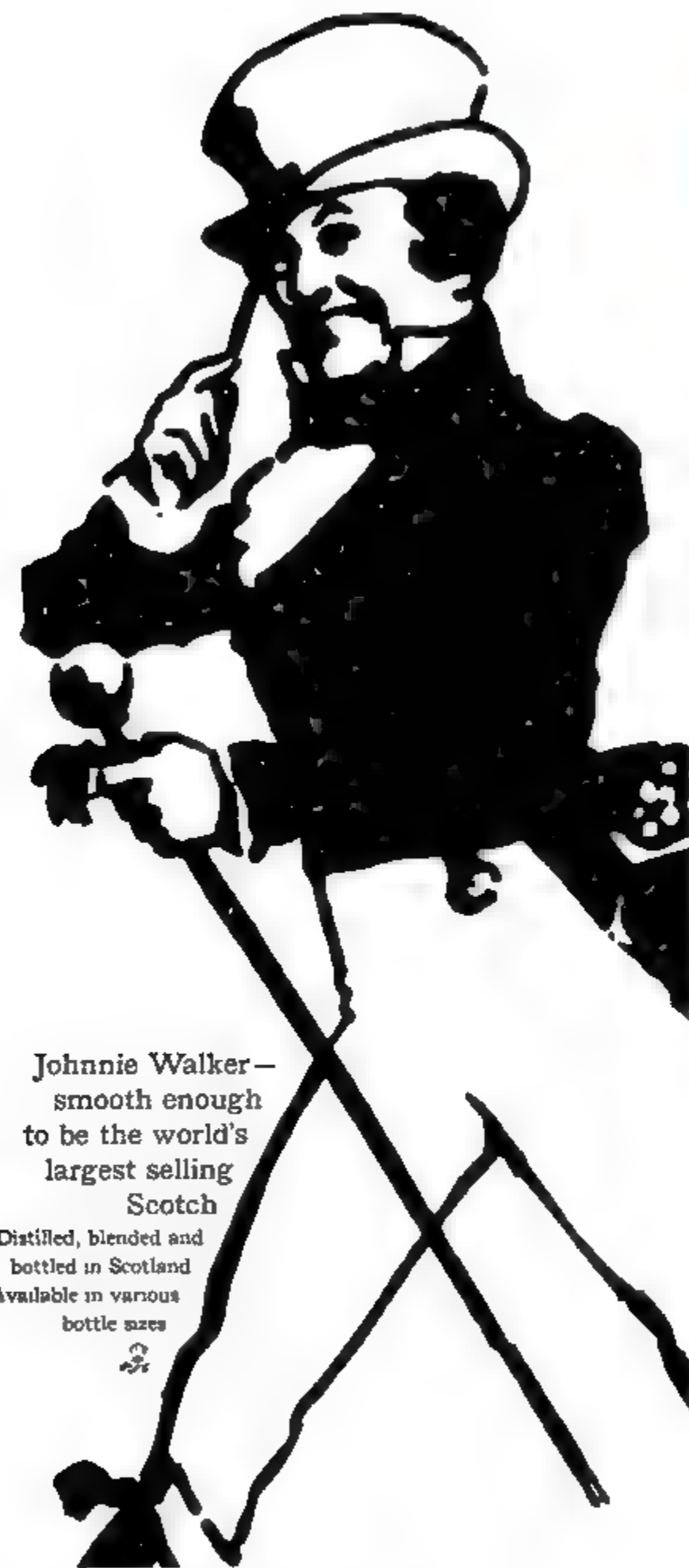
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WHAT'S HAPPENING IN MEDICINE

BY EARL DAMUDE

Can they bring you back from the dead?

Will it be possible to bring people back to life after they have been dead for half an hour or so? The Russians think so. A team of scientists at the Bogomolets Institute in Kiev claims to have anesthetized a dog, drowned it in salt water for 25 minutes and then brought it back to life. And Professor Vsevolod Yankovsky says the next move is to use the same method on "dead" humans.

The basic part of the new Russian resuscitation machine is very much like the heart-lung machine which takes over the work of those organs during an open-heart operation. In the Soviet experiment the dog was said to have been clinically dead for 20 minutes when it was taken out of the water. The resuscitation machine was hooked up so the dog's lungs and heart were forced to function again. At the same time the dog was given oxygen. First the heart started to beat with an irregular motion. When it regained its normal beat, the machine was disconnected. Then the dog's circulation was connected to the blood circulation of an anesthetized dog lying alongside. Within a half hour the "dead" dog was breathing normally and the donor's assistance was withdrawn.

Usually, the big hazard in resuscitating someone after such a long period of "death" is that the brain is irreparably damaged from lack of oxygenated blood. But in this case Prof. Yankovsky says there appears to be no brain damage, and that the dog can still respond to conditioned reflexes learned before the drowning.

For burns, a bed of air

The latest treatment for severe body burns is to have the patient lie on a bed of air. Engineers who designed the Hovercraft, which so many people saw at Expo 67, have teamed up with British orthopedic and plastic surgeons to invent a bed in which the patient literally floats on air.

The burn victim is put on the bed, the air is turned on and a series of air flaps or seals gently raise the patient. These flaps create an air seal all around the body. Once the air velocity is sufficient to keep the patient literally floating, the flaps under the body, which helped raise the patient, drop away. There is also a leg divider in the bed, which makes an air seal around the legs.

In an article in *The Lancet* the designers admit the hovercraft bed

makes a lot of noise, much like the Hovercraft itself. But nobody seems to mind: the patient is comfortable, the burns stay uninfected (the air cushion is sterile) and burns and skin grafts heal faster. A burn victim is kept in the air bed for about 12 to 15 hours, though it may be necessary to increase the time to 24 hours to form enough scar tissue to make it possible for him to lie on an ordinary bed.

The experimental air bed has proven successful enough for the British government to sponsor construction of a two-bed clinical trial unit.

Trouble for abortion bill?

Just as our House of Commons has finally put therapeutic abortion on the order list for this fall session, there is news that the hard-fought British Medical Termination of Pregnancy Bill has run into trouble again. The bill originated in the House of Lords, was fought over vehemently there and also ran into trouble in the Commons. What raised the biggest storm was the clause that legalized abortion not only if the pregnancy threatened the mental and physical health of the mother, but also if the health of any existing children were threatened by the continuation of the pregnancy.

But the bill with this contentious clause did pass the Commons. Now the Lords are balking again. They do not like the "existing children" clause and they also want one of the two physicians, who have to approve the abortion, to be a specialist. Lady Summerskill, a medical peer, says two general practitioners could form a partnership to run an abortion mill. The supporters of the bill in the Commons want no more changes in the bill. They say if the Lords do not pass it on for royal assent, they will evoke their special powers to make it law without the Lords' approval.

All this argument in Britain will likely be reflected here. You can expect arguments just as violent when the Canadian government introduces its therapeutic abortion bill in the House this fall. And do not be surprised if many doctors advocate a very much watered-down version of the British bill. They are afraid of the implications of the bill and will almost certainly ask for a clause that will permit any doctor to opt out if a patient demands a therapeutic abortion.

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"Violence," says Brown, "is the only value America respects"

flowing, blue, African mumu. Her hair was long, in the popular "African style." She kept pestering the SNCC workers for jobs to do around the place. They just gently kidded her along. The only other person in the waiting room was a teenage boy with the longest legs I've ever seen. They were encased in bright orange pants. There were no white faces here. The white workers in SNCC had dropped out a long time ago. Both Carmichael and Brown had told them "Go and talk to your own white society. Civilize them. If you can't, we will."

Brown came in alone carrying a briefcase. The first impression was one of casual nonchalance. He wears dark glasses which he never removes. He is six-foot-three and about 190 pounds. He carries himself with the loose gait of a basketball player which he is. He wore a suede coat, blue crew-neck T-shirt, jeans, heavy grey workman's socks with red trim and sneakers with the laces cut out so they slipped on like slippers.

The girl in the mumu hurried over to him. In a rush of words, she told him how great she thought he was and demanded that he give her some work. "I'll even wax the floors here, so you can walk on them." Brown seemed embarrassed by the adulation and tried to contain it by glancing at a clipping she was showing him. It was a picture that had been taken of him on the courthouse steps just after he had got out of jail. And there was the little girl in the mumu, right behind him in the picture. Was that all right she wanted to know? Sure, Brown smiled.

"Hey I bet your mother, she's great?" asked the girl.

"She's right," answered Brown.

"But I heard your dad doesn't like the way that you talk about President Johnson?" the little girl asked.

"Yeah, I was talking to him last night," said Brown. "And I told him, he may be your president but he's not mine. I wouldn't vote for a dawg like that," he drawled. It got a big laugh out of the girl and the SNCC workers who were standing around.

Brown comes from what he calls "a working black American family" in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. And it is true that he gets some static from his parents about what he says and does. "But," he says, "it comes from fear - fear for my safety and theirs. But

I've gone on notice to America that if anything happens to them, I have no objection to going down to Louisiana and wantonly killing as many white people as I can get. "Violence," as he never tired of reiterating, "is the only value America respects."

A few minutes later I was in his office. I told him I wanted to avoid an across-the-desk interview but to

black people of America. His training in thinking probably came from the three years he spent at Southern University, Louisiana, where he majored in political science and sociology. His philosophy undoubtedly comes from his bitter experiences with, first, the Mississippi Summer Project drumming up voter registration for southern black people, then with SNCC

an hour earlier by the same two black detectives. Now Brown walked up to their unmarked car. "We're going up to Harlem, 135th Street."

His tone was, *Just go on up there and don't bother us.* But the police just waited for us to get a cab, and then followed right behind us all the way up to Harlem. At 135th we went into a restaurant to eat. There were no white faces here except the cameraman and myself. Everybody in the place knew Brown. There were greetings of "How's it going, Rap?" "Hi, Rap. Hey there Rap," as we walked past the booths.

As we were eating, a middle-aged black man dressed in a dark suit, white shirt and tie, asked him some questions. It turned out that he was a newspaperman who wanted to know how Brown rationalized the violence he preached. Brown answered him quietly and at considerable length. "We are at war with a violent aggressor, the white racist society of America. When you are at war you have to counter violence with violence. Violence won the American Revolution and any other revolution that was successful. In America, violence is given more respect than the civil rights movement. And as Chairman Mao says, respect comes from the barrel of a gun."

After the newspaperman had left we talked about the civil-rights movement in the U.S. and its waning influence.

"It's dead," replied Brown, "and thank God it's dead. The whole idea of unearned suffering being redemptive is ridiculous. It was only a preparation for the genocide that America is now executing against black people."

I asked him what he meant by genocide.

"Over 500 black children die each year in Alabama because of improper nourishment," replied Brown. "That's genocide in a country that has money to shoot to the moon. Thirty percent of the casualties in Vietnam are black - that's no accident. Twenty-two percent of the combat troops are black - that's no accident, either. The whole birth-control program as it is preached to the black people in America is an attempt at genocide. The ghettos and conditions in which black people have to live is an application of genocide."

He returned to his chicken, then a few seconds later he asked if I had heard about the concentration camps. I told him that I had heard something about them from draft-dodgers who had made their way up in about

in its nonviolent era and, finally, as a worker for the War on Poverty Program, he dismisses it as a "nickel revolution." Along the way he has been in jail 30 times. So far the cops haven't been able to intimidate him - even now when he is immediately and obviously watched the minute he steps out of a house.

They were there, two days later, when Brown, a friend of his, the cameraman and I stepped out of a Greenwich Village apartment. I had been questioned on my way in about

"Sure, man, it's true," he said. "America has built 13 concentration camps and is now renovating 17 more. They were used in World War II for the Japanese, only now they are calling them 'redistribution centres.' They are located right across the country. Now I contend the only reason a person builds a concentration camp is for the same reason Hitler built concentration camps. But we put America on notice that if America chooses to play Nazis, we ain't gonna play Jews!"

Outside, the rain began to fall on the black ghetto of the world's biggest city. We decided to forget about the street-interview idea and return to the apartment in the Village to shoot the film. While I was paying my bill I overheard three middle-aged black men talking. They were dressed in business suits and standing by the restaurant window looking at the rain. Brown was standing outside the entrance talking to someone.

"Hey ain't that Rap Brown?" asked one.

"Don't he care? Don't he care about dying?"

"Oh yeah, he cares, but he knows they gonna get him. Just like they got Malcolm, and then Stokely. They'll get him."

The apartment in the Village belonged to Brown's friend Allen, a social worker. It was quite a place. There were bedrooms and a living room on one level. The decor was tasteful, relaxing. From the living room you could see down into the dining room, which opened onto a rear patio where there were two little metal tree fountains. Someone turned them on and they made a gentle trickling noise. Brown smugly referred to his friend as a capitalist. And Allen jokingly complained he was getting a bad name as a capitalist for housing a revolutionary. We sat down around the dining-room table. The cameras were set up. I asked Brown about his chances for survival.

"They might get me as an individual," he answered. "But before me there was Stokely Carmichael, before him there was Malcolm X, before him there was Marcus Garvey. They will never destroy the black-man's implacable will to be free. For the same reason that black men fought for America, they will fight against America if put in 1967 then in 1968. Look at the rebellions. People who did not fight in 1964 fought in 1967. And you wait until the brothers get home from Vietnam with their skills of killing and destruction. Then, when they see their mothers and the kids being shot down by the white racist cops, then you gonna see some fighting."

"The white people have got their guns, we know that. But that doesn't lessen our wish to be free. And you are gonna have to let us exercise that right to be free or we are gonna destroy the country. Like the song says: *Before I be a slave I'll be buried in my grave and go home to my Lord and be free.*" There was a sudden silence, then he murmured, "Yeah!" He beat time twice with his foot then shot out, "Next question?"

I began to ask him about gains made in the south, when he cut in sharply, "There were no gains. Getting

voter registration for the black people in the south was only a political move by Lyndon Johnson. He saw a vast reservoir of untapped votes down there and he said, 'Go and register me some Democrats. It's just the way Canus says. What better way to enslave a man than by giving him the vote and telling him he's free.'"

"Because black people with the vote are still slaves. We cannot vote for whom we choose. A good example of this is in Gary, Indiana, where a black

man won the Democratic primary for mayor. But the Democratic Party refuses to support him. It refuses to endorse him. Because he is a black man. And they are willing to go with the white Republican candidate, and there hasn't been a Republican in Gary, Indiana, for over 30 years. But white people are willing to back him because he is white. The population is 60 percent black. We cannot vote for the Republican or the Democratic Party. The similarities are greater than

the differences. How can I choose between Lyndon Johnson and Goldwater? There is no such thing as the lesser of two evils. Evil is evil."

"How does shooting the white man solve that problem?"

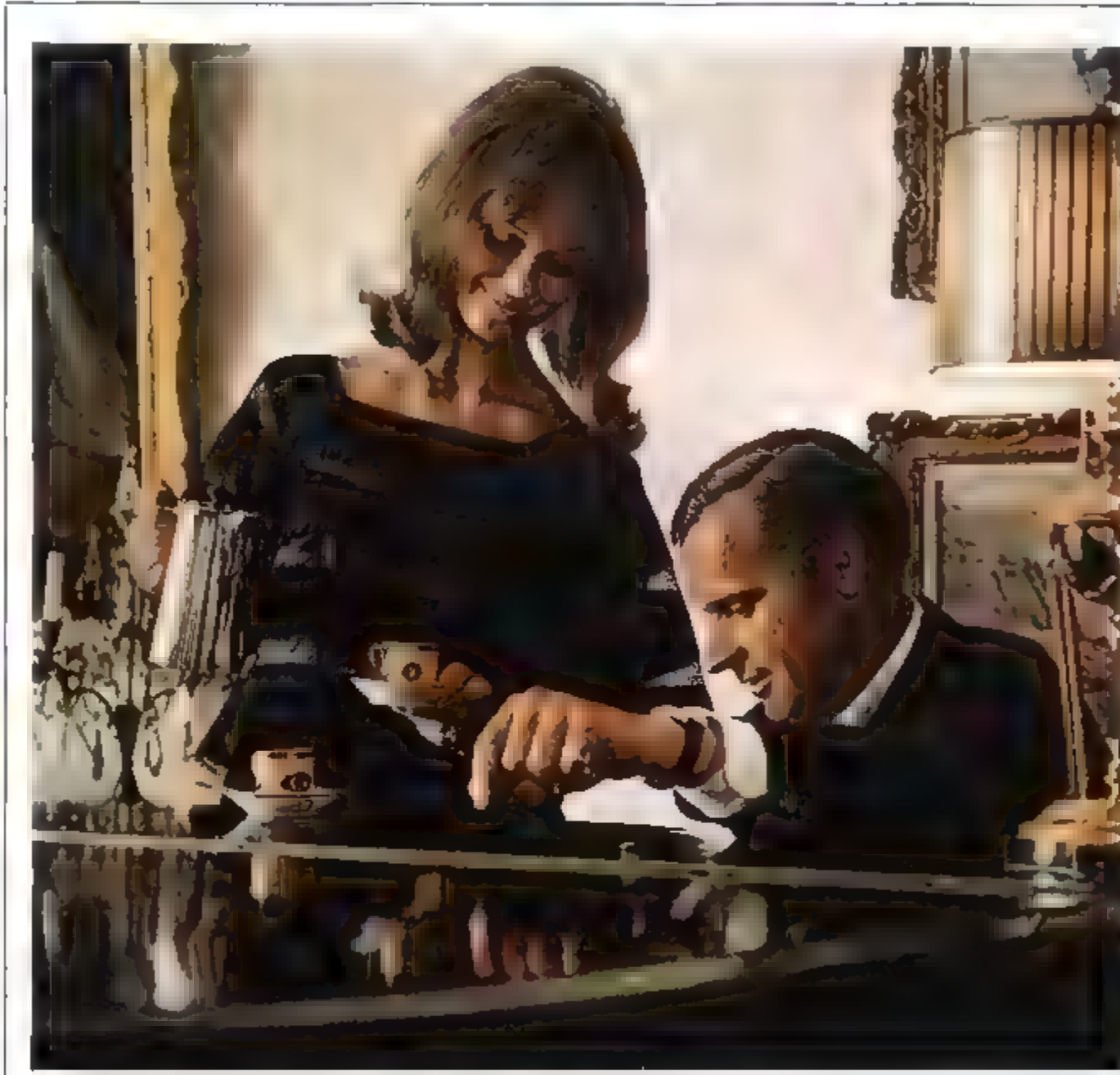
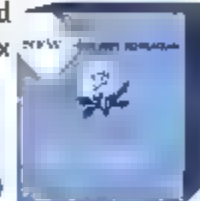
"We have never talked aggression," Brown replied. "But it is proven now that we need arms to protect our communities. When the white man comes into our communities to do us harm, he is going to be met with violence."



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"White people can't help us, except by sending guns"

"Then peaceful co-existence is out?"
 "That is not determined by me. It's out when I am attacked by violence."

"Then who is it determined by?"
 "By Lyndon Johnson and Hubert Humphrey. They have the power now to render impotent the white racism, the oppression and exploitation of the

black people. If they did that there would be no need for the black people to address themselves to a violent counterforce."

"Well, are you suggesting a form of apartheid where the whites will control their community and the black people theirs, with no communication between the two?"

"That's a ridiculous theory. The Italians have their own community and control it, so do the Jews. The Chinese have their own community and control it. They are all still Americans. That is all we are asking for, the same thing. We have never said the white man cannot come into our community. But we are going on

record that if he comes to do us harm, he is going to get shot."

As we talked, Brown said he wanted it made clear that he did not regard himself as a leader of the black people. He said that he spoke only for his organization. "I am not a spokesman for the black people addressing myself to the white power structure. I am speaking only to the black people. The leaders are the little brothers who throw the most molotovs and bricks the hardest and the furthest."

"Why are you always singled out as a leader then?"

"Because America is looking for a scapegoat to blame her troubles on. And it is because the news media are one of the greatest enemies the black people have. They are owned by the very people we are fighting. The news media are a vile organism of America, an arm of the government. The white press never calls for an answering of the grievances of the black people. But what they call for is a guilt-tripping of whoever happens to be in the area. If Mr. Carmichael is there, they call for his head. If I'm there, they call for my head. But we do not make revolutions. It is conditions that make a revolution. People make a revolution."

"Is there still any way white people who want to help can help?"

"You can't help us at all, except send us some guns," said Brown.

"But there are a lot of white people who have a thing about guns, they don't like to see them used."

"Well, send us the money then and we'll buy the guns, because we don't have a thing about using guns. We just been using them for the wrong thing."

The interview was over. We packed up the equipment, and just as we were leaving, Brown asked, "Can they extradite me from Canada?" I said "Yes, they probably could." He nodded and closed the door after saying good-bye.

Out on the street we were immediately confronted by a black policeman who flashed a badge and started asking us who we were and where we were going. We told him

"Was Donald Washington up there?" he asked. I told him I didn't know, which was true. He asked me some other names which I didn't know either. He turned away and walked quickly to a telephone booth. And that is the last image I have of H. Rap Brown's life in America, a cop phoning from a dingy telephone booth. ★

PARADE

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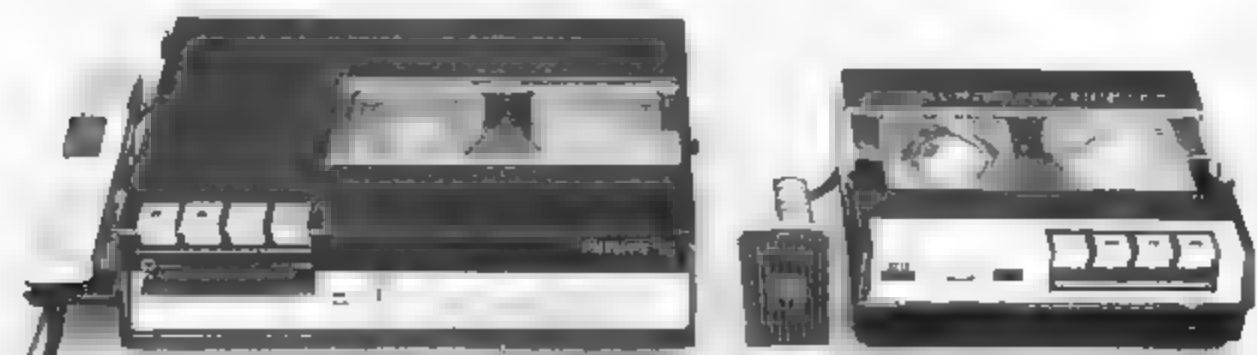
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The Manhattan Reincubated

Instead of rye or Bourbon, take Comfort.
 1 jigger Southern Comfort
 1 oz. extra dry (French) vermouth
 Dash Angostura bitters (optional)

Stir well with cracked ice, strain into glass. Add a cherry, Man! (hattan).

Renewal of The Old Fashioned

Instead of Bourbon or rye, take Comfort.
 1 jigger Southern Comfort
 Teaspoon sugar (optional)
 Dash of Angostura bitters
 Splash of dry soda

Stir bitters, sugar and soda in glass, add ice cubes and Southern Comfort. Top with crust of lemon peel, orange slice and cherry.

Unique Scattered Chorus

1 oz. Southern Comfort
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 Juice of 1 fresh lime
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The Reincubated Sour

Instead of rye or Scotch, take Comfort.
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 1/2 jigger lemon juice
 1 teaspoon sugar

Shake with cracked ice. Strain into glass. Add orange slice and cherry. Smooth.

Restoration of The Highball

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 Teaspoon lemon juice or juice of 1 lime (optional)
 Splash of water

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NERVOUS BREAKDOWN continued from page 25

"I still couldn't admit I was sick"

told me later) but in the weekly sessions that followed we did probe seriously into the causes of my emotional turmoil. Some causes dated from my early childhood, others occurred during adulthood, when the pressures and tensions of my work got complicated by some unhappy personal involvements, including several broken engagements.

I had only begun to understand some of these old problems and their effects on me when a new crisis arose at the office. One day without warning my boss announced that my responsibilities were to be increased. For me the question wasn't "Could I handle it?" It was simply "Do I dare stay on the job even one more day?" The answer was plain: I handed in my resignation.

By now it was January 1965, nearly six months since my doctor had prescribed six weeks' rest. Yet even now I still couldn't admit I was in the middle of a nervous breakdown. To explain my resignation, I told my superiors lamely that I felt the need to "patch myself up." As bewildered as they were by my recent conduct and now by my desire to quit, they were graciously considerate. Why not take six months' leave of absence? one of them suggested.

Right then, perhaps for the first time I realized how bad things were with me. A leave of absence would put a time limit on my "patching up." It implied that I would be well in half a year. I wasn't so sure I'd

ever be well again. No thanks, I said, let's make it a clear break.

Once again, though, I encountered the problem of human reactions—a problem that has plagued me ever since, even to this day. On the day I resigned a friend who had suffered a severe emotional illness himself offered me some advice. "Don't explain everything," he said. "Tell people you're finishing a book. Otherwise he tapped his forehead. "they'll say 'That girl is sick in the head.'"

But he had forgotten that when you have a breakdown you feel so insecure that you have a fierce compulsion to justify and explain everything you do. You lack both the poise and stamina to tell a social lie and let it ride. To every inquiry I babbled that "my doctor said I was exhausted" and "now I'm going to be sensible." I'm sure many people never understood what I was telling them. I couldn't bring myself to say the word "breakdown."

Regardless of what I said, or failed to say, what I was doing seemed utterly crazy to a lot of my friends. Why would I get a good job without moving to one equally as good, or better? Throughout my first week at home the telephone rang repeatedly with calls from the puzzled and the curious. Some were convinced my resignation was evidence of a fascinating case of office politics. They wanted the details. Others insisted I was being silly. One man thought I would all go away if I took a long

continued on page 78

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trip, and he just laughed when I said I'd still have to take myself along. He had missed the point. Time and again people told me "It's all in your mind." Ironically, that was true, but not the way they meant it. They implied I could cure myself if I would smarten up, which was like telling a man with a broken back that he just needed gymnastics to get up and walk.

A few friends were unintentionally dangerous. My conversations with

them got quickly reduced to observations about the bleak fatality of life. Such thoughts seemed reassuring at first; they proved I wasn't alone in my misery. But they soon heightened my sense of impending doom. One day when I told one friend I thought I was pulling out of my slump, he cautioned: "Don't count on too much. It's worse when you go back again." On a second, similar occasion, another friend shattered my optimism with: "I'll check back in a day or

two. By then you might want to leap off the balcony."

Other friends, equally well intentioned, decided to challenge me out of my condition. One denounced me for what he called my "sickening weakness." Then he delivered the punchline: "Or have you always had this yellow streak down your back?" His sarcasm had an extra sting for me as I wondered whether he was right.

The Instant Analyzers weren't any

easier to take. One called on the phone to ask probing questions about my inner feelings. I knew where he was heading but I couldn't stop him. Finally he announced his verdict: no doubt about it—I had a serious psychotic disorder.

But that's not what my psychiatrist says, I replied.

Better check with him again," my friend said knowingly, and hung up.

There were the pleasant surprises, of course, mostly from people who showed capacity to accept the situation even if they couldn't understand it. One woman I had met only twice sent a note which said simply: "Come back to us soon. We need you." A colleague called to say he wouldn't mind if I came out to work, or need anything, I'm here." And one day, a member of The Saints Club, a group of so-called juvenile delinquents with whom I had been associated as a sort of volunteer den mother, called at my apartment and dropped an envelope of money onto my coffee table. "This is from a couple of us," he said, "because you were always there when we needed you." I hadn't told any of the Saints about my real problem, yet somehow they had sensed I needed their help.

"I was cheating myself"

I've learned since that it's a common tendency for people in my condition to try to shield close friends and family from the full impact of a nervous breakdown. I have a friend who was divorced during the most critical stage of her breakdown simply because she couldn't bring herself to tell her husband why she was behaving so irrationally. "I didn't want to worry him at first," she told me later. "By the time I realized how silly that was, it was too late."

I made the same mistake with my parents, whom I visited regularly at their home in another city. It was unfair, of course, both to them and to myself. Since they didn't fully understand what was happening to me, they weren't prepared to cope with my periods of panic and depression. And I was cheating myself out of the moral support and sympathy they would have provided.

The attitude of most friends had a predictable result. I withdrew, putting an answering service on the telephone and bolting up in my apartment.

My semi-isolation, combined with growing fears, had its own result. In two months I sank from panic and confusion into melancholy resignation. I felt desperately tired, but the more I rested the more exhausted I was. Sleeping at night was impossible. I spent those hours trying to relax, or fencing off total despair. I couldn't take sleeping pills now. I saw my Yorkshire Terrier puppy had a chronic tonsil condition which—periodically—made her ill. I couldn't take the chance of being in a craggy sleep when she needed me.

During the day I moved slowly and clumsily through the smallest task. Washing a cup and saucer was a major effort. If I broke anything and I was constantly breaking things

NERVOUS BREAKDOWN continued

"I felt ashamed, timid, fearful"

I was filled with a sense of loss and grief.

I felt guilty about everything. I couldn't cope. Yet people I respected said I should be able to cope. I would wake from a brief heavy sleep and feel guilty because I couldn't shake off the stupor. When I walked Lisa around the block, I seemed 1,000 miles yet I felt guilty because for her the walk was too short. Television was my diversion. I didn't watch. I stared at it and felt guilty because I was letting time go aimlessly by.

I had never been conscious of my age. Now I was overwhelmed by the years piled up behind me. I was old and finished at 42. The world had forgotten me and I deserved to be forgotten. I could contribute nothing.

I was ashamed of the person I had become. Everything was my fault. Once a store clerk unknowingly shortchanged me. But I didn't joke about it and collect my money. Instead, I crept timidly and silently away. Another time on an interstate bus, the driver discovered that contrary to the rules, I had brought Lisa aboard with me. In a scene that lasted four minutes and seemed like four hours, that driver kept every eye in the bus riveted on me while he delivered one of the loudest and rudest harangues I ever heard. I sat and took it, verging on tears.

Even in ordinary situations, I could

no longer bear to be noticed. During daylight hours, I kept indoors as much as possible. I preferred the twilight in a life I was anonymous.

At no time could I be sure how I'd react in any encounter. Confronted by a mildly embarrassing situation that most people would forget in five minutes—like bumping into a stranger on the street, or instance, or knocking over an ash tray in a cafe—I might stammer exaggerated apologies. I might cry, or I might flee.

Once I was out walking when a man, too drunk to navigate well, lurched toward me. There was no logical reason to worry—I was early and the street was crowded—but I panicked. The man grabbed my arm.

"Come on, sweetheart," he said, "let's go somewhere and have fun."

When I tried to pull away, he stepped closer.

"Come on," he wheedled, "I'll pay you."

Normally, I would have simply walked on, or cut him short with a curt remark. Instead I twisted away and pleaded, "Please! Leave me alone!" Suddenly I burst into tears, broke free and fled along a side street. Halfway down the block, I stopped. The tears dried up and I was suddenly angry. I wanted to hit that man, literally to pummel him as I had never pummeled anyone. I whirled around and raced back. He was gone. For several minutes I



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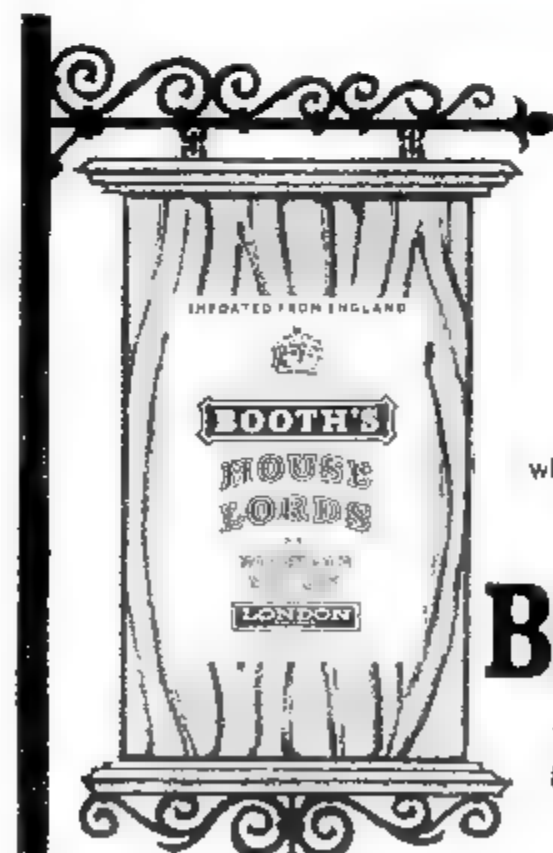
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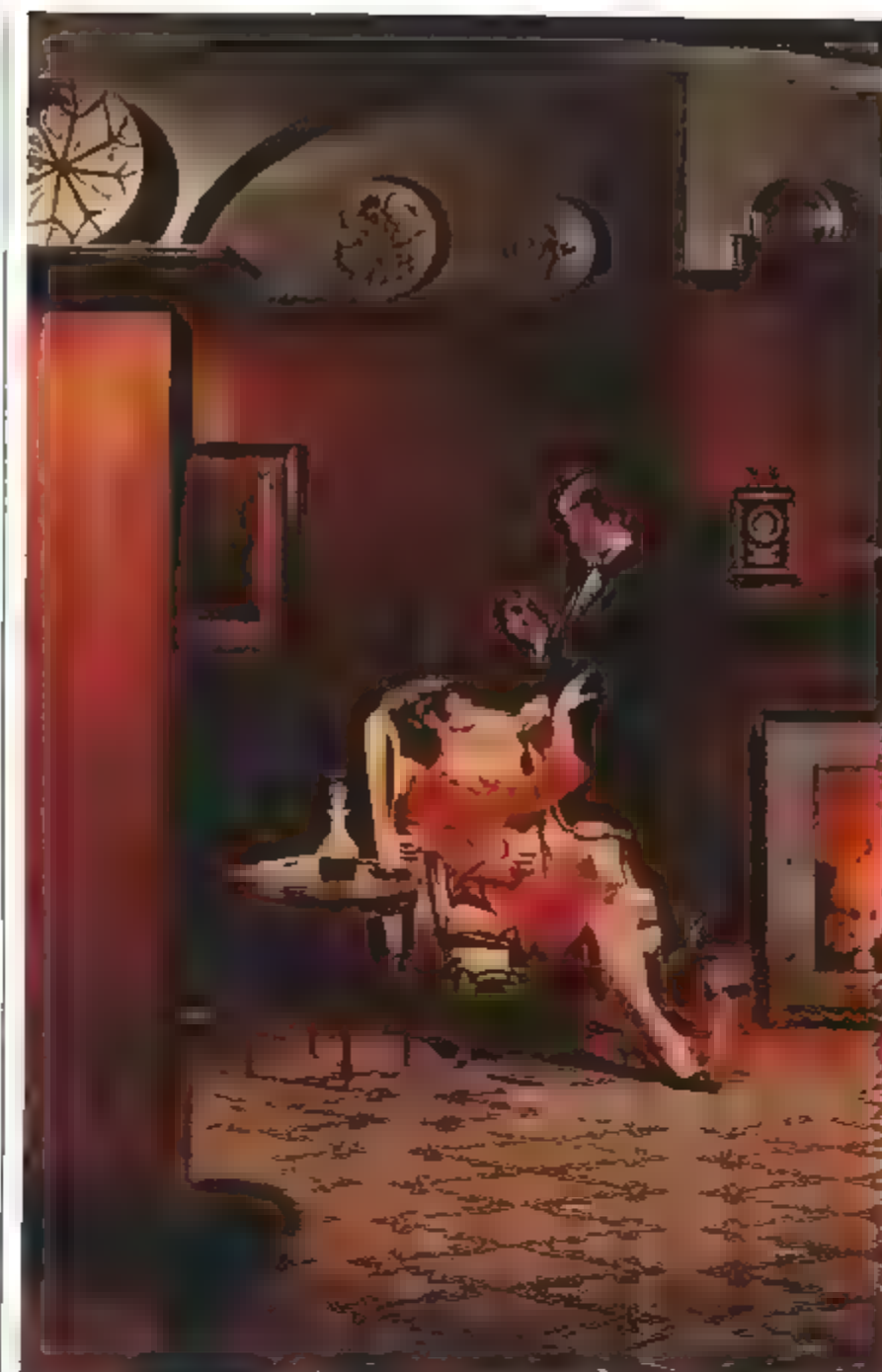
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"I grew resentful: I was sure everyone was criticizing me"

stood, rigid, overcome by this strange and irrational urge for revenge.

By fall my friends, one by one had dropped out of my life. I knew why it had happened but I resented it. When the telephone rang, I panicked. When it didn't ring, I knew it was because people were selfish and faithless and mean. My resent-

ment built swiftly. No one could do or say the right thing, I could always find a hidden message of criticism. When a friend joked one day about "our persecution complex," I ended the conversation crisply, certain he was both impatient and cruel. I couldn't believe people were just thoughtless, any remark that hurt had

to be a deliberate insult. One friend refused to believe I had not been in hospital. "Tell me," he said with an embarrassed smile, "how long have you been—ah—back in the world?" I couldn't reply. I began to tremble then hurried away before he could see me cry. A woman friend called to ask my advice about her

daughter. "She's acting so funny," she said, "I thought of you."

"I'll be glad to share my strait-jacket," I snapped, and hung up.

I hated myself for the way I was behaving, and now even this self-hatred seemed like a threat. I began to fear that it might some day push me to a fatal impulse. I set up elaborate precautions to avoid suicide. I threw out razor blades and even headache tablets. On my better days I drove with excessive care. On bad days I didn't drive at all. I stood well back on subway platforms and I kept right off the balcony of my 11th-floor apartment.

By now I had financial problems as well. Bills were piling up. I had to work yet I couldn't take a regular job. I decided to make a living as a freelance writer. It was a delusion, of course. I couldn't think objectively about any subject and I couldn't summon the energy. I wrote oddly confused little "humor" pieces about the problems of owning a car and the perils of reaching 40, and sent them off to editors who promptly sent them back. I managed to get a few public-relations assignments, but the way I handled them did little for my self-confidence or my reputation.

"I had to make it alone"

By now I had dropped my sessions with the psychiatrist. I still needed him but I couldn't afford him. There are free clinics for people with ailments like mine but the thought of starting the therapeutic process over again was intolerable. If I was going to make it at all, I had to make it alone.

Then, as slowly and subtly as it had come upon me, my illness began to recede. By February 1966, I had reason to remember a note I'd received many months before—probably the kindest, most encouraging note I'll ever get from anyone. It came from a friend I hadn't seen for two or three years. "I've brushed close to a breakdown a couple of times," he wrote, "and one morning you'll wake to find you are there and the world is there and it is not so impossible after all."

That's how it was now—not quite so impossible after all. I still couldn't work well, I still felt sensitive and resentful, I still had the black days. But something better was happening.

I began to look to the future, which seemed brighter, and imagined good things immediately in store. Sometimes I converted such fantasy into action. In one daydream I decided I would move into a tiny house with a garden and a tree which would be mine. I called three real-estate agents to ask about their listings. I had no real intention of buying a house, but I salved my conscience by telling them I was making "preliminary inquiries."

In the summer of 1966 I moved, without knowing it, into the final stage of my illness. Even yet I don't know what made the difference. The therapy sessions had given me clues about root problems and I had done the hard work of tackling each one. And despite the constant emotional merry-go-round inside me, I had been away from professional stresses and

continued on page 82

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tensions for 15 months. Perhaps the combination was working at last.

Long before my psychiatrist had urged me to "stall for time—stall on everything, especially the way you feel" I didn't understand his advice then but suddenly it made sense. When I felt depression coming on, I knew anxiety was on the way—but I could stall it off. When I had an attack of senseless panic I could stall the need I'd feel to run away. If someone hurt me I stalled my de-

fensive reaction. I was learning the oldest lesson of psychiatry whatever it is, page 1.

I began to have little bursts of energy. I was ready yet to pick up old friendships because I wasn't ready to make explanations. But I could form new friendships with people who wouldn't ask the wrong questions. Now I could make small talk again, and chance encounters with friends were no longer exercises in evasion. My sense of humor

began to return. If a friend made a tactless remark I could quip. "Watch it, you're hurting me!" without feeling genuinely hurt. Slowly I learned to cope even with the wrong questions, though I refused to reveal my experience for the curious, or the Instant Analyzers.

It was time for another round of social reactions. A number of people knew I had not been well, although they didn't know why. Now I was obviously well. But I still backed away

from normal living, so they classed me like a cured cripple who must be made to walk again. Some were plainly uneasy, not sure if I'd really "gone out of my mind," or was putting on a performance which wasn't a credit to me. Others avoided referring to the 18 months I'd spent as a semi-recluse—as if I'd ceased to exist for that year and a half. Some friends, along with me into our old pattern of exchanging quips and good-natured insults, would suddenly draw up short and exclaim, "Oh, Jeann!"—that didn't upset you, did it? I often felt like replying, "Not the comment—just your apology."

I was still wary and I still tested the climate of every encounter, but at least I was ready to try to cope with the world.

At last, I stood my ground

I got a chance to test my new attitude in the summer of 1966, when my parents and I rented a cottage in the Ontario lake country. The real-estate agent turned out to be a classic character. He let us discover for ourselves that there was no source of hot water except for an electric kettle which didn't work. Neither did the TV set that was to be part of the deal, nor for that matter did the electrical outlets. I had to arrange for the repairs. Later, after assuring us it would be all right for us to stay over the Labor Day weekend, the agent rented the cottage for that period to a group of half a dozen other people. But when they showed up early one morning to take possession, I was no longer the meek and compliant milquetoast. I stood my ground and forced the agent to find the others accommodation elsewhere. Back in Toronto I got on the phone and told the real-estate company exactly what I thought of their man and his ethics. Even at that I'm sure nobody else ever realized what a victory the whole episode had been for me.

I had made repeated attacks at the job of finishing at least a coherent draft of a book. Now I plunged in with renewed vigor. I couldn't admit it might be publishable, but I finished it and sent it to the publisher. A week later he telephoned. He liked the book! I hung up the telephone and walked trance-like around the apartment.

"It's over!" I kept telling Lisa. "Thank God it's over!"

For some friends it will never be completely over, as I realized just the other night at a party. One old friend was denouncing a business colleague. "He's crazy," he exclaimed, "just plain crazy. He ought to be locked up!" Suddenly my friend stopped, turned to me. "Oh, Jeann," he gasped, "I am sorry!"

Before I realized what he meant my host obviously unsettled, hurriedly switched the conversation. Then it hit me: my friend really believed I'd been "crazy"—and maybe "locked up" as well.

Now it was his turn to be puzzled as I dissolved into laughter. I guess if he'd insisted on an explanation, I would have started out by saying "A funny thing happened to me on the way to this party—beginning just about three years ago."

HEY, STUKUS! continued from page 29

"Last time I played hockey, I was 14. I got 12 penalties"

In North America, 15 of them in Canada and 11 in the United States. Today there are just four pro clubs in Canada, 29 in the U.S. The Quebec Hockey League has folded. The Western Hockey League, which had one American city among its seven clubs, now has only one Canadian city to go with four American teams. The Central Pro League has moved

lead to careers selling stocks and radio advertising. Stukus can do it all. He can talk and he can tell you how it was.

He has that rawboned look—now well fleshed out in affluence—that speaks gridiron. Knute Rockne-style. He has that grating voice, constantly in need of a valve grinn. He has those electric deepset eyes, those Diefen-

like malarkey. It undoubtedly is hockey, but he is so intense—how can you be sure he just *might* be telling the truth? This is what Stukus has going for him in Vancouver now, in his new role as general manager of the Vancouver hockey club that "sure as anything" will be getting an NHL franchise in just a few years.

Hockey's not a bad game," Stukus

ver before World War I. Vancouver Millionaires won the Stanley Cup in 1915, and made it to the finals five more times before 1926, the date when the NHL settled into its cosy little enclave in the east. The first artificial-ice arenas in North America were built in Vancouver and Victoria. Vancouver is the town that displayed the Patricks, Lester and Frank, Cyclone Taylor, Frank Boucher and Jack Adams.

Vancouver's recent problem has been that it has had to endure a minor-league hockey team—the Vancouver Canucks in the Western Hockey League—in a tough-league rink. The 35-year-old Vancouver Forum seats only 5,000 and has been a standard nightclub-comedian joke for years.

"The last time I took my wife there she tore her nylons on a splintered bench and got mustard all over her coat," says Stukus. "We've never been back since." Neither has any Vancouver woman seeking the accommodations of grace by going. Stukus knows the secret story: to the new arena, which will be finished at Christmas, the executives wives from the West Vancouver slopes across the water, the martini set that made football *de rigueur* in Vancouver in the Lions salad days. His first move was to order velvet ropes for the choice box seats.

With the new arena on the way Vancouver felt assured it would be getting a franchise when the NHL finally expanded last year. Instead, in a move that threw the city into a trauma, NHL governors sold the franchises—for two million dollars apiece, thank you—to Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Minneapolis-St. Paul, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

The announced excuse was that the six American cities provided a better TV market for the lucrative contracts the NHL anticipated. Vancouver's presentation was weak, but even Vancouver's soul brothers, the Toronto Maple Leafs and Montreal Canadiens, turned thumbs down. There is the suspicion that the two Canadian clubs

did not wish to split three ways the advertising revenues from their sponsors. Maple Leafs President Stafford Smythe was at least honest. "We can't get any more TV customers out there in Vancouver because we've got them all now with our Saturday-night telecasts."

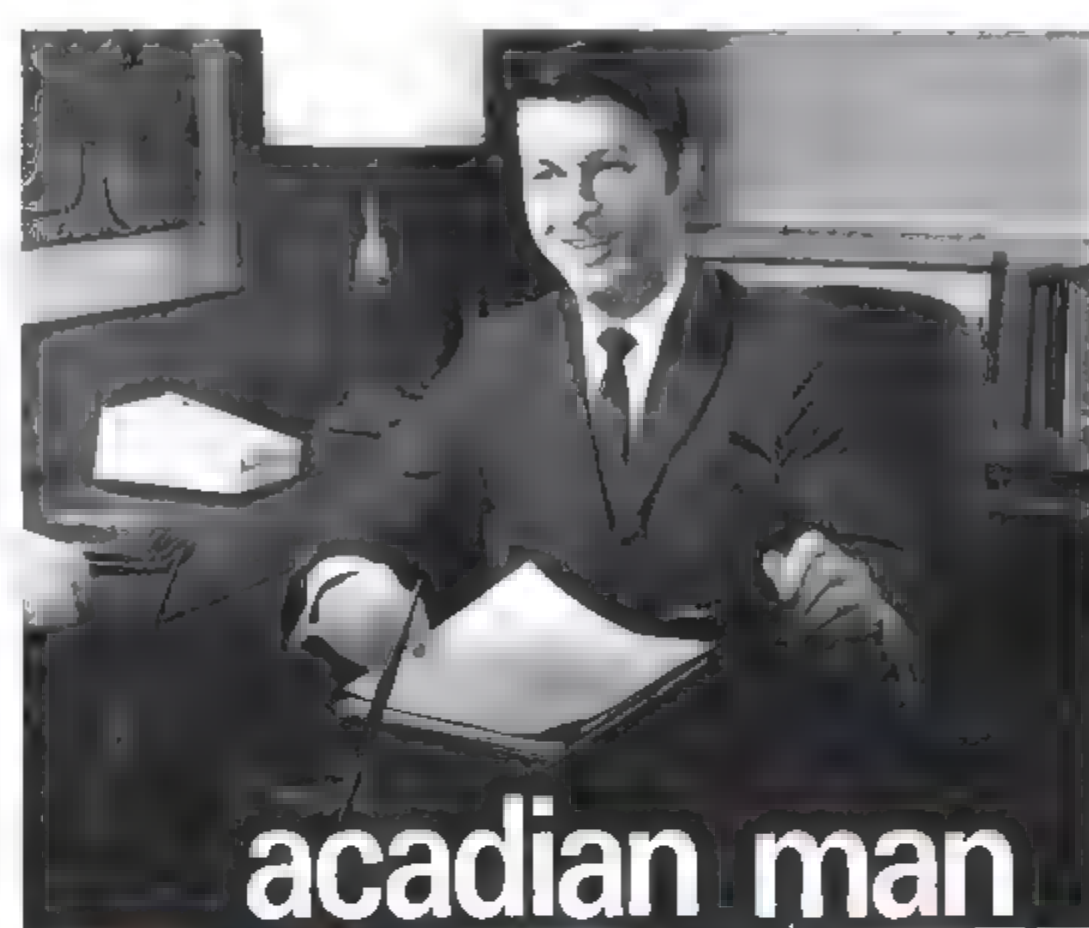
If there's one man in Canada who can change all that it's Stukus. Fourteen years ago Stukus came to Vancouver and warned everyone they had better get their season tickets for this

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When business takes him away,
remind him to come home to you by Long
Distance. You'll feel reassured, comforted, close.
He will, too. Togetherness is a Long Distance call.

Your Telephone Company part of
Trans-Canada Telephone System



Who is the Acadian man?

He's the man who gets things done—at work or in his community. He's respected, quick to lend a helping hand... up to date on a wide range of subjects. He likes sports, travel, family vacations. And he enjoys the fellowship of good friends—especially at those times when PORT ROYAL Rye Whisky is served—for the perfection it lends to any occasion. Knows it for its good taste.

Why not be an acadian PORT ROYAL man—for Good Taste!

PORT ROYAL



baker eyes that blaze conviction in evangelistic manner. Most of all he has this hot-gospeling style, this Billy Graham conviction that the Second Coming is coming and you had all better get those tickets now or you'll miss the big show. There's more than a bit of Elmer Gantry in Stukus.

He's a great lapel-clatcher, an arm-grabber, a master of the lean-your-way-and-give-em-the-confidential-stage-whisper. Like Billy Graham, he has this absolute conviction, this scary sincerity. It sounds

concedes with cunning understatement. "I last played it when I was 14. I got 12 penalties and they threw me out of the game. It made me a little mad. They gave you a stick and they don't let you use it."

Stukus, shrewder than he makes out, knows he is in a town that is dying to go big league, that is full of former Prairie people and that, surprisingly, has a sound hockey background.

They were packing 10,000 a game into an old wooden arena in Vancou-

You don't buy a new car. The finance company buys a new car.

By the time you buy your new car back from the finance company, it's old.



Of course, if you had bought a Volvo two or three years ago, you'd have something today.

You'd have a two or three-year-old Volvo.

Which isn't bad to have. Because where three years is the beginning of the end for some cars, it's only the beginning for a Volvo.

Volvos aren't built to wear out on a three year plan. Volvos are built to last eleven years in Sweden where it's tough being a car.

Now you might say to yourself, "If I kept a car 11 years I'd get sick and tired of driving it." You won't.

Driving a Volvo is a pleasure. It handles more like a sports car than a roomy family sedan. And unlike a sports car, Volvo comes equipped with 7-way adjustable bucket seats, rear-window defroster, thermostatically controlled heating system and other such niceties.

Of course, if you keep your Volvo 11 years, what you might get sick and tired of is looking at it.

In that case, you can always afford to take a trip away from it. Using the money you've saved by not making car payments.

When you get back, it'll start looking good again.



new fumbling, laughable football team because one day they would be hard to get. Today, despite the low fortunes of the BC Lions, it is almost impossible to get a choice seat in the stadium that attracts the biggest football crowds in the country. Who can really say that it won't be the same for hockey in, say, five years when the Montreal Canadiens are playing the Vancouver Whistlerrangers for the Stanley Cup in the new 15,000-seat arena, built with space available for four cocktail bars that will be needed when the great day arrives. No one can say. And so Stukus, the master of the imponderable, strides off and catches the next pair of gabardine lapels.

The Stukus technique is best seen in his Romney story. Big Stuke, in his elder-statesman days, now bears an uncanny resemblance to Michigan Governor George Romney. Started American tourists stop and stare at him in Vancouver hotel lobbies. "I was down in Michigan recently," he says, "and stopped in a bar for a beer and a sandwich. There I was, sipping a beer, smoking a cigarette, my wife on my arm." Romney, a Mormon, is a noted non-smoker and nondrinker. Everyone was looking my way and whispering. The word's probably around by now. I figure it will cost him the Republican nomination."

Now, was Stukus actually in Michigan? Did he really stop in a bar? Who knows? Who cares? It's a good story. The Stukus legend marches on.

The point is that undistilled Stukus is a rare valuable commodity in the big business that masquerades itself as sport. The cold-eyed men in the shiny metallic suits who run professional sport are onto a very lucrative thing in this age when we like to get our thrills vicariously. There are tremendous profits to be made from strong-backed young men who will go out on a flea or rink or diamond and do or die for Dear Ole Coach.

Example: In 1960 the backers of the new Minnesota Vikings franchise paid \$600,000 to get into the National Football League. Five years later the Atlanta Falcons had to pay \$8,500,000 for the same privilege.

Example: In 1960 the three U.S. TV networks paid out a total of \$15 million to telecast sports events. In 1966 CBS alone paid \$41,600,000 for the rights to broadcast NFL football for 1966-67. One minute of advertising on NFL telecasts costs \$70,000, \$20,000 more per minute than on *Bonanza* which has twice as many viewers.

Example: The men who run Maple Leaf Gardens, by applying every commercial trick imaginable, have taken Gardens stock worth \$30 a share, split it five ways — and it's still worth \$30. The betting is they'll soon sell out to Imperial Oil for a gigantic capital gain.

Promoters no longer even have to put up their own money to provide arenas in which to earn their loot. Cities eager to acquire big-league status have taxpayers foot the bill. Prime Minister Pearson, badly in need

With all this largesse, the one thing promoters cannot buy is enthusiasm. They cannot purchase on the open market, as they purchase hockey slaves and new franchises, the magic ingredient that will emit propaganda and fervor 18 hours a day and gobble up newspaper ink from jaundiced news editors who guard the front page. Enter Annis Stukus. Long before McLuhan, Stukus knew that the people want involvement, participation and they get it with wrap-around drama in tales as only Stukus can tell

go away inflamed with whatever cause the man is plugging at the moment.

Stukus attributes his gung-ho spirit to his father, Pranas Stukus at 18 was drafted into the Czar's army from his native Lithuania. On his release, he decided to migrate to Canada. "Can you imagine?" son Annis says. "Setting out in those days halfway around the world, to a strange society not knowing a word of English? That's where I got my attitude. Don't tell me it can't be done. Anything can. My dad is proof of that."

Pranas Stukus went to work in a Toronto foundry. His three sons, in classic immigrant fashion, used sports as a means of escaping their ghetto.

For the "Stuki," the ghetto was just off Bathurst. "It was Little Italy, Little Jerusalem, Little Lituania, Poles, I don't think I heard English till I started school." Annis Stukus, as he was christened (the "Annis" comes from a teacher who took the easy way out the first day of school when confronted with "Anicautis" on the roll call), started on football at the age of eight, with a sock stuffed with leaves. At 10 he was a backfielder with the Gore Vale Rats, at 15 a copyboy at the Toronto Star. At 17 by now head copyboy at eight dollars a week, he had organized an entire league of his own, lining up coaches, equipment and parks.

It was the depths of the Depression, 1933, which explains that fixation for sardines. "I used to have to share a four-cent tin of Canadian sardines with my brother. My dream, my life ambition was to make enough money to buy one of those 25-cent tins of sardines — and eat it all by myself."

Stukus always tried harder. He played four years with the Toronto Argonauts before he learned that the other players were getting paid for it. His 1938 wedding to Doris Shannon, a CBC girl from Ottawa, had to wait until his football game was over. He leaped down the aisle.

Big Stuke seemed destined for the story-telling oblivion that comes to overage athletes, serving out his time with the Star when Edmonton beckoned in 1949. The oil centre had just seen the little cowtown to the south, Calgary capture the nation with its boisterous show at the 1948 Grey Cup in Toronto. It was the occasion that turned a mere football game into a festival. It became apparent that Edmonton, as capital of the province, needed to take another look at this game that it had abandoned years earlier. They called for Stuke.

Stukus trekked west, dragging a

of Liberal support in the west, blushed not at all when he announced in 1965 that the federal government would pay one third the cost of a new six-million-dollar Vancouver ice rink which Pearson described with a straight face would be an "all-purpose trade centre."

At the dedication ceremonies, Vancouver-Quadra MP Grant Deachman dropped two silver dollars into the wet concrete to signify the federal contribution. The coins, prophetically, sank from sight.

Stukus is one of those conversationalists who is uninterruptable. One waits for an opening, a break in the narrative, but the opportunity never comes. There is always the impression that he is bidding toward some inexorable concluding point, is progressing toward some philosophical truth that will stop only slightly short of Santayana or Kierkegaard. The Olympian conclusion, of course, never arrives. One flees the monologue — exhausted, enthused but empty. What did he say? Nothing, really. But you

"Since Stuke's come, the phone's gone mad. They want him"

passé of old Argo buddies with him. He even strolled out onto the field himself to kick field goals and converts, wearing his wristwatch, no helmet and no pads. "A bit of psychology," he confides. "It gave our boys confidence." He lasted three years, got into the western finals twice—but the nucleus he established became the

dynasty that captured the Grey Cup in 1954, 1955 and 1956.

By this time Vancouver wanted in on the party. The beautiful Pacific city had always been content in its isolation, but on that hoisterous Saturday each year when the nation turned its attention to football and drinking, Vancouver was the wallflower. A

group of Vancouver businessmen, gathered to watch the 1952 Grey Cup on TV, decided that enough was enough. Again the call went out to the sports desk at the *Star* where Stuke had retreated to lick his wounds.

Vancouver was fertile ground for the Stukus legend. He averaged a speech a day for the first 11 months,

sold 7,500 season tickets before Vancouver really had a team, and wound up with every attendance record in the country in Empire Stadium.

When he went to where all football coaches go, to the chopping block, he merely continued the legend for five years as a sportswriter at the Vancouver *Sun*. The 1958 crisis over the offshore Chinese islands of Quemoy and Matsu erupted while *Sun* columnist Jack Scott was having a flamboyant six-month try at running the paper.

Who best to cover a crisis that threatened world war? Scott decided football editor Stukus was the man.

Preparing for all eventualities, Stukus and a photographer armed with a shovel first headed for the sand of Vancouver's English Bay. Long before he arrived in Formosa to interview Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, the photographs of Stukus "in a foxhole at the front lines" were all ready in the *Sun* darkroom.

Stukus naturally operates better in smaller cities (on what street corner in Toronto would a man stand to clutch apples?) so his latest seven-year escapade as football expert for the Toronto *Telegram* and CFTO-TV have been relatively quiet.

Out west, he feels free to fly untrammelled. Since he's arrived," says hockey program manager Hugh Watson, "the phone's been going like mad. Board of Trade, Rotary, all the big ones — they want him to speak. This is the type of publicity we'd pay \$1,000 to get — and they're coming to us. They want him."

What they want, of course, is Stukus, and they'll endure a little hockey propaganda on the side. And Stukus has a story to tell that he couldn't have told, say, six or eight months ago. For after the first flushes of enthusiasm for hockey in the U.S., the reaction has set in. The anticipated TV response has not materialized, and several of the newly enfranchised American cities are managing to subdue eagerness to watch this strange Canadian game. The Philadelphia entry has changed hands already. "We'll be in the league within three years," says Coleman E. Hall, the cagey hockey veteran who is bossing the Vancouver operation.

Even the Americans, it seems, can now see the disadvantage of having only two Canadian clubs against 10 American teams — displaying the game that is supposed to be Canada's gift to the world.

To add to the Stukus good fortune, Vancouver has soured on its once-beloved Lions. Grey Cup champions only three years ago, the Lions have since been concentrating on such pastimes as climbing lamp posts in their cars, suspending their star quarterback and — in the celebrated case of line-backer Rudy Reschke — taking a bite out of the posterior of a beer-parlor waitress. ("He bit the bird that fed him," wrote *Sun* columnist Denny Boyd.)

Meanwhile Stukus charges about in glee, exuding supreme confidence. The Canucks sold about 800 season tickets last year. "I'll sell 5,000 easy," says Stuke. "If he sells 2,000 I'll be happy," growls Hall. "The main problem is getting him out of my office. Man, he talks." ★



Royal Trust will defend to the death your right not to have a will.

(If you have a will, Royal Trust will defend your rights forever after.)

R Let's be sure of one thing. Royal Trust believes a man should have a will. But we would never stand by and see a man forced to make a will *against* his will. In the face of logic, however, it seldom comes to that. □ You think the total of your assets doesn't warrant a will? You'd be surprised how quickly it adds up — house, car, insurance, pension rights, investments and savings—you're at \$50,000 before

you know it. □ With a will, drawn up by your lawyer or notary, you exercise your freedom of choice, deciding in advance exactly how your assets will be distributed, how your affairs will be managed in the best interests of your family. As your executor, Royal Trust carries out these responsibilities in accordance with your wishes. Without a will, you can place a trying burden on friends or relatives, and the law, which does not

take into account your personal desires or intentions, may have to step in and settle your affairs. □ Whether you feel you should have a will, or you are certain you shouldn't have one,

talk to
ROYAL TRUST
it's in your best interest



A clue to a university's standing: the size of its library

There is little doubt that universities in other provinces are experiencing the same kind of difficulty. There seems to be a general acceptance in the academic community of the view that there is a close connection between graduate work in a university and excellence. Whether this works to the detriment of undergraduate

students is a good question. A thinly disguised contempt for undergraduate teaching is not unknown among those professors who yearn to give graduate courses. The commonest argument, however, is that on the contrary it improves undergraduate instruction to have a professor do some of his work in the graduate school. The truth

seems to be that on the one hand a professor who gives good graduate instruction will also give good undergraduate instruction, and on the other hand that one cannot guarantee quality simply by multiplying graduate courses.

By far the most important measure of the academic excellence of Ca-

nadian universities relative to one another is their library holdings. Here the results of applying objective standards are often shocking. According to the Spinks report only five of the 14 Ontario universities have library facilities sufficient to support their undergraduate work, let alone their graduate programs. These five are U of T, Queen's, Western, Ottawa, and Windsor. Incidentally, as an external comparison of our universities with the best in the world, the Spinks report also found that no Ontario university had sufficient library holdings to support its graduate work.

That the extent of library holdings is an indicator of the excellence of a university was emphasized by the Cartier report (*An Assessment of Quality in Graduate Education* published by the American Council on Education, 1966). This point has not been lost on perceptive Canadian educators. In a review of the Cartier report in the *Bulletin* (October 1966) of the Canadian Association of University Teachers, Edward J. Monahan, Associate Executive Secretary of the C.A.U.T., reported as follows.

"It comes as no surprise that Dr. Cartier reiterates the judgment that academically strong universities without exception are possessors of major research libraries. The 17 universities in the top 20 institutions (counting the three leading institutes of science and technology) had total library holdings averaging 2.7 million volumes, ranging from a low of 1.3 million to a high of almost eight million. By comparison the lowest 20 institutions in the Cartier survey averaged 465,000 volumes. How far below this standard of quality the great majority of Canadian universities stand at present needs no elaboration."

The place among North American universities occupied by the University of Toronto, with respect to library holdings was pointed out by the chief librarian in the U of T's President's Report for the year ending June 1966, as follows:

"According to a report compiled last winter by the Association of Research Libraries, our collection was 12th largest among universities on the continent. In annual additions we were fifth, preceded by Harvard, the two Californias, and Cornell."

The chief librarian also reported total holdings for the library system of the main downtown campus to be 2,257,650 volumes. Although scientists at the University of Toronto

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"It seems likely," says Prof. Webb, "we can expect more governmental control exercised over universities."

How do you choose your first color TV when you don't know the first thing about it?

carefully.

After all it represents a major purchase. And while there are lots of good color sets on the market, they aren't all alike.

Where do you start? The manufacturer. Make sure the company has a well known reputation for quality. Where does that leave Panasonic, a newcomer to the Canadian market? Right up front.

Panasonic is the trade name of an international giant in over 120 countries, including the recently opened Canadian headquarters in Rexdale, Ontario. It has more than 60,000 full-time employees turning out over 4,500 different products. And Panasonic holds the staggering total of 14,048 patents from research carried on by more than 2,500 scientists and engineers. Not bad, for a 50 year old youngster.

All color TV sets are pretty much alike. How often have you heard that little homily? It isn't so. Differences in quality and design are inevitable. For instance, every vital component in a Panasonic color TV set is designed and manufactured by Panasonic. Thus, each component works in perfect attune with the other for greater efficiency and performance. We actually make color TV. We don't just assemble it.

Another thing. Panasonic projects rare earth phosphors on the picture tube. Not exactly world shattering. But it does make a noticeable improvement in the picture you see. And to make sure the color stays absolutely pure at all times, we put in an automatic de-gaussing system. Green grass doesn't turn blue. And the fragile heroine of the Victorian drama doesn't appear to be suffering

from a colossal case of sunburn. Panasonic has a "Set-and-Forget" fine tuning system that locks in a perfect picture on each channel. You can flip from station to station with carefree abandon. Overheating can be a problem in color TV. It wears itself out. Panasonic has 57 heat minimizing solid state devices. Cool.

Anything else? Oh yes. Parts and service. They should be nearby. Panasonic maintains national distribution of all components and qualified TV service men install them.

One last thing. Styling. It may not seem too important because most TV sets look pretty nice these days. It's just that Panasonic

gives you a little more to be proud of with its distinctive designs and cabinetry. After all, you see your TV set, even when it's turned off. You want something nice to look at. Now. Go color TV shopping. See them all. Get facts. Twiddle controls. Watch your favourite program in color. Then, visit your nearest Panasonic Dealer for a demonstration of Panasonic color TV. You'll see what we're talking about.

There's Panasonic 19" color TV in solid walnut table console models. Plus a full range of Panasonic black and white portables too (when we're so far ahead in color, think what we can do in black and white).



PANASONIC

The Buckingham—16" portable color TV (illustrated). Special indicator light tells when color is being broadcast. Lighted VHF and UHF channel indicators. Up front controls including tint and a special hue control. Built-in dipole antenna. Cabinet finished in black leatherette grain with silver trim.

How Calvert found a new way to make rye incredibly smooth.

The name of the rye is Grand Prix.

We made it incredibly smooth by making it dry.

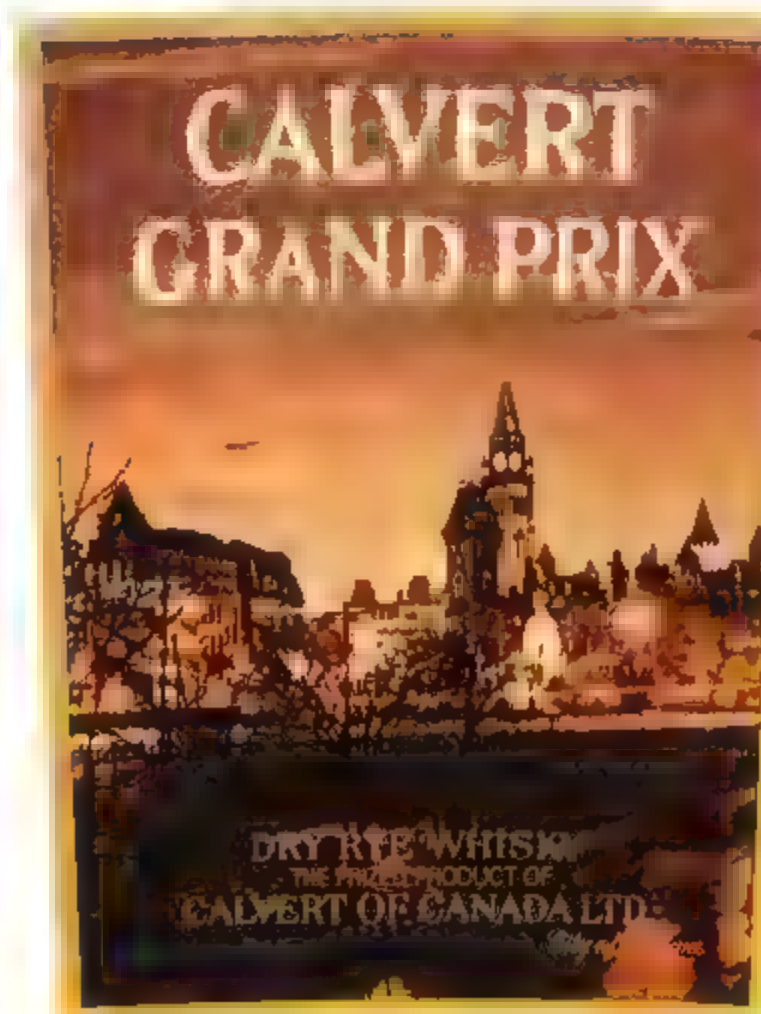
And we made it dry by discovering a new way to make rye without any cloying sweetness.

This makes Grand Prix a full-bodied rye so smooth you can actually sip it

straight. And like it.

Nobody ever made a rye as smooth as Grand Prix before because nobody ever knew how. It took Calvert ten years to do it, and naturally our Master Blender is pretty proud of it.

But try it yourself. In ten seconds you'll know why he's so proud.



Calvert Grand Prix. The world's first dry rye.

Good pay lures good faculty—but money alone isn't enough

grumble, the combination of an imaginative and technically competent librarian and a president trained in the humanities has ensured that Toronto is the *only* Canadian university that has attained eminence in humanitarian studies.

A third yardstick for measuring academic excellence is that of costs.

The problem of determining costs per student of various kinds of studies in a university is very difficult. But one correlation between cost and excellence can be fairly easily determined, namely, that between faculty salaries and faculty quality. The Carlier report found a close connection between high-quality faculty, especially among

professors and associate professors, and high salaries. But one must take into account not only current faculty salaries, but also the history of pay scales in the past few years. Some Canadian universities have only recently begun to raise salaries substantially, and the current attractive salaries at some institutions, therefore,

do not necessarily represent the possession of an excellent staff but a last-ditch attempt to recruit sufficient staff in the face of severe competition.

The extent to which Canadian academic salaries lagged behind those of other countries and lagged behind those of other occupations within Canada is not well known. In 1945 Canadian academic salaries were at an absurdly low level as was pointed out by the pioneering (and largely ignored) Brehner report of 1945 (*Scholarship for Canada*).

"Here it must be said that the salaries paid to most Canadian scholars and teachers can be described as stupid, even by comparison with the modest remuneration paid elsewhere in the English-speaking world. They are so low and their recipients are so overworked anyway that a very large proportion of their potential usefulness is continuously being poured down the sewer of domestic or other drudgery and backwork for extra income."

In Toronto and Montreal minimum salaries roughly equal in available amenities to American and British competitive levels would be instructor \$2,000; assistant professor \$2,850; associate professor \$4,000; professor, \$6,000.

Personal note: When I was hired at the University of Toronto in 1955, I was granted a salary that was \$500 a year less than what I had received as a repeater telegraph operator nine years before in 1946-47 in the Yukon.

Among Canadian universities, the University of Toronto since 1957-58 (when the first big pay increases to professors were made) has always been at the top or close to the top in pay rates. In recent years, however, the western universities, e.g., Saskatchewan, Alberta, and UBC, have successfully challenged this supremacy. Significantly, the Maritime universities have paid salaries consistently lower than those of Ontario and the west, are still doing so in spite of recent gains.

The new universities, particularly in Ontario, have had to begin operation with substantial salary scales since they could not otherwise attract competent staff. Even so, they have had difficulty in attracting senior staff of real quality. In some cases, where a new university has succeeded in attracting a scholar of international renown, the innate provincialism of Canadian university power complexes has quickly alienated him. (A prime example was the bitter feud between York University and sociologist John

R. Seeley, co-author of *Crestwood Heights*.) The new universities have tried to offset the disadvantage of their newness by granting somewhat higher salaries to a prior staff than the older universities are willing to do. This policy is not having the best of results, however, since the *offer* in universities seems to be able to lure what-ever-how PhDs they really want to go after.

Although prestige names certainly add to a university's lustre, it is doubtful whether this factor is important enough to provide an objective criterion for evaluating excellence. Everyone will agree that an Einstein on the staff will increase a university's stature, but such geniuses are rare. Furthermore, it is often the case that the recognition of a scholar is not recognized until after he has retired or died; consequently what is perhaps more important for current assessments of universities is their accumulation of large numbers of promising men. But this accumulation is usually found in conjunction with the operation of a vigorous, non-competitive graduate school. Men of superior independent intellect want to teach in a good graduate school for two reasons. First, there they have more freedom to try out new ideas; and second, there they are able to make meaningful educational decisions concerning their students with less casual interference. Thus, it is no accident that universities blessed with outstanding professors usually have excellent graduate schools which are turning out a continuous flow of MAs and PhDs.

Freedom: the impossible dream

If quality in university education goes with the operation of a graduate school, then it follows that quality costs money. The reason is that graduate instruction is so much more expensive than undergraduate instruction. But if quality can only be had by inaugurating expensive graduate schools, it would seem that the dream of having institutions that are endowed and free (especially of government control) in Canada must be discarded. Only governments can afford the very large sums of money necessary to operate a good graduate school offering advanced degrees in many different fields. It seems likely, therefore, that we can expect more governmental control to be exercised over universities in Canada.

A serious problem in each of the provinces is arising which may force some kind of governmental intervention in the academic business of the universities. This is the problem of coordinating the various educational institutions in the province from primary school on up, through technical as well as academic institutions, so that a genuine educational system obtains. Thus, the problem of improving our universities is intimately connected with the problem of improving our educational provincial systems. In Ontario, as Robin S. Harris points out in his book, *Quiet Revolution*, there is a lack of overall coordination even though the province is richly endowed with educational resources at all levels and in all fields. Unquestionably the lack of

coordination has harmed the quality of the general university education in Ontario.

In the final analysis, what is the outlook for a bright young person who wants to attend university in Canada? What level of excellence can he expect from what is available to him here? Perhaps the best answer to these questions is to be found in the performance of Canadian young people when they compete on equal terms with graduates of universities

in other countries. It would seem that where we are concerned with our best young people graduating from our best universities, we have nothing to be ashamed of. A case in point is the number of Canadian students who win the U.S. Woodrow Wilson Fellowships. These fellowships, which carry a substantial financial reward and a great deal of prestige, are intended to be a means of encouraging promising young people to enter the field of college teaching. For the past eight

years graduates of the University of Toronto have always been among the top six among North American universities in numbers of Woodrow Wilson fellows. In 1966, with 26 winners, Toronto was behind only Harvard and Michigan, and ahead of Princeton, Yale and other distinguished U.S. universities.

What we have to remember, however, is that many of our universities are much way far below the standards set by our best ones. ★



So you're looking for success

You're on the way up. You have very definite ideas about your future. You dare to be a leader. The impressions you create all point to success—all with one possible exception. The watch you wear.

Those who have reached success, and are aware of your ambitions, appreciate accuracy and punctuality. They value a man who values his time. You can create this image by wearing an Accutron.

Accutron is not a conventional watch. It's the world's most accurate timepiece. It's unique because Accutron keeps time by a Tuning Fork that divides each second into 360 equal parts electronically.

*Guaranteed by Bulova not to gain or lose more than one minute a month on your wrist.



(Illustrated) Calendar Model 2530BY 14 Karat Gold \$250. See the many other handsome Accutron models at Authorized Accutron Jewellers or write today for a coloured brochure featuring Accutron styles—from \$135 to \$2500.

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372 Bay Street
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ACCUTRON—the world's most accurate timepiece

Accutron
by BULOVA

PARADE

Soft sell

The proprietor of the Delmar Chicken Fry in North Vancouver, who likes his own cooking but obviously has had a helpfull of some of the more exclamatory varieties of modern advertising, has posted a signboard that reads: "Western fried chicken—probably the best."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true anecdotes. Address Parade c/o Maclean's.



Last year, the people at the Rosedale Golf Club ran off all the office memos, tournament lists and club newsletters with a Gestefax and Gestetner duplicator. They saved themselves \$310.00.

Maybe you should be running things yourself too.

The Rosedale Golf Club is a membership club of over 300. And to keep everyone up to date on club activities and events posed a unique office printing problem. Until Gestetner saved it. But their problem was time, explained Miss Burr, office secretary. We have to run a lot of work, a lot of notices and 311 memos a week. That gets to be expensive if you're always running out to a printer.

With Gestetner, they can now meet their needs in possible headlines on printing membership lists, invitations, tournament schedules and save money in the bargain.

The Gestefax adds an extra valuable versatility. It will quickly and easily cut a stencil from any artwork or photograph. That's as unique to create, said Miss Burr, a stencil to duplicate newsletters, and to duplicate many other programs.

The new word of Gestetner is to cut a stencil from any thing, any place, and show you how to do it. Write to Gestetner, 445 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario. And get started.

Gestetner
The people who can help you run things yourself.



"I think it's time scientists took a serious look at UFOs"

eye-witness accounts, dubious conclusions and true exchanges. Don't be afraid between earthlings and "humanoids." Anecdotes don't stand up to the most rigorous checks. Thus, in *Flying Saucers Are Hoaxes*, by Brad Steiger and Jean Whelan (Award Books, \$1.95), a copy of the book is included.

sighting by Jane Franklin, a reporter for the *White Star*, and some other townspeople. But Bob Earl, publisher of the paper, told *Macleans* that the lights in the sky were "merely traces of the same mysterious forces that have been found by local children." Mrs. Franklin, who has since gone to England, was just having some fun

with the story. Nobody took it seriously.

Of course the majority of saucer sightings are quite honest and sincere. They are simply confused. It's so easy to confuse unidentified flying objects with unidentified phenomena, says Dr. Retic. There are many unusual things that might put

a hell of a fright into the average observer. To specialized observers they are usually perfectly identifiable.

Fireballs and meteorites, light reflected off shiny objects and atmospheric refractions, ball lightning and various odd mirages do business account for many puzzling UFOs. Dr. Retic himself has seen realistic-looking saucers twice, most recently one evening last summer at the RCMP grounds outside Ottawa.

I was looking back over the city just before sundown and I saw half a dozen of them, he says. They were circular in shape, traveling in a line. They seemed to be about a mile away, stretched over 100 yards or so. My wife said she hoped they weren't red for my sake. They looked red. One of them had a fin. The sun was beyond them. I deduced that there was a type weather system with a lot of water vapor condensing and forming a cloud bank. There was a turbulent type of moving ground and the globe of cloud was forming a spiral effect. Seen from my vantage point they were in line. They were just little clouds. I was watching ritual cloud formation.

Mystery of the dancing lights

His other sighting was about 15 years ago. I was going south of Ottawa. I stopped beside one night and saw five flashing lights dancing around in the sky. I made a startline sight. I was interested enough to get out what they were. I drove to one side and found that the centre of activity moved about six feet. The source was evidently four feet rather than five. I checked the position. I changed the elevation by squaring and worked to get a picture of what was going down the road. I was reflecting off globules of water. I was watching night-vision. I was 100 yards away. This phenomenon is very common and accounts for a vast number of these things. Wet leaves, wet things like umbrellas will work as well as water.

Dr. Retic says no sighting he has heard of has really puzzled his interest. No category causes the puzzled which often proves to be believers but I'm an investigator. I don't care what they think. I have a narrow line between good thought processes and bad ones. I am only for example, a minor large expenditures on compressed symptoms. The possibility of a pilot is always a handy retort.

But her scientists like a more flexible stance. Dr. R. C. Tennyson, assistant professor at the U. of T. Institute for Aerospace Studies, says he UFO question is still up in the air. I think anything is possible. I've been told that more scientific inquiries to determine if it's a natural or extraterrestrial phenomenon. I think it's time that scientists took a serious look at UFOs. Right now we are all nervous in this field.

A minority of sightings, perhaps one in 100, seem genuinely mind-boggling in their implications, providing one can assume the honesty and sanity of their witnesses. One such case, not previously published, is especially interesting because the observer was a newspaperman who did not

tell his story for several years because he was afraid it wouldn't be taken seriously. Jerry Boles, the chief photographer at Hamilton's CHCH-TV, a hard-working, matter-of-fact cameraman with no axe to grind. Here is what he told *Macleans*.

In September 1960 I was on a holiday with my family at my father-in-law's farm at Wanup, about 16 miles east of Sudbury. On this night at about 9:30 p.m. we were sitting in the kitchen. My wife was feeding the baby. My brother-in-law was outside. He came in and said, "Want to see something funny?" So I went outside and looked up and this thing, a big ball of light was up there pretty high at first. It was dark on the farm. There is no hydro and it was overcast. This thing seemed to light up the whole countryside. I was standing there and it came down closer and closer making a whining, whipping noise, so loud it hurt your ears. My wife had come out with Tommy who was three years old then, and he started screaming. The noise really got bad. I told them to get in the house. I opened the door and sort of pushed them in, and then I turned around and got my last good look at it. I saw a big round dome, about the size of three cars, and it seemed to have a second stage above the first.

It was as if the second stage was revolving the other way. Then it sort of took a sudden glide on an angle and "whoosh" — up it went. It disappeared so fast — not like a jet. You could hardly follow it. I noticed separate white lights on it before it took off. Later, my wife said she thought some of them were colored. We could never agree on that. The noise was sort of like when you hear a big jet winding up. It was really whining.

I got in touch with the Falconbridge Radar Station. I had a younger brother in the air force there. I even saw the C.O. and told him about it. They said no, they hadn't picked up anything on the radar. My wife and my brother-in-law we talked about it for a while and made an agreement not to say anything else to anybody. I didn't want to be made an ass of, and I didn't want people to think that I was another bloody crackpot. We kept it quiet for five years. Then one night at a party my wife joked about it. I told the story to a friend of mine, and it got around a little bit because *Seven Days* got wind of it and wanted to interview me. I said no dice. They were trying to put words in my mouth. I know what I saw. Whenever I'm up north now I sit and I look.

Two puzzling 1967 Canadian sightings.

Captain Pierre Charbonneau is a Viscount pilot for Air Canada. On August 23, after takeoff from Halifax on a flight to Boston, Charbonneau saw a series of flashing white lights in the sky. Halifax radar confirmed that something was hovering out there at an altitude of under 50,000 feet. A half hour later over Yarmouth the pilot contacts Halifax radar again. "Do you still see our friend?" Radar. "Still there?" Next day on the return trip, Charbonneau asks Halifax. "What happened to our friend on the radar?" Halifax. "Still

there." Charbonneau, who kept in touch with the radar station, says the object hovered in the same spot for two or three days, despite a jet stream of up to 80 knots at 30,000 feet. "I can't even attempt to explain it," he says.

Steve Michalak is a 50-year-old Winnipeg industrial mechanic and amateur prospector who claims that on May 20 he suffered chest burns from a "glaring red" saucer that touched down in the bush north of

Falcon Lake, about 95 miles east of the city. As he approached, Michalak saw a door open. It had the most perfect joints I've ever seen and he seemed to hear human voices. Then the door closed, heat came from a pattern of holes in the side, the saucer started to whirl in an anti-clockwise direction, and presently it took off. His conclusion: "I don't just believe it's from another planet. I know it." Dr. Condon of the University of Colorado was interested

enough in this sighting to dispatch an associate to interview Michalak and search the area. The two men failed to find the touch-down spot, but Michalak later led Royal Canadian Air Force observers to a patch of suitably bare ground. "It was one of those things," says Dr. Condon. "There was no doubt that the man was burned by something. Our inquiry was indecisive."

Back in 1954 the Canadian government had a top-secret scheme to wel-



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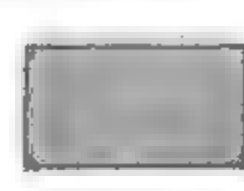
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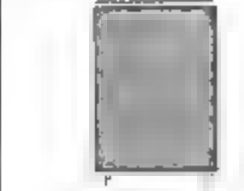
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Sales and Service from Coast to Coast

some of the delegates may think they are a little childish. That's psychology.

Felicity Cochrane is telling somebody that the Senator frowns on publicity. "I don't think he ever needed it in his life. He hates hoopla but he has to go along with it."

"— was appalled that the biggest detail had to be a demonstration." Julian Porter is saying.

"— going to have go-go girls!" somebody else says.

"—wrote these lyrics. 'Hello Wally.' Of course we couldn't —"

"— never uses his fur-lined convertible."

"—go up like all feisty. 'This is still a horse race. He's figured his chances.'"

"— don't have to feed him any answers."

"— friska, irresponsible has got to —"

"Let's go!" As Lewis shouts "Everybody follow the Senator. This is it."

ACT II

En route to Maple Leaf Gardens

a few minutes later

Senator McCutcheon is walking along Carlton Street, flanked by his son Jim, who is a lawyer, and Mrs. McCutcheon. Jim McCutcheon is taller than his father and has red hair. He says that a Toronto Star reporter has been misquoting the Senator. But what can you do?

"I think we can tell the son of a bitch to follow Alvin Hamilton," McCutcheon says.

Outside the Gardens they have to push through a lot of Hamilton and Roblin supporters. The McCutcheon people with their balloons have fallen behind. No one seems to recognize the Senator. A Hees clique gathers.

"When will we go in?" Mrs. McCutcheon says. She is a confident, matronly woman.

"When the Hees signs go through if they ever do," Jim says. The Senator is impassively smoking a cigar.

Maple Leaf Gardens, an hour later

The McCutcheon demonstration surprises everybody. It is easily the best of all the candidates. It fairly reeks of money and it has a kind of garish class. Two well-built blondes in split skirts sound a trumpet fanfare, there are miniskirted baton twirlers, a brass band, the hundreds of big balloons with their attendant signs and the slowly ascending grey tent-silk rocket towing more signs.

"You don't win votes with a demonstration," Julian Porter says. "But you can lose votes if you don't com-

pete. If you are going to enter the arena, you have to do it right. Of course, the constant danger with McCutcheon is that people will say, 'That rich s.o.b. is trying to buy us.' We are trying for a certain dignity. If I'd known about those two blondes —"

"Diamond Jim McCutcheon," somebody says.

The same, later that night

Through a stroke of bad luck, Mc-

cutcheon, he will speak only in English because. "Under the British North America Act I have never found anything that required an audience to listen to me in French. While I haven't the facility I would like to have in the language. I am not afraid to say 'deux nations.' But his delivery is flat. He makes no promises and his denunciation of fiscal irresponsibility, over government, "packaged solutions" and "the closed society" seems to strike no reverberating chord with the delegates.

"I'm never quite sure, you know." — that he's had reading from a script." Julian Porter is saying. "He doesn't have the rhythm of an orator, and he won't express his anger. He's very angry and frightened about what the government is doing. He's so frightened that he looks at me and says, 'Do you know what you're inheriting?' But even so, even after all his experience in business, he has enormous faith in people. He could never be cynical. He figures that he has a chance in this campaign if he is absolutely consistent and truthful. He has shown far more pluck than I could have. He knows that his chances of winning are not terribly great."

A corridor in Maple Leaf Gardens

later that day

The Senator's daughter, Susan Porter, and Jim's wife Brenda McCutcheon are eating hotdogs. They are pretty nice looking girls. "I'd like to see him beat George Hees," Susan Porter says.

Brenda McCutcheon says that rumors have been hurting him. "They say he spent a quarter-million on his campaign. There is no sense trying to beat that kind of rumor."

Anyway, I think he'll do a lot better than the press thinks," Susan Porter says.

Room 25, Maple Leaf Gardens,

a few minutes later

In a gloomy, green-painted cubbyhole used by minor officials during NHL games, McCutcheon and Leslie Rowntree, an Ontario provincial minister who nominated him, are watching convention coverage on a decrepit 17-inch Admiral portable.

Julian Porter rushes in. "In today's Telly the pol has us leading two to one!" he says. "We've got to get some Tellys." McCutcheon doesn't say or do anything. Porter and Rowntree run out.

"Rumor," Porter says when he comes back a minute later. "It's Stan-

field who's ahead two to one."

Rowntree comes in with 20 Tellys. "It was Stanfield," Porter says. "Oh."

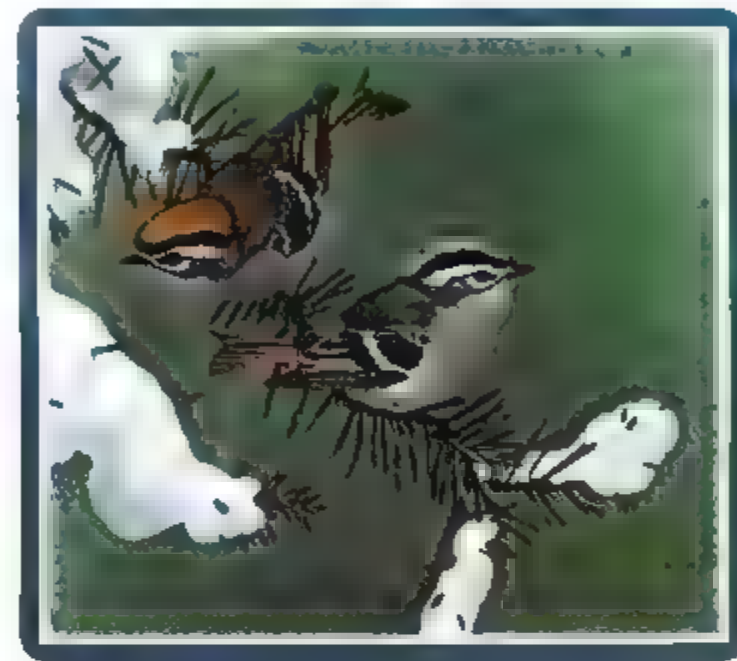
The Senator's farm Gormley, Ontario, two days later

The thing Senator McCutcheon can't figure out is how one of his swans got loose. The swan is sitting in the swimming pool hissing at every-

continued on page 98



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body who comes near

"We'll have to get the goddam thing out of there," McCutcheon says.

Otherwise, it has been a restful day. "I felt very depressed for an hour or two yesterday morning," he tells Porter, "but I had 12 hours' sleep and today I feel fine."

He is driving around the farm in his Thunderbird, unwinding. The farm has 300 acres, half a dozen houses, a dozen horses, 150,000 transplanted trees, a herd of Angus cattle and a lot of waterfowl on a pond: swans, Canada geese, mallards, Egyptian geese, blue geese, pintails and black ducks.

I was disappointed when I got 137 votes on the first ballot. I thought I might get 200. I didn't discourage the higher predictions but I didn't believe 'em. I was surprised and pleased that I defeated Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Fleming on the first ballot.

"If I were to do it again I'd start a couple of years earlier. I didn't realize that individual delegates in many parts of the country didn't automatically know who I was. As the managing director of the Argus Corporation and the director and senior officer of many other corporations, I assumed that I was as well known across the country as I am in the Toronto Club. It wasn't the case.

"There are no tears in my eyes. When I made the decision to run in February lots of people told me I would be hurt, humiliated, ruined. I was none of those things. I feel I made an impact on the policy thinking of the party. I established that some supposedly unpopular statements are popular. When the Conservatives form the next government I'll be there. My next project is to get elected to the House of Commons."

Maple Leaf Gardens, later the same day

On the floor of the Gardens are piles of debris. Hees pamphlets, "Keep The Chief" buttons, paper cups, the stale ends of hotdog buns. "I'm A Roblin Fan" fans, Fulton placards and blue triangular Stanfield placards with their fine idealized sketches of paper with scribbled columns of numbers and scraps of blue rubber from broken McCutcheon balloons. Many balloons are still up in the rafters, where, obeying some fundamental balloon discipline, they would float for eight days and then sink. But Jesse James, the assistant building superintendent, has told his men to shoot down the balloons with a BB gun. There is a maintenance man plinking away at the surviving balloons.

A big blue McCutcheon balloon that must have sprung a leak starts to drift down from the very top of the Gardens. There are two signs suspended from it on a long string. The maintenance man with the BB gun watches the balloon coming down, and after a long time it turns around and there is the round, magnanimous face of Wallace McCutcheon. The maintenance man raises his gun and fires, there is a popping noise and the signs — "The Man of Decision" and "McCUTCHEON NOW" — tumble and swing and glide down to the floor.

"Right between the eyes," the maintenance man says. ★

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THURSDAY NOV. 23

O'KEEFE CENTRE PRESENTS

He is interested much less in ideology than in action

new CHR) dedicated to two principles. That no news is good news, and that suppression is the better part of valor. And so you may be sure that under my administration, news will never lack for efficient management."

One of the Stanfield aides remarked gloomily: "He shouldn't talk like that in public. Some idiot is sure to take it

seriously. But it seems to be characteristic of Stanfield that he didn't care. No one would take him seriously whose judgment he respected and that was enough.

Incidentally, men who know him well are emphatic in saying that Stanfield's reluctance to utter policy statements is due not to any difficulty in

making up his mind but rather to his distrust of broad generalities. He is interested much less in ideology than in getting things done.

For example, he is generally regarded as a small conservative whose views are more Right than Left yet it was he who set up the crown corporation called Industrial Estates

Limited in Nova Scotia 10 years ago. IEL's function has been to lend money at rates competitive with those offered by commercial firms to corporations willing to invest in Nova Scotia. Its capital, which originally was only \$12-million, was increased this year from \$60 million to \$100 million. Through 25 new companies, 16 more that have expanded their facilities in the province, and seven under construction, IEL has invested \$74 million (as of March), and has tentative commitments for \$25 million more. This highly socialistic operation has created some 2,300 new jobs in Nova Scotia, plus 1,800 more in plants that are not yet in production and an estimated 5,000 in related industries.

In parliament, where he will, of course, be a greenhorn feeling his way, Stanfield is expected to take a co-operative attitude on such all-party projects as reform of House rules and acceleration of noncontroversial business. This opinion is based partly on his own temperament and record (heads of government are conditioned in favor of prompt action) and Stanfield has headed a government since 1956) but also on the men who will be his chief supporters and advisers in the House of Commons. All are anti-obstructionists.

Gerald Baldwin, MP for Peace River and the man who nominated Stanfield for the leadership, withdrew from the Conservative caucus three years ago because his leader, aimed to back him on reform of House rules. Baldwin and Gordon Aiken of Parry Sound, Muskoka were the Conservative members of a subcommittee on procedure that had reached unanimous agreement in its own ranks on certain rule changes. The draft was then submitted to the various party leaders for their approval, which was duly granted — or so Baldwin and Aiken thought. But when the draft came up to the full committee, the Conservative high command turned it down. Baldwin felt that his integrity had been compromised, and stopped going to caucus. Gordon Aiken did not take this extreme step, but did become known as an anti-establishment man within the party.

Most of the original Stanfield backers, among MPs, were also members of this opposition within the Opposition. They are an impressive group. One is Douglas Harkness, who of all the Conservative ex-ministers emerged with the greatest dignity and courage from the crisis that overthrew the government in February 1963. Another is Gordon Fairweather, former Attorney-General of New Brunswick. Others are Jean Casselman Wadds, a former parliamentary secretary and one of the ablest women in public life; Heath Macquarrie of PEI, also an ex-parliamentary secretary, a former professor of political science and writer on international affairs; and such promising newcomers as Pat Nowlan from Nova Scotia (son of the late George Nowlan, ex-Minister of Finance).

But in staffing the new Conservative front bench, Stanfield will certainly not limit himself to those who were his supporters in the leadership campaign. Davie Fulton, for one, is a sure member of the new party in group, despite the fact he ran against

Stanfield at the convention. So is Duff Roblin, if or when he has a seat in parliament. So in all probability are Alvin Hamilton and George Hees. These men are not only on good terms with one another; they also (with the qualified exception of Alvin Hamilton) share the experience of having been on bad terms with the retiring leader, John Diefenbaker.

Another charter member of the Stanfield in-group is, of course, Diefenbaker's arch-enemy Dalton Camp. Opponents made much of the fact that Camp was working for Stanfield at the convention, but apparently he wasn't the liability they thought he was — cheers drowned out the boos when he was introduced on the opening night of the convention and on the closing night Stanfield was cheered for acknowledging Camp's help, which was considerable. Just what role Camp will play in Conservative councils from now on, nobody seems quite sure of, but if Stanfield wants him in the House of Commons there's an easy way open. Eric Winkler, MP for Grey-Bruce, is switching from federal to provincial politics and leaving his rural Ontario seat vacant. The riding is one of the smallest in Canada and will disappear in redistribution, so there is no great demand for the nomination. Dalton Camp could use it as a temporary base while awaiting the next election. So could Donald Fleming, if the new leader should prefer that alternative (and if Fleming is willing to come back to politics in a subordinate position, which is by no means certain).

A new party emerges

But whatever may be the details of the party reorganization, its major effects are obvious. All the men around Stanfield, in greater or lesser degree, have been in eclipse during the later Diefenbaker years. Their emergence from relative obscurity will mean, in the day-to-day conduct of parliament, that the official Opposition will be virtually a new party.

Liberals in Ottawa view these developments with mixed feelings.

They are delighted, of course, at the improvement in the atmosphere of parliament. The prevailing hatreds of the past five years have made men in all parties sick at heart, and led also to a chronic frustration, exasperation and despair that made Canadian politics a miserable way to spend one's life. Everyone is relieved to see this era coming to an end.

Liberals are equally happy at the prospect of getting their program through parliament with less incoherent obstruction, more intelligent debate. The backlog of work that has now accumulated for the 27th Parliament to tackle is staggering, and anything that might be done to help accelerate it is most welcome. For the immediate future, therefore—between now and the next general election—the government and its supporters are well pleased.

About the election itself they are less sanguine. With the Opposition in the disarray it has endured for the past few years, parliamentary life might be intolerable but electoral survival was assured. Conservative strength was a known quantity and

was not increasing. Now, things are different.

This does not mean they regard Stanfield himself as a particularly formidable opponent. Many Liberals think Duff Roblin would have been a greater threat to them — better able to hold the Conservative stronghold on the Prairies, better able to penetrate the Liberal fortress of Quebec, equally attractive to the big cities where Liberal strength rests on normally Conservative votes. Cabinet ministers

have been watching closely, at federal-provincial meetings, the performance of all three Conservative premiers, and they are inclined to rank Robarts of Ontario first, Roblin second and Stanfield third as advocates or fighters for their respective provinces' needs. They doubt that Stanfield's pedestrian speaking style will ever set off the kind of political tidal wave with which John Diefenbaker drowned them in 1958.


But that is not the point, and they

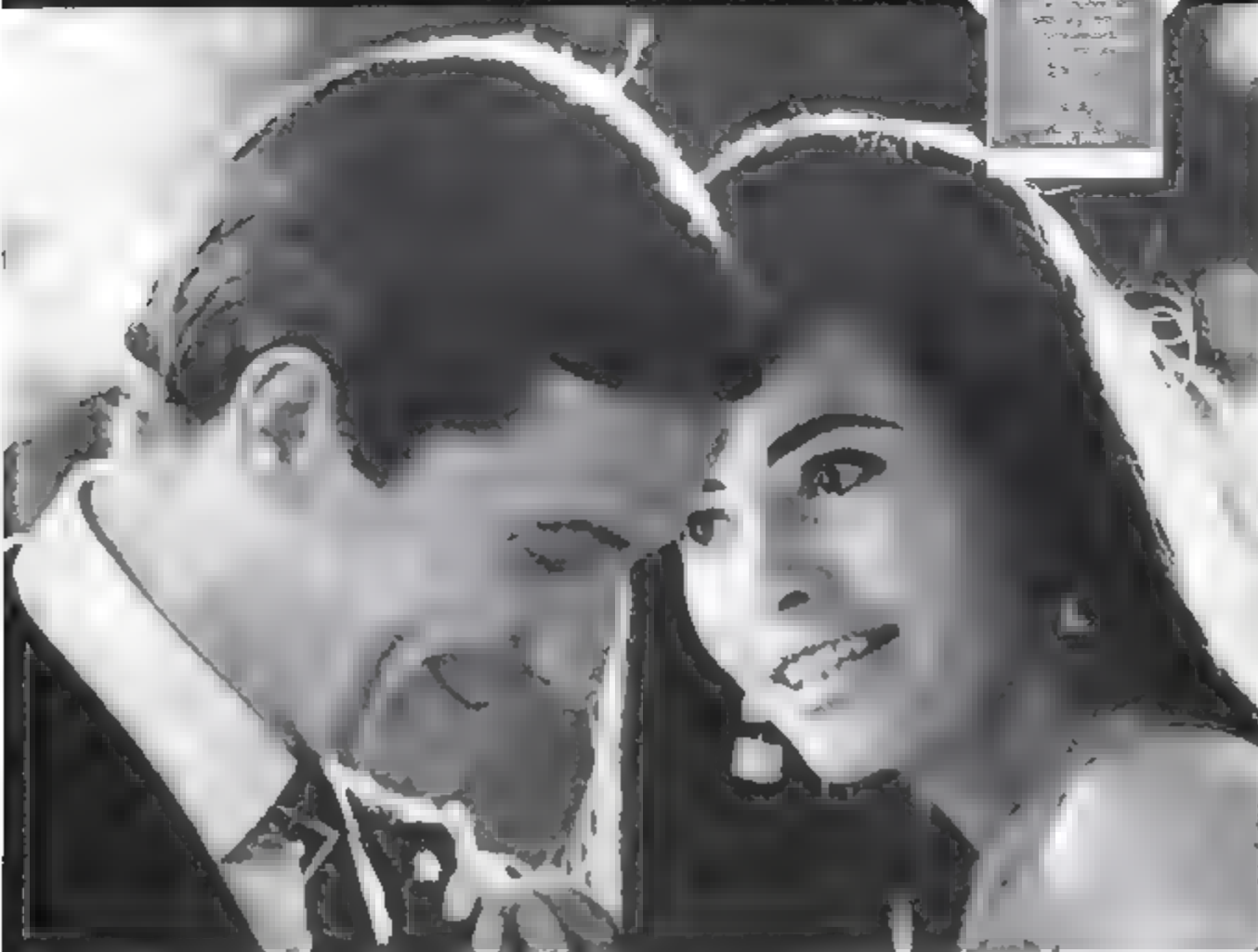
know it. They are facing difficult times, difficult problems that they cannot possibly solve without displeasing many people, nor leave unsolved without displeasing still more. Until now they have been protected from popular wrath by the absence of an acceptable alternative. Under Stanfield, the alternative will no longer look unacceptable. It is because the Liberals know this, just as well as any Conservative does, that they look to the future with a new disquiet. *

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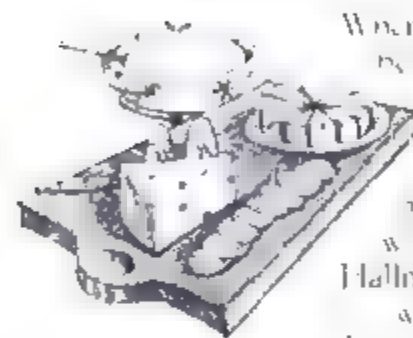
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MAILBAG

CYC: a failure? /
Drapeau-De Gaulle

RE YOUR Editorial "So the CYC's Run By
Hippies? It's OK With Us," and article,
"The Kids We Pay to Rock the Boat."
The sooner the Company of Young Cana-
dians is liquidated, the better. A coun-
try with a budget so hopelessly in the
red as ours has no business wasting the
taxpayers' money, creating officeholders
in Ottawa at more-than-adequate sala-
ries to sit about in ivory towers. I
strongly protest the unnecessary waste.
THOMAS N. FLATT, HOLMWOOD, BC

* The article left me confused. Almost
all the evidence presented by writers
Alexander Ross and Michael Vaupy about
the Company was negative, but the con-
clusions of their article and of your
Editorial were positive. I had the good
fortune to help CYC trainees in Toronto.
They were not "let loose," as the article
claims. The program was carefully
planned, following closely the design
used by the United Church to train
clergy members for inner-city work. They
were not sent out without money. They
were not left to fend for themselves.
R. ALEX SIM, NORTH GOWER, ONT.

* The revelation of extravagant expendi-
ture and top-heavy bureaucracy con-
tained in your article on the Company of
Young Canadians provides yet another
instance of the inefficiency of govern-
ment-sponsored activities. The kinds of
projects being undertaken by the CYC
are worthwhile in themselves, but they
could have been operated with much
greater economy and dispatch by a non-
governmental organization.
IAN HENTLES, TORONTO

Who did Drapeau speak for?

You are badly mistaken in proclaiming
in your Editorial "Drapeau on De Gaulle
that Drapeau 'spoke for all Canada.'"
Outside of Expo 67 and the Montreal
subway, little Jean Drapeau does not
carry any weight in the Province of
Quebec. Premier Daniel Johnson is the
true voice of Quebec — hung in hand
with the president of France.
J. HARVEY, BIG RIVER, SASK.

* You are so far from the mark it's
amusing. Like all English papers and
publications, you read only one sentence
of Drapeau's speech, and there you made
up your opinion. De Gaulle came here
and really put things in their right per-
spective. It is now too late for Ottawa
and the rest of Canada to take action
or to wake up.
ANDRÉE LA CHAPPELLE, MONTREAL

Flag for the Yukon

I was interested in reading Don Sawat-
sky's "The Yukon's Little Great Flag De-
bate" (Reports). I started the ball rolling
for a Yukon flag back in 1965 by bring-
ing the suggestion to the attention of the
prime minister, minister of northern af-
fairs, and the Yukon territorial govern-
ment. In December 1966 the Yukon
continued on page 104

Be a master
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always
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Tracking in a road-hugging '68
Pontiac. Anything else is just plain
ordinary driving. Pontiac's new, wider
track means a better ride, easier hand-
ling and more stability.

Wide-Tracking is also having a
327 cu in. 210 hp engine (regular gas,
of course), standard on all V8 models.
And a car with new flowline design
and 1968 styling features like peripheral
front bumper and hidden windshield
wipers. And GM's expanded safety

package as standard equipment. And a
list of luxury options that proves you
can have everything.
Wide-Tracking is the difference.

between ordinary driving and extra-
ordinary excitement. And you get
Wide-Tracking only with a '68 Pontiac!
Try it.

Wide-Track Pontiac

Pontiac builds in extras - at no extra cost.

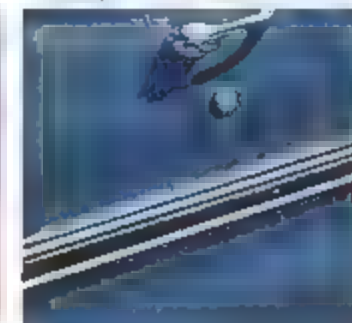
concealed windshield wipers
are on a new Pontiac



the new 327 cu in. engine
is Pontiac's standard V8



protective vinyl-clad side
moldings on Parisienne series



all Pontiacs have the new
stability of Wide-Track



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BEFORE WE MARK IT



Gently, gently, Mr. Cowan / Will PCs and Socreds unite?

Centennial Committee approved such a plan and turned it over to the Canadian Legion. Back in 1951 I discovered, after considerable research, that the Yukon had no official coat of arms so I started wheels moving and in Apr. 1956 Governor General Vincent Massey at Whitehorse presented to the people of the Yukon their official coat of arms.

OTTO NORDBLING, NORTH VANCOUVER

Front-line report

You may be interested to know that your article about Dr. Robert McCure's *From the Surgeon* by Kenneth Bagnell (Sept. 17, 1966) helped to inspire the organization of the Ridger Family Canadian Centennial Fund earlier this year.

It honors this distinguished medical missionary who is presently in charge of

the Christian Hospital at Ratham, India. Dr. McCure is the grandson of James McCure and his wife Janet Ridger whose parents came from Glasgow about 1833 to the Lachute district of Argenteuil County, Lower Canada. In response to a family-wide appeal, members and friends of the Ridger family have contributed \$2,800, which will shortly be placed at Dr. McCure's disposal to

finance six years' medical training for an Indian man or woman at one of India's Christian medical colleges.

ANNE BLACK, MONTREAL

Cowan libre!

Re Can Ralph Cowan Defeat the French Single-handed? Love Ralph Cowan libre! and also those who think like he does. Cowan could go down in the history of Quebec as an artisan of its independence.

A. SIMARD, MONTREAL

* Ralph Cowan's nose discerns a stench in anything remotely French. And talk of Fear on always tends to kindle wrath that it offends. He jibes about the CBC. As of some crude monstrosity. That's politics. But I would say. Politicians is a better way.

MRS. J. DALTON, GUELPH, ONT.

Progressive Socreds?

I reject Blair Fraser's efforts to discredit the ideals of the Conservative Party, and their merger-to-come with federal Social Credit members (*The 20 Blind Pies of the Manning Plan Reports*). Premier Manning was right in suggesting and urging this plan, and we may rest assured that the new Conservative leader will strengthen our great national party by such a merger.

J. BENNETT MACALPAIN, SUSSEX, NB.

Vancouver: two faces

Who are you trying to kid with your article *Vancouver: Its Message Is Love*? On one hand, you state that Vancouver is the embodiment of the good and leisurely life. Then on the other you inform us that it has "more suicides, more heroin addicts and more Grey Cup riots" than any other city in Canada.

FLOYD BALUK, WINNIPEG

* Bravo! Now the rest of the country knows! — TERRY HODD, VANCOUVER

* Until I read Jack Batten's article about the Vancouver hippies (*How the Towns Fighting the Dread Hippie Menace*), I never realized that I haven't really been living. "Happiness is a cardboard ye low banana, and soap bubbles" — this is the absolute in ultimate bliss!

MRS. M. LEIGHTON, VANCOUVER

* Hippies are peaceful, gentle, kind and believe in love. They do not cause riots or do damage. They are very beautiful people. When it gets to the point where this world puts down a people that believes in peace, love, and religion, I do not want any part of it.

MARY WILSON SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT.

* A Mailbag letter by John H. Laurence of Calgary implies that in Vancouver we have nothing but rain. Actually, we get pretty dry summers and it rains mainly in winter. Isn't it better to have rain in January than a blizzard in June (which I witnessed once in Calgary)?

S. SELCHEN, ROBERT'S CREEK, BC.

Why didn't the Arabs . . . ?

I have read with great interest Blair Fraser's recent articles on the Middle East. It seems to me that there never would have been any problem in the area if the nasty old Arabs had simply agreed to give up the lands without argument in the first place.

FRED DUNDAS, GRAYNIGHTURST, ONT. *

"WE WANT BLOOD"

That's the raucous-raucous cry of New York's rabid hockey fans whose eather tongue and bottle tossing antics have made Madison Square Garden the roughest battleground in the NHL.

BY ROBERT L. CALED

SILVER WINTERS ago at Madison Square Garden during the heat of a National Hockey League battle between the Montreal Canadiens and New York Rangers, one of the free-wheeling Habs intercepted a pass at New York's blue line and raced into goal. Before he could get his shot off, a Ranger cut him down with a high stick on his shoulder. The Montreal skater fell to the ice, his shooting glove a target for dead center. He lay there motionless, blood trickling from his head. The game was halted. His player from another team, the Canadiens, and the Canadian trainer benches around him.

In a rare show of compassion, the raucous Garden crowd softened for a few moments. But it wasn't long before an impatient spectator in the mezzanine belted, "Throw some corn on him and let's go!"

The crowd roared again and began clapping or action to resume even before the revived but dazed player was led to the skidlines, leaving a vivid trail of red on the milky-white ice.

For many years now, particularly recent ones, New York fans have been branded "howlers" by Canada's hockey sophisticates. In their more berserk moments, frenzied Rangers followers have thrown eggs and beer cans at visiting players and referees, spit at them, dropped smoke bombs on the ice, and chanted such stuff as "Violence is a virtue" and "We want blood, and Get Green" (or some other name-opponent). Such deportment is considered in Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens and even Montreal's expansive, Parisian-style, somewhat renowned by years of victory, are seldom guilty of such outrageous acts.

Contrary to the nationalizations of the more tolerant NHL fans in Canada, most of the trouble in New York is not the work of the seeking hooligans. The girls and I can testify from 25 years of regular attendance at Rangers home games. I've seen sober, sensible men and women of all ages and professions who are not exactly apparent madmen except that behavior at Madison Square Garden are quite stable people. However, the Garden fans often break the sunny barrier.

There was that time back in 1959, for instance, when Ted Lindsay, the star of the Detroit Red Wings, was stuck under the nose of a man in the second row. Garden police moved in and vigorously escorted the man from the arena. What had happened Lindsay explained later was that the



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fan has not only been needing him about missing an easy goal but was spitting and throwing pennies at him whenever he skated by. And who was the troublemaker—a buck-packeted loud sporting for a fight? No, an Ivy League type, a young high-school teacher who had been egged on by his girl friend.

Even the wives of Rangers players have been badgered by the huns; they've been taunted when their husbands make mistakes, received sarcas-

tic notes and been pestered by loud mouths in the Garden lobbies and passageways.

To pick the New York fans as the worst, said Brian defenseman Ted Green in an interview in *Hockey* magazine last season: "Chicago used to be worse, but they seem to be quieter now. What makes some fans worse than others is what they throw on the ice."

Rangers fans have become the leading litterbugs in the league. In a

game between the Blueshirts and Boston last February, the fans peppered the ice for almost 10 minutes when referee John Ashley failed to penalize the Bruins for using one man too many. They showered beer cans, bottles, newspapers, programs, popcorn containers and other trash down on officials and players alike. As New York sportswriter Stan Fischler reported in *The Hockey News*, the rink looked like the city dump. He blasted the offenders as "assorted

kooks and nuts who nearly injured thousands of dollars' worth of skaters by hurling threatening debris on the ice."

A month later, one of these "kooks" stole the spotlight from the rest by hurling an egg at Montreal's Gump Worsley. The round little goaltender, a pet in New York when he played for the Rangers, was struck on the side of the head and had to leave the rink for medical treatment. His injury was diagnosed as a mild concussion.

These two incidents put the Madison Square Garden Corporation and its hockey club on the spot, but only temporarily. From his headquarters in Montreal, NHL President Clarence S. Campbell issued this statement: "It has become obvious that the state of control in Madison Square Garden isn't adequate. Something must be done." He ruled that, according to league bylaws, the home team is responsible for the conduct of its fans, and that the Rangers organization was subject to disciplinary action. But like Worsley, he strangely took no action, and his garbage-throwing continued at the Garden.

Ashley: welcome as Castro

Most of the berrages were aimed at referee John Ashley. Ashley is considered by many to be the best referee in the NHL today, yet he is about as welcome in New York as Fidel Castro is at the White House. Following the February 11th riot, whenever Ashley stepped onto the ice at the Garden, even before he made a single decision,

he was greeted with debris and abuse. To make matters worse, he became involved in a stream of controversies with the Rangers that enraged their fans further and prompted new attacks.

During the second-in-play B series between the Rangers and Canadiens, Ashley refereed one game at the Garden in which he stubbornly disallowed a New York goal and became embroiled in another controversy on the ice. When the game ended with the home team on the short side of a 3-2 score, Ashley needed a police convoy to get him to the dressing room. All the way, he was doled with beer and pelted with trash. An hour later, hundreds of Rangers fans were still seething outside the Garden, bitterly chanting, "Ashley is a bum."

Much of this anti-Ashley hysteria in New York can be traced to the Rangers management. In moments of rage over questionable decisions on the ice, club president Bill Jennings, a lawyer by profession, has charged various NHL referees, linemen and goal judges with incompetence and demanded they either be fired or banned from handling his team's games. He publicly denounced Ashley so strongly and so often last season that the harassed referee asked for a vote of confidence from the league, which he promptly got.

Jennings' demand, though they have all been vetoed by the NHL, have served to arouse rather than calm the fanatics. So have some other acts by Rangers officials. In 1965, when New York's star shooter, Phil Goyette, was injured by Boston's Ted Green, some thought deliberate. Jennings

joined one of the fans' long-standing vendettas. The impulsive Rangers president, a member of the NHL's board of governors, offered a much-publicized bounty to any of his players who would avenge Goyette, presumably by "getting Green" as the fans had been recommending for almost four years.

That was also the year Emile Francis, the Rangers general manager, got into a brawl with several spectators at Madison Square Garden, prompting eight Rangers to vault over the fence to get into the stands to rescue him.

For a few frightening moments, wrote New York *Times* hockey reporter Gerald Eskewitz, "it appeared that there would be a full-scale riot." But New York City police arrived and broke up the melee. Even so, Mel Woody of the *Newark News* called it "the most hectic battle the old house has seen in years, on or off the ice."

Hargrove Rangers fans are just as enthusiastic about Canada's national pastime as many Canadians. Journeyman forward Les Angilt said this about them after being traded from New York to Chicago last year:

"They're not as hockey-educated as fans in some other cities. But that's to be expected. A lot of them didn't even know what the game was all about, and they've had to pick it up the hard way by reading about it, having the rules explained, or just going to the games and figuring it out for themselves. It takes a lot of enthusiasm and guts to learn that way."

Clearly, an emotional involvement with hockey and the Rangers is one easy reaction to explosive charges that New York fans carry with them to the Garden. Another is frustration—the mother of aggression. The typical Rangers fan lives in perhaps the fastest-paced metropolitan area in the world and is exposed to many frustrations daily in his race around the clock. He usually arrives at the Garden tired to the bone with latent hostility. Ice hockey sets him off faster and more frequently than any other sport he follows.

Even if he did not bring his own frustrations with him to the Garden, the Rangers fan would find plenty in the arena. Since 1942, in a six-team league, his heroes have finished either fifth or sixth a total of 18 times, meaning they have made the playoffs on only seven occasions. In their entire 41-year history, they have captured the Stanley Cup just three times, the last time in 1940. These sad statistics prompted *The New Yorker* magazine to observe that Rangers fans "have earned a permanent aura of hushed respect in public places. Like Sicilian widows."

A popular theory about the Rangers' fan's compulsion to stick with his team year after year in the face of almost certain frustration was disproved last winter. Like the persevering follower of "The Bums" in 1965, the three-decade-old and the unwavering New York Mets fan of today, he was thought to glory in the underdog role. To be a born lover for more than a month last season, the Rangers led the league the first time they had held this lofty position for an extended period since 1942. Their followers caught the fever halfway through the schedule they bought out

all the Garden's remaining hockey tickets, and station WJTV reported that it had the biggest radio audience in the city whenever it broadcast a Rangers game. The favorite organ led cheer at the Garden was, "We're Number One!"

It became evident during this brief happy spell that the New York hockey fan really does crave a winner. What will happen when the Rangers organization finally gives him one? This is pure conjecture now, but identification

with a championship team could reform him. Spared the frustration of watching his team fail, his bursting point could shift from low to high.

Meanwhile, the Rangers are entering the 1967-68 campaign with a string of 25 also-ran seasons at their backs. Their fans remain frustrated and tantrum-prone. There is, however, some hope for sanity at the Garden this season. The six new NHL expansion teams will appear there for the first time since all will

be much weaker than the Rangers, they could help appease New York's fans. Also, before the end of the season, the Rangers will be playing in an elegant new arena with 20,000 upholstered seats and no posts. This, too, may have a soothing influence on the fans—they will enjoy a more comfortable, clearer view of the game than before. But more significant, the Garden pendarms will have a better view of them when they get caught actions. ★



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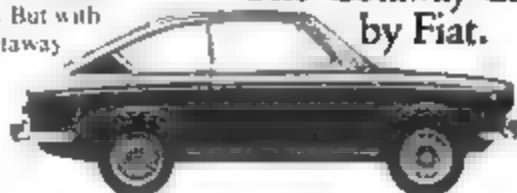
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MACLEAN'S REVIEWS

NOVEMBER, 1967

VOLUME 80

NUMBER 11

Television

Sunday night TV: a lot of things—but hardly fun

THE WANKS of the heavyweights on Canadian television are waged on Sunday nights, of all unwelcome times. *The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour* vs. *Bonanza*, *W5* vs. *The Way It Is*. The situation might be different if TV operated on the same principles as old-time radio, which treated Sunday night as a worn-slippers-and-lounging-chair occasion, offering us such uncerebral travesties as Jack Benny and Charlie McCarthy. But, for Sundays, CBC-TV and CTV give us, not laughs, but pronouncements, analyses, lessons, interrogations, homilies, side-taking, decisions, *responsibility*. They give us each network's most ambitious public-affairs show, head to head (a piece of scheduling that, by itself, is breathtakingly wrong-headed), and they offer up *Bonanza* with its solemn parables and the *Smothers Brothers*, which deals in jokes, of course, but jokes which, as Brother Tom says, "must make a statement."

The *Smothers* show (CTV) may be, in truth, the one modestly adult variety program on TV this year. When it first appeared last February, it immediately established a reputation for mild irreverence, digging humor out of Vietnam, narcotics, race relations and other sensitive topics. So far this

season, the show has kept its irreverence, and added a rare new touch, something that ranges between mere eccentricity (as in a routine about a mixed marriage: centaur and mermaid) and pure surrealism (a sketch revealing the real Red Menace: tomatoes). In these moments, their best, the *Smothers Brothers* come on like Wayne and Shuster gone dada or like a neurotic Abbott and Costello. It's at least a new dimension in TV comedy.

There was some vague hint at the beginning of the season that the *Smothers'* opposition, the venerable *Bonanza*, was also planning a little updating. But, no. Little Joe hasn't turned hippie, Hoss isn't working on his PhD, and Pa Cartwright hasn't abandoned his role as the Ann Landers of the west. The show remains the same — windy, pompous, notable for its unspeakable dialogue and its cardboard backdrops. *The Smothers Brothers* started to nudge *Bonanza* out of the top spot in the listener ratings last spring, and with any justice, it will have gunned down Lorne Greene by Christmastime.

A more fascinating — and bloodier — battle is raging in the 10 p.m.-to-11 p.m. Sunday space. With Ross

This hour has seven hosts (or eight, or a dozen — apparently depending on how many items are running). Odd, perhaps, but that's *The Way It Is*. Among its interlocutors: top, Pat Watson, John Saywell, Percy Saltzman; bottom, Ken Lafolli, Warren Davis, Peter Desbarats, Jean-Pierre Fournier.



McLean back at the CBC and with Charles Templeton firmly in control at *W5*, the two public-affairs shows are drawing closer in approach and structure and growing hotter in competition. When Templeton took over *W5* last season he imposed on it a certain personality — sober, mainly responsible but struggling to swing a little. At the same time, Ross McLean, on *The Way It Is*, has junked last year's flamboyant showbiz orientation (remember *Sunday* and Daryl Duke?) in favor of a program that, like *W5*, attempts to deal with the whole news spectrum.

So far, *The Way It Is* is showing a clear edge. It displays more visual panache, for one thing, and for another, partly because of its overwhelming advantage in budget (\$35,000 per show, to under \$20,000 for *W5*) and in manpower (about 60 bodies to 15), its range is wider, more dramatic. When *The Way It Is* makes fun of Shirley Temple—terribly easy pickings—it shows Shirley herself on camera; when *W5* tries the same thing, it rings in Rich Little.

The rest of *W5*'s trouble is that it's square. (Interviewer, earnestly, to rock musician: "Tell me, what really is a teenybopper?") And visually the program hasn't shaken the impression that it's being beamed to us viewers from a large empty barn just outside Sudbury, Ont.

A problem that both programs face, as Sunday-night entertainment, is that the news issues, for all their aching importance, still strike the viewer on TV, through sheer constant visibility, as the same old chestnuts. Race relations. René Lévesque. *Playboy* bunnies. Teenage traumas. Yes, the watcher murmurs, that stuff again. And when occasionally an authentically fresh story comes along, it sometimes seems that in its rush to rupture the news, TV goes too far. It makes the news. One edition of *The Way It Is* dealt with a woman in Preston, Ont., who was ordered to surrender two foster children to the Children's Aid Society. A Society agent arrives to collect the children. The woman resists. She flies into a rage. Neighbors join in. Police swarm around. Violence. Agony. No wonder — the whole tragic episode was covered by enough TV people to record the entire war in Vietnam. Cameras and reporters lunged back and forth across the screen in the wild melees. The line, clearly, had been crossed: we were watching television report itself as an integral part of an event.

The whole episode must have suggested to several viewers, before anything else, that perhaps old-time Sunday radio had the right idea and that if TV adopted the same philosophy, it might offer us on Sundays a leisurely choice from among *The Dean Martin Show*, Dick Van Dyke reruns, a festival of W. C. Fields features and the witty and literate new Paula Prentiss situation comedy, *He and She*. Gentle, unpreachy, cooling-it-for-the-new-week old-slippers stuff.

JACK BATTEN

Books

Look—Max has found another way to be funny

And in the process Old
Rawhide tears a strip
off his old CBC bosses

WHEN SOMEONE comes along who is both a creative mimic and a brilliant raconteur, Mother Nature in her cosmic wisdom and with her well-known regard for what is fair usually withholds other talents such as perfect pitch and the ability to write well. Enough is enough, she seems to say. But in the case of the CBC's Max Ferguson the old broad has gone overboard with prodigality. The witty evidence of this is to be found in Ferguson's new reminiscences, *And Now... Here's Max* (McGraw-Hill, \$5.50).

This is an extremely funny book which does for Canadian radio what Ben Hecht and Gene Fowler did for U.S. newspapers with their lively reminiscences, many of them undoubtedly based on fact. These stories of Max behind the microphone, Max twisting wrists with the brass, Max covering the Royal Tour are all funny, some of them even hilarious, with a few ribald touches, in the best of bad taste.

Unless you have a completely plastic ear you should be able to hear Max talking while you read this book. He sounds just the way he does on his national show where, each weekday morning, he cuts up a few touches with his announcer and friend Allan McFee, does a couple of impromptu skits based on the day's news, and plays some unusual records.

Never can it be said of Max's stories that they sound funny only because of the way he told them. He writes them just as well. As well as giving us a look at the wacky world of Max Ferguson, who became a genuine Canadian star and whose name became a Household Word despite the CBC, the book provides a revealing portrait of the corporation itself. In the next few months every MP engaged in running up that new broadcasting act should read it to find out what the CBC is really like. Obviously, Fowler had no idea of what was actually going on when he wrote his celebrated report. And anyone who bases his image of the corporation on sightings of Don Messer, Earl Cameron and The Second Son of Seven Days is in for a surprise.

There are dull little illustrations by Doug Wright which come through as though engraved on stale pumpernickel. But that doesn't matter, really. Max is what the book is about and he's just as funny here as he is on the air.

Two other famous names have also come out with books about their own professions — with mixed results. KARSH PORTFOLIO, by Yousuf Karsh (University of Toronto Press, \$10.95)



Karsh's Khrushchev: who else would have the wit to swathe Mr. K. in furs?

may look somewhat familiar to devotees of the celebrated Ottawa photographer, since he has included in this new book several camera studies from his earlier *Portraits of Greatness*. But to these Karsh has added 12 fresh pictures to provide this fat album, printed excellently in the Netherlands by a process which the author says makes the book page comparable in quality to original copy. As a photographer, Karsh is justly famous. But when he turns writer and starts mauling on about trying "to reveal the mind and the soul behind the face" many readers will begin to wish that his pictures — some good, some great — had been left to speak for themselves.

DOCTOR'S WIVES, by Frank G. Slaughter (Doubleday, \$6.95) is the work of a doctor who has written 48 books, many of them about his profession.

This one is all about the girl the Doc leaves behind when he goes to scrub up at the hospital in the morning. Sometimes the girl is his wife and often she's got something called Doctor's Wives Syndrome and she feels inadequate despite golf and martinis and children. Dr. Slaughter takes about five medical marriages, mixes them up (one of them he shoots up) and at the end checks them out, all more or less cured. A lively, sexy story with some gripping descriptions of surgical operations. JOHN CLARK



Jean Shrimpton: her idealism might save the hero — but is he worth it?

addition of a whole range of grotesques from the world of public relations. Watch out, Watkins is saying. This is the way it could be, a few years from now. Just let the church or the state start using these idols to make youth conform and we'll be right into a fascist state.

Unfortunately, Stephen Shorter (Paul Jones) is unlike any pop-hero ever. It's not just his act, but his whole puppet personality. He never speaks, he looks at his public as though he were about to be sick; and he performs without an ounce of animal magnetism. Sure, the pop idol is a phenomenon of publicity, but there's got to be something to work with, Stephen Shorter is nobody to start with, so it's no surprise when he says he's nobody at the end. Jean Shrimpton is adequate as the idealistic painter who tries to save our hero from his exploiters, but *Privilege* flounders on the character of Shorter. What is left is a savage song of hatred

aimed at a grotesque gallery of manipulators and hangers-on. In those terms, *Privilege* conveys brilliantly the nightmarish side of celebrity.

Some film-makers are worried about pleasing everyone. Watkins seems to be afraid that he may not shock everyone. "My film is a comedy," he says, "but it lashes out in all directions [how true] against all the evils in the modern world — or at least, as many of them as I could put in."

The trouble is, Watkins keeps telling you what to think with every means at his disposal. Music, dialogue and the camera-work are as propagandistic as in the best of Hitler's films, and in case you still miss the point there's a voice-over commentator. *Privilege* sets out to condemn manipulators, but in my book, Watkins is one of them.

THE TRIP is a sort of psychedelic travelogue for those who want to know what inner space looks like without actually going there. It promises to take you "as close to experiencing a freakout yourself as you probably want to come. Or dare to come." Federico Fellini used acid-inspired visions in *Juliet of the Spirits* two years ago, and the American Underground film-makers have been experimenting with subjective drug perceptions for a long time, but this is the first full-fledged LSD movie to get above ground. It's no great breakthrough in film-making, but director Roger Corman makes a fairly honest stab at it. He has no message and he doesn't pretend to have one.

The trip he takes us on is the first one of a young director of TV commercials (Peter Fonda) who is separating from his wife (Susan Strasberg). It's the trip of a man who has seen a lot of movies (by Roger Corman, Bergman, and Fellini), made some, and has a hang-up about women. All the general things that spring from this intuitive rather than analytical approach to self-discovery are there, too: guilt, fear of death, joy of rebirth, and a heightened awareness of beauty in everyday sights. Some of the camera tricks are corny, but Corman has created one of the most lyrical expressions of sexual pleasure I've seen in the movies, and it's all perfectly decent, too, thanks to prisms and projections.

Peter Fonda is surprisingly good, as he alternately registers panic, paranoia, wonder and a wide-open passive joy. WENDY MICHENER

The Contest

CONTEST NO. 21

The Centennial Flame on Parliament Hill has been so popular that federal authorities now are planning to extinguish it only momentarily, then relight it at a dedication ceremony on December 31. Readers are invited to compose a limerick suitable to be read aloud at this ceremony by any

well-known Canadian of their choice. The first line of the limerick is to read: "As we start through our next hundred years,". Entries must reach The Yellow Pages Contest, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, by Nov. 24.

RESULTS OF CONTEST NO. 19

Readers were asked to write a Shakespearean sonnet celebrating either a fourth divorce or a fifth marriage or both. From the staggering bundles of entries we received, we could only conclude that Shakespeare was lucky to have gone into the sonnet-writing business when competition wasn't so stiff. After careful perusal and a rare impartiality towards the sexes that seemed appropriate to the subject matter, the judges selected one entry from a woman, another from a man. Both entries were judged to be first-place winners, deserving \$25 apiece.

Four times marched up the aisle and out the court;

Eight documents in all I've gleaned en route

To certify undying love — its mort; Four proofs of wedlock; four Judgments Absolute.

The first, an unsexed fool, I soon dismissed.

The next, a spineless sot, was quick replaced;

The third showed me no kindness, just his fist;

By four (adulterous fiend!) I was disgraced.

"Give up," you say. Not I, for to eschew

All hope of love is being half alive. Behold! My manly, sober, kind and true,

My wise, my brave, my noble number five!

He owns all virtues lacking in the four,

But frankly, dears, he's such a dreadful bore.

JANET LLOYD, SAULT STE. MARIE

Once more I cast this golden band aside

With all the foolish hopes that it contained,

And curse aloud the wench who was my bride,

The fourth I've wed, forthwith to shed again.

Two times I chose from nought but youthful lust,

The blood's selector, blind to rank and wealth:

A well-stacked maid was first but proved a bust;

The next, a nymph, did damn near wreck my health.

My method changed: the third was round of purse;

But money talks and so, my god, did she!

Then, finally, an actress who'd rehearse

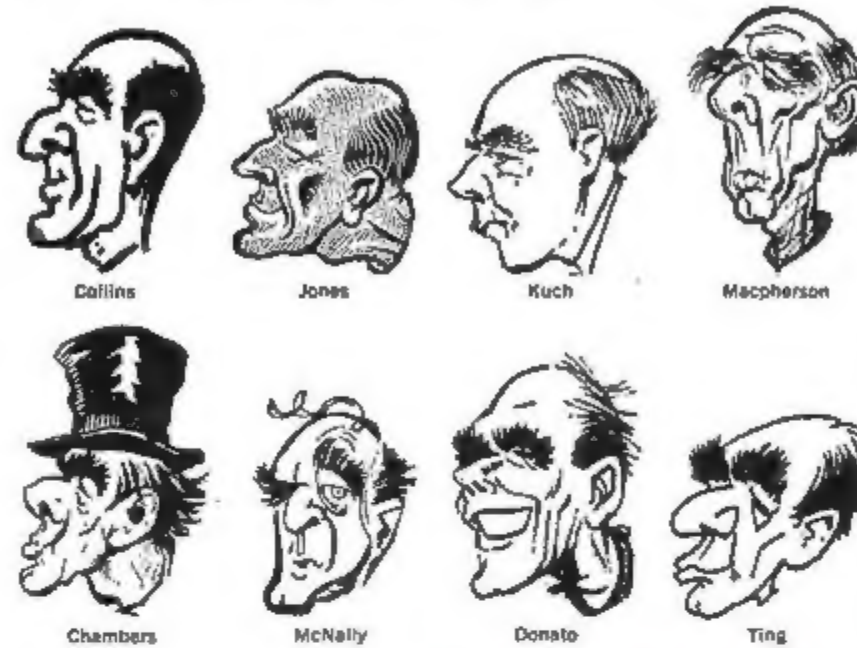
Love's sacred act with anyone but me.

And yet methinks I still would try one other.

If I could find the likeness of my mother.

ALAN R. NEEDHAM, OTTAWA

Robert Stanfield as seen by ...



Our hottest new cartoon subject: Mr. Cool

THE TUMULT of the Tory leadership convention may have died down, but newspaper cartoonists across the country are still cheering — and chortling. If John Diefenbaker had to go ("He was born to be cartooned," says Yardley Jones of the Edmonton Journal) editorial cartoonists themselves couldn't have picked a more welcome successor than bushy-browed, bald-domed Robert Stanfield.

"Excellent material," gloats Peter Kuch of the Winnipeg Free Press.

"He has a face that goes back almost to the Fathers of Confederation," the Montreal Gazette's cartoonist, John Collins, says approvingly.

"A lovely face," agrees Duncan Macpherson, whose savage satire convulses Toronto Daily Star readers. But Macpherson hedges a little: "Stanfield's a cool man, though, and you can't really draw a man until he's come out and done something."

For one cartoonist, at least, Mr. Cool needn't wait for a warmup. "Stanfield is the best — ideal — even better than Dief," enthuses Robert Chambers, who has drawn the former Nova Scotia premier hundreds of times for the Halifax Chronicle-Herald, "and I hate to have to share him with the rest of Canada."

However, as the thumbnail extracts above reveal, each cartoonist is creating a Stanfield of his own which he isn't sharing with anybody. Even some ground rules are highly individual. Ed McNally of the Montreal Star, for instance, vows he'll never depict the new Tory chieftain in a suit of Stanfield — brand longjohns ("That would be a low blow"). But at least one cartoonist — Ed Franklin — has already done so, in the Toronto Star.

After Stanfield, who would have

been the cartoonists' choice to succeed Dief? Almost any of the convention's major contenders, the cartoonists say, except Manitoba's retiring premier, Duff Roblin. "He's too average-looking," explains Andy Donato of the Toronto Telegram.

But no matter which nominee won, at least one cartoonist would have remained wistfully disappointed. "I wish," muses Merle ("Ting") Tingley of the London Free Press, "that the leader of the Opposition could have been Charlotte Whitton."

VALERIE MACGREGOR

Happenings

Who needs to learn how to listen?

Nearly everybody, that's who — including the people who are selling this course

MOST PEOPLE in North America can think four times faster than they can talk, say the experts. That means they tend to devote only a fraction of their minds to what is being said to them while busily pondering other matters.

The classic example of this is two friends meeting on the street. "How are you?" asks the first. "I'm dying of cholera," replies the second. "Great to see you again," responds his friend. "Keep well."

Now the Xerox Education Division has introduced an Effective Listening Course which will improve a person's listening ability. The course consists of a two and one-half hour tape made up of a series of listening situations, using speakers with different accents and emotional tones. It includes a high-pressure hillbilly hawking bear traps, a calm, cultured lady discuss-

ing T. S. Eliot, and a liberally anecdotal lecture on what to do in the case of a car accident. By repeating the critical information in a specially-designed response booklet, the listener learns to summarize effectively what is important in what he hears.

An organization can buy the Effective Listening Course for a \$1,300 licensing fee and then pays \$2.15 per participating employee, the latter to cover the cost of the response booklet. The course seems designed mainly for use in industry to help everybody from the management to worker level to listen more effectively and therefore produce more effectively.

"I'm not going to shout that it is absolutely great," says a regional training officer at Canadian National Railways, where close to four hundred employees have taken Effective Listening. "Some of our people pooh-poohed it as a waste of time, but they were the very ones who showed a marked improvement in listening on the post-testing. I expect we all improve immediately after the course but I cannot be sure about its lasting value."

All the sales employees at Xerox itself have had the course as part of their training, and will testify to its lasting value, although, under pressure, even some of them seem to lose their ability to listen effectively. □ Scene: Telephone conversation between myself and John Lynn, newly appointed account executive for Xerox Education Division, after we had agreed I would take the Effective Listening Course. Mr. Lynn calls to say, "I'm very sorry but we cannot allow you to take the course as it is against company policy to give it unless there is a nominal fee paid."

"How much is the fee? I'll pay it." "Well, we're up in the air at the moment and we've given you all the material we can. If there is anything else, please call me back."

Eventually I did take the course and can testify, as the brochure says, that the program enables a person to "retain mental key-word outlines of spoken information; screen out irrelevancies; cut through distractions such as speaker bias, background noise and emotional overtones."

But even the Ten Commandments have not done noticeably well in changing human nature over the few thousand years that they have been in the public domain. As the course also points out, most people lose 70 percent of what they hear through lack of interest, disagreement with what is being said, or because they are just waiting for the speaker to finish so they can put in their own two cents worth.

What this means, in effect, is that most people will not subjugate what they really want to what they really should hear. Not even those who have been especially trained to do so. □ Scene: A quiet boardroom in the Xerox building. Nick Krasniuk, Xerox PR Man and I are facing each other across a large table. "Now," says Mr. Krasniuk, smiling amiably,

"can you tell me what this story will be about?"

"Well, we'd like to do a story about your Effective Listening Course, and perhaps include some of your plans for new courses in the future."

"Yes, well if you're talking about the future, Xerox has just developed this great new copier that you can attach to any..."

"Uh, before you get started, Mr. Krasniuk, I'm really not interested. This isn't a machine story. We just want to know about your course to help people listen more effectively."

"I see. Well, since I'm started anyway, Xerox has just developed this great new copier that you can attach..."

SANDRA PEREDO

A big-time writer stays loyal to Loyola

John Buell's literary success is just a sideline

JOHN BUELL of Montreal could well find himself transformed, in the next year or so, from a little-known, 40-year-old college professor who writes novels on the side, to a famous 40-year-old college professor who writes novels on the side. What's likely to change his life that much is a couple of movies made to be made of his first two novels, *Four Days* and *The Pyx*, psychological thrillers which won favorable reviews throughout North America and Europe. *Four Days* has been picked up by Toronto producer Maxine Samuels, who hopes to film it next summer. *The Pyx* is in the hands of Hollywood producer Collier Young, who has a scenarist working toward a shooting schedule this winter. Buell, acting only as a consultant in the film-making, is meanwhile plugging away at a third book on weekends—but with no thought of ever giving up his job teaching communication arts at Loyola College. "Teaching's more exciting than writing," Buell says. "If I wrote eight hours a day, I'd probably have to spend the next eight hours drinking."

John Buell: trying to write full time could drive a fellow to drink.



CHECKLISTINGS

A critical glance at the things Canadians will watch, read, listen to and talk about this month

TELEVISION

✓ **Ten days that shook the world** is a factual account of the 1917 Russian Revolution. This dramatic documentary was produced by Granada of England in partnership with the Soviet news organization, Novosti of Moscow. Much of the material, although 50 years old, has never been seen outside the Soviet Union. (CTV, Sun, Nov. 5, 10 p.m., EST.)

✓ **Festival** presents Don Owen's much-acclaimed *The Ernie Game*. Montreal actor Alexis Kanner is Ernie — a young opportunist and misfit who makes his own rules, then discovers that no one wants to play The Game his way. This film was shot on location in Montreal; background music is by The Kensington Market, a Toronto rock group. (CBC, Wed., Nov. 8, 9:30 p.m., EST.)

✓ **Centennial Performance** presents its third and final program of Canadian artists and winners of the INCO Centennial Scholarships in the Performing Arts. Glenn Gould appears with scholarship winners Audrey Glass, soprano and Claude Corbell, basso. (CBC, Wed., Nov. 15, 10:30 p.m., EST.)

✓ **The O'Keefe Centre Presents**, in its second of six show specials, Harry Belafonte. For Belafonte fans — need we say more? (CBC, Thurs., Nov. 23, 9 p.m., EST.)

✓ **Festival** premieres the NFB film *Waiting for Caroline*. Montreal-born Alexandra Stewart, an accomplished actress who has made films in Europe and Hollywood, returns home to make her debut in a Canadian production as Caroline, the girl everybody waits for. Director Ron Kelly brings us the

Alexandra Stewart: after success abroad, she got a big role in Canada.



authentic flavor of Quebec City, Vancouver and Montreal on film shot almost entirely on location. (CBC, Wed., Nov. 29, 9:30 p.m., EST.)

✓ **Grizzly**: Remembering how specimens of "North America's most dangerous game" attacked and killed teenagers in night raids last summer, viewers who can normally take nature films or leave them may find special fascination in this documentary, shot in Yellowstone and Grand Teton national parks. (CTV, Tues., Oct. 31, 8:30 p.m., EST.)

✓ **Miss Canada Pageant**: Don't watch — unless you can endure the unbearable suspense of discovering which of five assembly-line models will get to weep over this year's winnings of \$20,000 in merchandise, cash and scholarship. (CTV, Mon., Nov. 13, 9:30 p.m., EST.)

FADS

✓ **Personality Posters**: they're getting more personal than ever. In the first stage, every bathroom door and informal office wall seemed to have a giant photo of W. C. Fields playing cards or Peter Fonda on a gorilla-type motorcycle. Then psychedelic posters took over, as did Aubrey Beardsley, briefly, in the rush to get inexpensive disposable art for decorating. Now the newest wrinkle is taking firm hold: the Narcissistic Poster. Young egotists — and whole families — are taking snapshots of themselves to photostat shops to have them enlarged to posters of larger-than-life size, with every pore dramatically revealed. No matter how terrible the quality of the original photograph, it's almost sure to look great at six-feet-by-three-feet. Sure, they cost a lot more (\$5 to \$30, depending on size) than movie-star posters (\$1.98), but then narcissism never has been cheap.

RECORDS

✓ **The Panassi Sessions**: In 1938-39, French jazz critic Hugues Panassi assembled some of the finest hot musicians of the day for his now-famous recording sessions. A recent RCA Victor Vintage series album presents 16 of the most memorable cuts. Highlights are the great Sidney Bechet's soprano sax and clarinet, the mesmerizing trumpet of Tommy Ladnier in the lead item, *Weary Blues*, Mezz Mezzrow on clarinet and Cozy Cole on drums. (LPV-542)

✓ **Siegfried Behrend**: This great classical guitarist threatens the fame of his Iberian limelights in a recent disc from Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft. Two outstanding con-

certos for guitar and orchestra by Joaquín Rodrigo and Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco, both written in 1939, receive virtuoso treatment. A small version of the Berlin Philharmonic is conducted by Reinhard Peters and sounds crisp in the delicate Rodrigo work which is in every way superior to the more popular Castelnuovo-Tedesco. (DGG 139-166)

✓ **Vladimir Ashkenazy**: With daring style Russian pianist Vladimir Ashkenazy leads the London Wind Soloists in Mozart and Beethoven quintets for piano and winds on an exceptional London record. At 28, Mozart considered the E flat major quintet (K. 452) the best work he had written; to hear the soft winds caressing the bold strokes of the keyboard is to agree with Mozart. Beethoven modeled his work on Mozart's in the same key and instrumentation, but gave the piano a more elaborate role. Ashkenazy revels in the concerto-like cadenzas. (CS 6494)

RADIO

✓ **All-Time Heavyweight Championship**: Computers matched 16 of history's great heavyweights from Bob Fitzsimmons to Cassius Clay, and with the data U.S. producers have mocked-up "ringside broadcasts" which began on September 4 and end December 18 with the "championship" bout. Aired by 16 Canadian stations spread coast to coast, the first three fights saw Jack Dempsey knock out Jim Corbett; John L. Sullivan defeat James Braddock on points and Joe Louis kayo Jess Willard. For listeners who come closest to predicting the outcome, there's a sweepstake, with local prizes plus one stunning international prize—a yacht. (Mondays, 9:30 p.m. Eastern time.)

BOOKS

✓ **The Savages**, by Ronald Hardy (Longmans, \$6.95): For Old Africa Hand Hardy the Dark Continent is throbbing with passion like drums in the night, suppurating with sickness of both body and soul. Out of these ingredients he has fashioned a Putnam Prize-winning novel that is unmatched for musky violence since the late B'wana Ruark discovered the place. Marauding Congolese tribesmen force a naked priest and a nun to dance to *Tales From the Vienna Woods* played on their phonograph before the raping begins. Mercenaries from the Afrika Korps and the Eighth Army get together to kill for cash. Will those drums ever stop?

✓ **The Blast of War, 1939-45**, by Harold Macmillan (Macmillan, \$11.95): In 1942, long before he became prime minister, Harold Macmillan was sent to Algiers as British minister to Eisenhower's Allied headquarters, where many Americans regarded him as some kind of stage Englishman. While he did describe the U.S. Purple Heart as an "awfully chic" military decoration, their impression of him could hardly have been further awry. Here was an intelligent, aware — and cou-



Farley Mowat: after a nagging about the north, his book gets pretty good.

rageous — man who tried, among other delicate diplomatic chores, to understand Charles de Gaulle. He succeeded, at least, in protecting the French leader from FDR and Churchill, and his frank and shrewd estimate of De Gaulle written at that time makes interesting reading — as indeed does the whole book, derived as it is mostly from diaries.

✓ **Canada North**, by Farley Mowat (McClelland and Stewart, \$4.95): This addition to the Canadian Illustrated Library by the acerbic sage of Burgeo becomes a handsome and informative book right after the author gets through scolding us in the prologue for neglecting and even rejecting the top part of our nation. When you finish wondering guiltily whether we are men and women enough to recognize and grasp the opportunity of the north, you may find yourself reading the main text (quotes from Stefansson, Mowat and others) with interest and looking at the remarkable pictures, some in color, with enjoyment.

MOVIES

✓ **The Film-Flam Man**: Montreal's Michael Sarrazin, looking like a young JFK, makes a socko movie debut as a Huck Finn-ish side-kick to George C. Scott's wily old trickster. Director Irvin Kershner (*The Luck of Ginger Coffey*) just misses making a classic comedy out of the confrontation between the free-enterprise and social-minded generations of America.

✓ **Those Fantastic Flying Fools**: Mildly funny farce involving Terry-Thomas, Hermione Gingold, Burl Ives, Gert Frobe and Troy Donahue in a Victorian moon-race. Best for 10-year-old boys.

✓ **Made in Italy**: The customs, habits, manners, and morals of the Italians made into a beguiling series of wry anecdotes by Nanni Loy. Anna Magnani, Virna Lisi, Alberto Sordi blend effortlessly into a large cast of natural hams. Farce in the neo-realist manner.

✓ **Triple Cross**: Another miss in Christopher Plummer's jinxed career. The company he keeps as triple-agent Eddie Chapman is good (Romy Schneider, Gert Frobe) but the picture falls flat on its triple face.

The Originals



Schenley O.F.C. Original Fine Canadian Whisky.

Evaluating an opening night.

The curtain rises. Every note, every movement is exposed to a critical audience for the first time. The Originals are here. A sudden spark ignites the performance of one of the dancers. The whole corps is inspired and the ballet comes alive. Not everyone in the theatre saw it happen, but The Originals did. They can sense the real thing. Much later the moment is relived over Schenley O.F.C., the original fine Canadian whisky. O.F.C. is spirited like any other whisky, but it has the quiet taste that comes with maturity. The Originals appreciate the difference. How about you?



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